

The Girl—the Night Club
—the N. Y. Dist. Attorney

SMART SET

940

August

25
Cents



True Stories
from
Real Life

HENRY
CLIVE



Only One Way You Can Get This Remarkable Pen!

*You must try it FIVE days
before you can keep it!*

Equal to Any \$7 or \$8.75 Pen in
Quality... Superior to Any Pen
At Any Price in Performance

Only Way to Get the Postal:
"Buy From One Who Owns
One"—or Mail Coupon Below

THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of everyone, instead of selling it at \$7.00 or \$8.75, the price of other pens of equal quality.

Of course, it was impossible to sell this remarkable pen through the stores. Their profit alone on a \$7.00 or \$8.75 pen is more than what you actually pay for the POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN. And so we decided to let Uncle Sam do the selling for us—through the United States mails.

The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" When Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is distinctive in design and contains features which are not found in any other pen. It is transparent, so you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

How to Get the Postal Pen SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your Postal Pen, you will also receive 5 post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every Postal Pen owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You do not have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

Postal
Pen Co.,
Inc.,
Desk 78,
41 Park Row,
New York City

Please send me one
Postal Reservoir Pen,
and five special Premium
Postcards which I may give
away or dispose of at 50c each.
I will pay postman \$2.50 upon
receipt of the pen. If after 5 days
I desire to return the Postal Pen,
you agree to refund purchase price. Send
me the Men's size. Women's size.

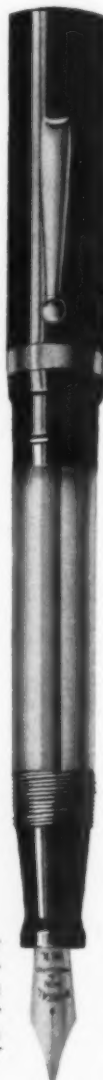
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live outside the United States
Send International Money Order with coupon

**Vacation Time Is
Writing Time—
Mail Coupon
(or Letter)
TODAY**



You
Can
See
Right
Through
This
Pen!



Costs Only
\$2.50

No Other
Fountain Pen
Like It!

Read These Remarkable Postal Features

It is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

It is Unbreakable—You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.

It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, Solid 14-Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

It is Self-filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.

It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink Than Any Other Self-filling Pen—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7.00, \$8.75 or more.

Five Days' FREE Trial!

Send for your POSTAL Pen NOW. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it five days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with any pen at any price. Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in-between profits, commissions and handling. Send the coupon NOW and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is!

Postal

RESERVOIR PEN

Actual Size Is
Larger Than This POSTAL PEN CO., INC., 41 Park Row, Desk 78, New York City

If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet



NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many of the vital facts of life, but she is not sure of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the real truth, the modern truth, the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness have unwisely committed themselves to the use of bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always

contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-tissue.

New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is absolutely non-poisonous. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic, Zonite, which has been well-called "the gentle giant." It is a

fact that Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

Zonite, on the contrary, is just as harmless to human beings as it is fatal to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. In fact, dental

authorities are freely using and recommending Zonite for oral hygiene as a gargle or spray for the mouth and throat. As an antiseptic and germicide it is thoroughly reliable. A bottle of Zonite in the medicine chest can never lead to accidental poisoning. It is safe on the shelf, safe in the dark, safe in the hands of a child.

Is it any wonder, then, that the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness? Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

You can buy Zonite at any drug store in the country

Zonite has quickly swept over the country; word of its power has passed from mouth to mouth. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Zonite is a powerful deodorant and leaves no odor of its own after the first few minutes. Full directions with every bottle. Also send for special, free booklet prepared by the Women's Division. It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. It is daintily illustrated and mailed upon request. Use the coupon below, Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Zonite a medicine chest in itself

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



In bottles, 25c,
50c and \$1
at drug stores

Zonite

\$16

Zonite Products Co., Women's Division
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Please Print Name

Name

Address

City State

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street Toronto)

VOL. 78
NO. 6

SMART SET

AUGUST
1926

True Stories from Real Life

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*Photographs of Mary Garden, Marion Talley, and Neyssa McMein
by International News Service.*



Next Month

*Meet this woman face
to face in the September
SMART SET.*

*Your heart will throb
as her heart must have
throbbled when she wrote—*

The Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad

*It is a thrilling drama
from the Book of Life.
Begin the first long install-
ment in the September
issue—on sale August 1st.*

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These LaSalle-Trained Men Have Helped My Business Grow!

—Marshall A. Smith



Above—C. E. Veth
Traffic Manager

Below—I. A. Gould
Manager of Sales
for Michigan



Marshall A. Smith, Pres.

Columbus Plant
Smith Agricultural Chemical Company
Indianapolis, Ind. Columbus, O.



Two "Raises" Within Nine Months

"You'll be interested, I know, in the story of a middle-aged farmer who at 48 turned salesman and made good, thanks to LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship."

"When I enrolled for LaSalle training, I had no idea of the benefits to be derived. My progress, however, has been steady—business has come easier—in fact I have increased my sales this past season 50%, and my salary has been raised twice since last October. Careful study of the LaSalle course has been a large factor in enabling me to do this, and I cannot praise it too highly."

(Signed) I. A. GOULD, Director of Sales for Michigan, Smith Agricultural Chemical Co.

A Salary-Increase of 200%

"When I took up your training, I held the position of Traffic Manager with the Smith Agricultural Chemical Company. As I progressed with the course I saw very clearly what a well-equipped traffic department could do for the company. My subsequent salary-increase of 200% is directly due to the successful working out of this undertaking—and that, in turn, is due to the hard work, study and application which I gave to your training in Traffic Management. Your course is one of the most complete in its line; and in technical information it far surpasses any other I have seen."

(Signed) C. E. VETH, Traffic Manager, Smith Agricultural Chemical Co.

Why I. A. Gould Received Two "Raises" and C. E. Veth a Salary-increase of 200%

FROM the great plants of the Smith Agricultural Chemical Company, at Columbus and Indianapolis, thousands of tons of fertilizer, animal foods and acids—six widely diversified products under the brand name Sacco—are shipped to all parts of the United States.

To sell products of this character and to arrange for their economical transportation calls for ability of a high order. Half-knowledge, snap-judgment, guess-work, quickly spell defeat for the man and heavy losses for the company.

Marshall A. Smith, head of this great enterprise, knows the importance of training—recognizes what it means to have in his employ LaSalle-trained men.

One of his employees—I. A. Gould—had been a farmer in Central Michigan. At the age of 48 he began with this company as a salesman—enrolling at the same time for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. Within three years he had topped the list in Michigan and had been given entire charge of sales in that state with a crew of men under his direction. In July, 1925, he writes, "I have increased my sales this past season 50%, and my salary has been raised twice since last October."

Another of Mr. Smith's employees—C. E. Veth—saw the need for a properly equipped traffic department—this as a result of LaSalle training in Traffic Management. So successfully did he put it into operation that during the year 1924 errors

in freight bills totalling \$10,600 in overcharges were detected and corrected before payment was made. To LaSalle, in a large measure, he directly credits a salary increase of 200 per cent.

"We can only attribute the rapid success of these two men," writes Mr. Smith, "to their energy and initiative, together with the practical knowledge gained thru the pursuit of LaSalle training."

Send for Free Copy "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

The men who have made such gratifying progress took first a simple step—a step that requires only a 2c stamp and two minutes of their time. They sent for a free book—"Ten Years' Promotion in One," the book that has started thousands and thousands of men on the path to responsibility and power.

A copy of this book is yours for the asking—and with it a 64-page book outlining in detail the opportunities in the business field that most appeals to you, showing you how you can quickly turn them to your advantage. To many an earnest man these books have been worth their weight in gold—they may be equally as valuable to you. It will certainly pay you to find out.

You have often thought that you would send for full particulars of the LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 850-R

CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship: Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ Traffic Management: Foreign and Domestic Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

- ☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Banking and Finance.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- ☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

- ☐ Industrial Management: Training for position in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ Commercial Law.
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
- ☐ Business English.
- ☐ Commercial Spanish.
- ☐ Effective Speaking.
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.



free!
mail
coupon
NOW

Name

Present Position

Address



BE AN AUTO EXPERT



**BIG 4
OUTFITS
FREE
of Extra
Cost**

Tools, Test Bench, Radio Receiving Set, All equipment included Free of extra charge. Also 292 wiring diagram charts. Wonderful Offer. Now, Act quick. Clip coupon for full details.

Get a Quick RAISE in PAY

PROOF!

SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU! Send coupon for this amazing FREE BOOK right now. See what it has done for others. See what it can do for you! Just read what it did for these men!

Start to Make Money Quick! You don't have to wait to finish to make real money with Cooke "Job-Way" training. Many of my students make money right in the very first few weeks.

\$225 in a Single Week! Only 15 weeks after enrolling. Ernest B. Tucker, Cotton, Minn., wrote me he was making as much as \$225 in a single week! That's the kind of QUICK RESULTS you want! Find out what you can do today!

Raises His Salary Almost 300% in 7 Short Months Cooke "Job-Way" boosted the salary of Gust Alverus, Box 172, Parkerton, Wyo., a foreigner with little education, from \$18 a week to \$50 a week in only 7 months and he gives my training full credit.

GET THE FACTS!

remarkable FREE Auto Book about this amazing Training Method. did, I find can do.

Send for this Get all the facts "quick results" See what others out what you ACT NOW!



MAIL THIS "JOB-WAY" COUPON

B. W. COOKE, Directing Engineer
1916 Sunnyside Ave.,
Dept. C-37, Chicago, Ill.

AUTO BOOK FREE!

Send me your Free Book "AUTO FACTS" and PROOF that you'll show me the way to a QUICK RAISE and BIG PAY as an AUTO EXPERT. Also send your new 4 Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no way, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

The World's Biggest Business Needs You!

If you're earning a cent less than \$50 a week, clip coupon now. Get my Free Book. Let me show you how Five Thousand Million Dollars are spent every year for Auto Upkeep alone. Let me show you how salaries are raised—doubled—tripled in such quick time it's positively amazing! Look at this—from \$33 a week to \$225 IN A SINGLE WEEK is what Cooke "Job-Way" did for Bernard Rumpel, 363 Edison Place, Glendale, N. Y., only 10 months after enrolling!

No other business offers you so many wonderful opportunities. No other training can show such marvelous QUICK RESULTS. Get all the facts. Send for my Free Book Today!

Earn Up to \$150 a Week!

Don't sell your time for low pay. Raise your Pay QUICK. Be a Big Pay man. My book will show you the way.

LEARN AT HOME THE COOKE "JOB-WAY"

Keep your present job. Get started for Big Pay through Cooke "Job-Way." QUICK as an Auto Expert. I know what practical money making training you need to become a BIG PAY MAN and to get QUICK RESULTS and that training I give you.

The Only "Job-Way" Training on Earth!

My training includes ALL Electrical work—Ignition, Starting, Lighting—All Mechanical and Welding, Bracing, Vulcanizing, also Business Course, Salesmanship, Advertising, Buying, How to Keep Simple Books—Also Auto Magazine, also 4 Outfits. Nowhere else I know of, can get you ALL this training. B. W. Cooke is in no way connected with any other person or training of similar name.

Nowhere else can you get the original, genuine copyrighted Cooke "JOB-WAY" training. I train you with Tools which I give you and illustrated JOBS—not books. Find out how "Job-Way" fits you for Big Pay. Learn what it has done for others, see what it can do for you. Wait coupon to me right now!

Common Schooling All You Need

Men between 15 and 60 and with little education and without a day's previous auto experience, quickly and easily finish my training. Many become Garage Owners, Managers, Superintendents, Foremen, Auto Experts. In the class with BIG PAY executives, I back you up with the entire resources of this great institution. Employment service for your whole life. Also Lifetime Consultation service.

Notice on this page what a few of my students have done—then send for my Free Auto Book right away!

Address me Personally:

B. W. COOKE

Directing Engineer

Chicago Motor Training Corporation

1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. C-37, CHICAGO

The Funniest Story I Know

as Told by
SMART SET Readers

M. S.,
Milaca, Minn.

A MAN received the following note from his actor son, who had joined a touring company:

I have made a great success. Will you send me \$5 to pay landlady?
Your devoted son,

Algy.

P. S. Since writing this letter, I am ashamed to ask you, so I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I pray it does not reach you.

The son was surprised when he received this reply:

Dear Algy: Your prayer was answered. The letter did not reach me.

K. O.,
Hermansville, Mich.

JUDGE—"Cross examination don't seem to bother you a bit."

Prisoner—"I've been married three times, Your Honor."

K. B.,
Orilla, Ont.

OUR chauffeur wants to marry me, papa," said the daughter of the rich man.

"Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent.

"Oh, I'm so glad of that, papa; I was so afraid you wouldn't."

H. F.,
Marceline, Mo.

IT WAS a green city lad's first job on a farm. The farmer pointed to a large cow.

"Now you can milk her."

"Seeing that I'm new," said the boy, "hadn't I better start on the calf?"

L. F.,
Ogden, Utah.

TOMMY, the diminutive office boy, had worked hard on a "salary" of \$5 a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally, he plucked up courage to ask for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered Tommy, "I don't think that \$3 a week more would be too much."

"You are rather a small boy to be earning \$8 a week."

"I suppose I am," said Tommy. "I know I am small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've been working here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the raise.

L. F.,
Ogden, Utah.

SHORTLY after a well known society woman had hired a new maid, a gentleman friend called and asked if she was at home.

"Yes, sir," said the maid, "come right in."

"But," said the gentleman, "perhaps she's engaged."

"Sure she is," winked the maid, "but come right in anyhow. He's out of town for a week."



J. E. Greenslade
President of the National Salesmen's
Training Association.



Over \$10,000 a Year
and the presidency
of his company
is the record of C.
V. Champion, Ill.



\$1,000 in 30 Days
made by Hartle, a
R. R. Mail Clerk
for ten years.



\$13,500 First Year
is what A. H.
Ward made after
taking his sales
training.



\$554.37 in 7 Days
made by F. Wynn
—over \$400 sec-
ond week.

**\$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year
for Men Who Read This Ad**

Let Me Make You a Master Salesman! This New Easy Way

I DON'T care what you are now or what you think. The Association of which I am president, will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, put you in the same class with the big pay men who have all the good things of life.

Many have thought that Salesmen were "born." And that idea has kept many men from succeeding. But this Association of Master Salesmen has proved that any man can be taught the rules and principles that make men Master Salesmen. And you know as well as I do that Salesmen top the list of money-makers. They are the producers and you can be one of them.

Easy as A, B, C

If you are as intelligent as the ordinary mechanic, postal clerk or stenographer, you can quickly master the simple A, B, C's of Selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act.

You can learn these principles at home in a short period of pleasant, inspiring study. And once you have mastered these secrets of Master Salesmanship, you can take advantage of the employment department of the Association without charge. They will help you select and secure a position as soon as you are qualified and ready.

This is a real opportunity, for during the last year the Association received calls for 49,880 salesmen from the biggest sales organizations in America. And these men are the same as you see above—men who make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year in salary and commission.

These are only four out of hundreds of similar records in the Association files. Our members make good because the Association has specialized for eighteen years in teaching the Art and Science of Salesmanship and teaches the most unusual principles ever laid down for quick success.

The book you see below has been the starting point for thousands of men who are now successful salesmen. This book,

"Modern Salesmanship," is now FREE and it will be sent to every man who fills out and returns the coupon below.

Rush the Coupon

If I were asking ten or twenty dollars for this book you might hesitate. But I am not. It is FREE. And since it may mean the turning point in your life, when you leave forever behind you the drudgery and low pay of routine work for the fascinating, big pay job of the salesman, it certainly is worth your time and the two cents you will have to spend to get this amazing book and read for yourself the astonishing facts given between its two covers. You have everything to gain and not one cent to lose, so mail the coupon today, sure.



Dept. K-26 N. S. T. A. Building
Chicago, Illinois

SENT FREE

the book that has shown
thousands the way to
amazing salary
increases.



J. E. Greenslade, President
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n,
Dept. K-26, N. S. T. A. Building
Chicago, Illinois.

Send me FREE your book "Modern Salesmanship" and proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name
Address
City State
Age Occupation

PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON--



Pussyfoot Johnson—twenty years ago when as Chief Prohibition Agent he made all Indian Territory so bone-dry that in the words of Billy Sunday "You had to prime a man to make him spit."

tells how

"I could Make
this Country

**Bone-
DRY** in
6 Months"

AUGUST

Also

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author of "The Hounds of Spring"

E. BARRINGTON

MARTHA OSTENSO

IRVIN S. COBB

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

H. G. WELLS
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
KATHLEEN NORRIS
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MONTAGUE GLASS
H. C. WITWER
and others

ON SALE July 9th

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Own a Typewriter!

A Bargain You Can't Ignore!
Try It Free, and See!



GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want — "the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer — our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting — free.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel *lost* without it. A trial will *prove* it—and doesn't cost you a penny!

A New Plan

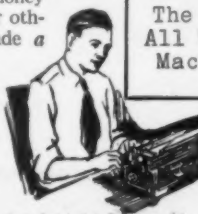
Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and saves you a *lot* of money.

The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part*; each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years*. That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don't ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made a *thousand dollars* at home last year with her Underwood.)

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you



This is a
Genuine
UNDERWOOD
*
The ace of
All Writing
Machines!

Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter: in business accounts,



*** Act NOW If Ever ! ***

have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! One that will last you all your life! But, the time to act is NOW. Don't miss out on this present bargain offer. Don't do longer without the convenience of a typewriter.

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Finally, Simpson, his immediate superior, discovered why.

Now what was the thing to do: fire him or discuss the matter? He didn't know what to do.

* * *

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SMART SET

AUGUST
1926*True Stories from Real Life**The Quarrel*

By HARRY LEE

*We had quarreled, she and I.
 She had stormed her pretty way,
 Flared and flushed, and now we sat
 Silent as the sultry day;
 Silent as the thirsting leaves!
 Then, across the tasseled hill
 Ran a little rain-wind, crying:
 "It is coming, come it will!"
 Darkened skies—and suddenly—
 Swift and beautiful, the rain—
 Clouds had parted, and the sun,
 Grown more kindly, shone again.*

*We saw the wheat on windy heights,
 Rippling like a golden sea;
 Wild birds filled the wood with song;
 Dripping clover coaxed the bee;
 Pigeons preened their rainbow wings,
 And the sweet one by my side,
 Brushed the tear-drops from her eyes,
 Tossed her head and gayly cried:
 "See how clear the air is now,
 See how tender now, the sky!
 Did we quarrel? What about?
 Lovers all should love July!"*



Accusation

*A Story of
Young Love
Battling Against
the Suspicion
and Intolerance
of the
Older Generation*

YOU see, we had been friends, Joe Hicks and I, all our lives. We had flunked together in Miss Wheeler's algebra class but still had managed to struggle through Clarksburg high school. And then Joe had gone away to Cornell for four years and I had gone to work in his father's office at the mills. Joe had come home from college to don overalls and go to work in the shops. Old Josephus Hicks' idea was that Joe should learn the business from the ground up.

And though Joe was the richest young man in town, and always had been, there was nothing snobbish about him. We were still friends though there was no love between us. He was the son of the owner of the mills and would some day own them himself. I was a stenographer who worked in his father's office. We were thrown together by the camaraderie that exists in a small town.

What a terrible day that had been! That day, mother and I had buried my father. Hardly was the funeral over when little Jimmy Davies had come running breathlessly up the cemetery hill to pant:

"Doris Moore your house is burning up!"

Mother had collapsed in my arms. I do not clearly remember anything that happened after that, except that mother was lifted into a waiting carriage and I got in beside her. Deacon Fowler went with us and sat opposite. Just as he got in I heard him direct the driver to take us to his house. I must have been too confused to protest, for if there was one person in the world I hated, it was Deacon Fowler. Mother had been all broken up that day and I was worried about her. But before I could leave her, word came to us at



"Good heavens, Mr. Fowler!" Joe exclaimed. "Don't

Deacon Fowler's that the cottage was a total loss. Nothing had been saved. Only the foundation remained.

It was dark before I went down the street to look at the still smouldering ruin of our home. And I was standing there dry-eyed, wondering what mother and I were to do now that our home was gone. Hadn't father's death been blow enough? To whom could we turn to now?

Then out of the half-dark beside me, came a voice that

*Moonlight
and June!
Joe and I
Down by the
Mill-Race,
Dreaming
Our Young
Dream, and
Then—*

I remember that we turned into the lane by Price's Corner and went down past Ben Gray's livery stable until we came to the race and then followed it along to the old mill. It was a night when the whole horizon was silhouetted in silver-edged relief against the sky. Far down the valley the roofs of the steel mills gleamed in the moonlight. You could distinguish each branch of the trees along the river. The mortar of the old stone work of the mill-race stood out like chalk. It was a night when every living thing seemed to be at peace. Nothing moved save the gurgling, silver water as we sat there on the wall with our feet hanging over. The dreadful events of the afternoon seemed like a dream, like a hideous nightmare that I had struggled desperately and hopelessly to get away from. But now it was gone.

My father had been a dreamer and my mother was a hovering helpmate for him. His whole body and soul had been in his work. Molding and the blending of metal had been something to live for and he had given his life for it. Some day he would find a new blend, a manganese steel, the discovery of which would make us rich; would take mother's reddened hands away from the drudgery of the household. And in the end it had been steel, molten steel, that had killed him. He was gone. This very afternoon

we had buried him. And now, how soft the moonlight was!

"No one seems to know how the fire started," Joe said and startled me from my reverie.

"Please, Joe," I answered. "Don't let's talk about it tonight. I just want to forget, if I can, for a little while. I don't know what mother and I are going to do, but won't tomorrow be time enough to think about that? I've had all I can stand for one day."

look at us like that. Staying out late is no sin!"

I recognized as Joe Hicks' round, full, baritone. "I'm awfully sorry, Doris. Gee, it's tough on a girl. Isn't there something I can do?" As he spoke, he took my hand in his.

All day long I had been trying not to cry, but at Joe's kindness, and it was the tone of his voice rather than what he said that moved me, the welled-up tears burst forth.

"Please, please, Joe!" I sobbed. "Take me away——"

"Sorry, Doris," Joe said and patted my hand gently.

We just sat there after that, looking down into the dancing shapes the water made or up into the moonlight splashed trees. Joe had said no word of sympathy but in the quiet strength of him as he sat there beside me I felt a bond of sympathy that lifted me up and made me feel the peace of a real restful contentment. Or was it the night and the moon? Or is the sympathy of real understanding one of the hidden doorways to love? I was not thinking of love that night. I only knew it felt good to be sitting there with Joe Hicks beside me. The storm had passed and tomorrow would be a new day. But I did not want to talk about it. There was a stillness in the air that made any sound except the singing water of the mill-race sound like an intrusion. Joe must have felt it too, for he seemed to share my mood. It was after midnight when he happened to look at his watch.

"You know I could stay here all night," he said simply, "but I guess we had better go, Doris."

"SO COULD I," I answered. "And you've been so good to sit here with me, Joe. You don't know what it has meant just to be here and say nothing and get away from everything. I think I was ready to scream when you came up to me across the street from that poor little cottage of ours."

We walked back slowly, arm in arm, and it was not until I saw a light in the Fowler's front window that I

had a sudden pang that mother might have worried about me. I should have been more considerate of mother and not have worried her so. We came up on the porch and were saying good night when the door opened.

Old Deacon Fowler stood there in his stiff starched shirt and bath-robe, with a lamp in his hand. He looked first at me, and then at Joe. The accusation written on his features could not have been more damning if he had struck me! Involuntarily I recoiled, as if from a blow.

"Good heavens, Mr. Fowler!" Joe exclaimed. "Don't stand there and look at us like that! Staying out late is no sin. Doris was all upset, so we went down by Fisher's like we used to do when we were kids. I forgot all about the time and it's my fault if we've kept you up. But you don't have to stand there as though we had committed some crime."

"Young man, you only make matters worse," Deacon Fowler said coldly. "Your father shall hear of this!"

"Oh, don't be a damn fool!" Joe exploded.

"Has my mother gone to bed?" I asked angrily.

"She has, long ago, at a decent Christian hour. When I offered you the shelter of this Christian home in the hour of your need, young woman, I expected——"

"I won't contaminate your hallowed presence another minute!" I interrupted before he could finish his sanctimonious outburst. "You may tell my mother in the morning that I spent the night at Ben Gray's."

Deacon Fowler's expression changed instantly. He hesitated a moment and then reached out a long, bony



The other girls in the office had their heads together. I knew they were talking about Joe and me.

hand to grasp my coat. "Young woman I will not allow it," he bel-
lowed.

But Joe caught his arm. "Easy, Deacon," he cautioned with a grin. "You might drop the lamp." Then he nodded over his shoulder to me. "Go ahead, Doris, I'll be with you in a minute."

"Stop!" thundered Deacon Fowler. "Hasn't your sin been scarlet enough for one night? Haven't you the decency—"

"Now, you shut up!" Joe snapped. "You're not only making a damn fool of yourself, but you're getting rough. Doris and I have known each other all our lives and if you make another one of your dirty insinuations I'll knock you through the door, lamp and all!"

Deacon Fowler stepped back hurriedly. I tried to get between them, fearing that Joe, who was incensed now, would hit him.

"Don't get into any trouble on my account, Joe," I said. "He doesn't know what he's saying, and I can tell mother everything in the morning. Ben Gray will have a room for me, so let's not have any more fuss. I'm all tired out."

"All right, Doris," Joe said quietly, letting go of Deacon Fowler's arm. Then, just as we turned to leave, I heard mother's voice: "Doris, my dear, where have you been? What has happened?"

My anger left me in an instant. I wanted her to take me in her arms like she used to do when I was a little girl. Evidently the noise we made had awakened her. She had dressed quickly, and had come down to learn what the trouble was about.

"I remonstrated with your daughter for her conduct, Mrs. Moore," Deacon Fowler said sonorously. "I was trying to show her—"

"Listen, Mr. Fowler," Joe broke in. "I meant every word of what I said a minute ago. Just one more of your insults to Doris and you'll repent it even if you are old enough to be my father!"

"Why, Joe—" mother gasped in amazement.

"Joe's right, mother," I said hurriedly. "Get your things. I'm going down to Ben Gray's for the night and now that you're up, you're going with me. I was completely fagged out and wanted to get some air when I met Joe. We went down and committed the horrible crime of sitting on the mill-race wall by Fisher's. It was so restful and quiet down there that I forgot all about the time until Joe suddenly discovered it was



I glared at Deacon Fowler. How dare he insinuate?

nearly one o'clock. It must be away past one now, thanks to Mr. Fowler. He met us at the door and began by branding me as a woman of the streets and I—"

"Doris!" mother said in a shocked voice.

"Let's not go into details here, mother," I said quickly. "Please get your things. When you realize just what Deacon Fowler stands for, you will not stay in his house another five minutes."

Mother looked at me in bewilderment, hesitated, and then went inside. Deacon Fowler wore the expression of a martyr but, thanks to Joe, did not attempt to say anything. If he had I think I should have flown at him myself.

Mother reappeared and Mrs. Fowler was with her. Mother said something to her that I did not hear.

Mrs. Fowler merely nodded. Her husband had turned a malignant eye upon her and she simply shrivelled up before him. Poor mother was all a-flutter. But, with Joe on one side of her and with me on the other, we lost no time in getting off the Fowler's sacred premises.

"Doris, Doris, I can't understand it! And your poor father only buried this afternoon," mother said, her voice quavering. I hardly felt equal to an explanation. "Another sample of Clarksburg Christianity," I said bitterly.

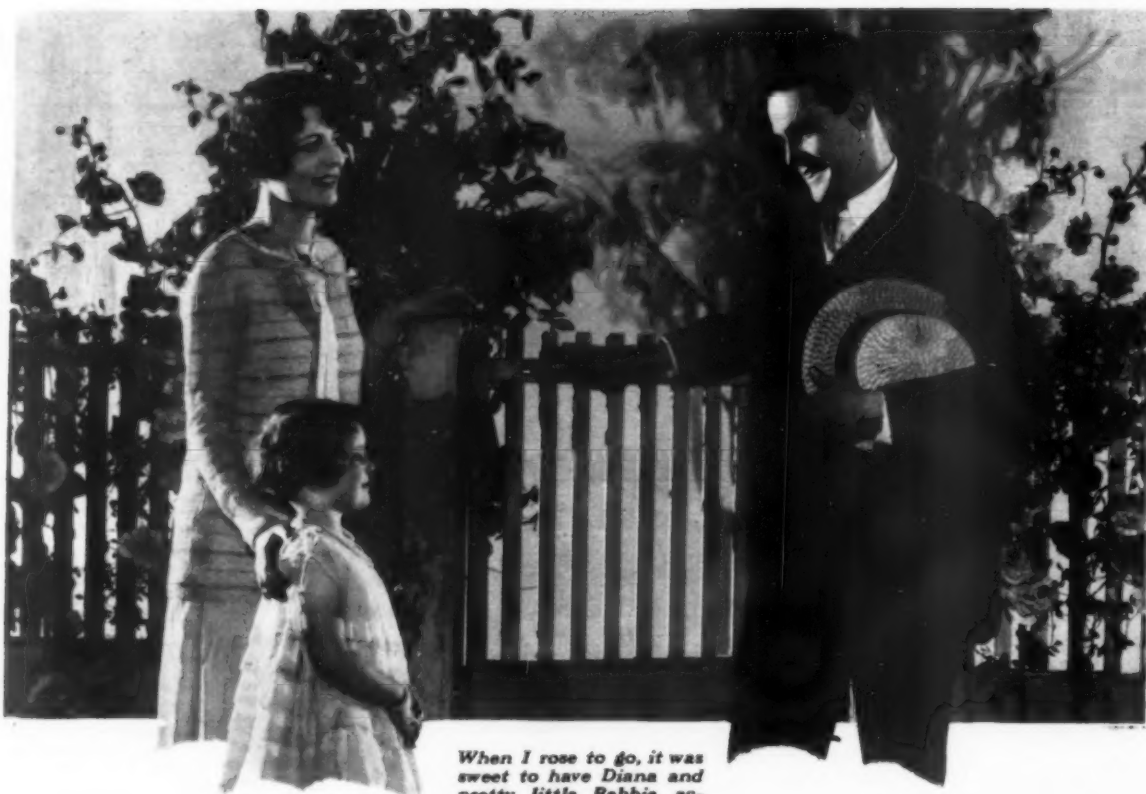
"Doris, you know you shouldn't talk like that," she chided.

"I know, mother," I answered, "it's unfair to condemn a whole town for one man's influence. But he does influence the town and you know it and I've hated him ever since I was a little girl. I don't like him and I don't trust him. You just wait and see how much old Ben Gray grumbles when we get him out of bed. And Ben Gray is an agnostic," I added. "He says so himself."

JOE chuckled and mother looked up at me in reproof. "Ben Gray is a good Christian man even if he doesn't go to church," she said. "He likes to call himself an unbeliever because he knows it makes certain people angry."

"Meaning Deacon Fowler, mother?" I said, angrily.

"Well, I suppose they see things differently," mother said. "But I do hope Ben has a room for us and we can stay there until we get settled. Doris tells me there wasn't a thing saved from our home, Joe—nothing, not even a chair. But with father gone, it doesn't matter much. We can manage somehow [Turn to page 86]



When I rose to go, it was sweet to have Diana and pretty little Babbie accompany me to the gate.

Diana's Guilt

IT HAD been seven years before that we had first met, and for more than six of those seven years Diana Avery had been Diana Farrish. I had never seen her since that first meeting, and I still had a treasured memory of an exquisitely lovely face with brown eyes that were almost golden, and strangely sensitive lips. She had a disturbing face that would not let itself be forgotten, yet I had never allowed myself to waste my time in dreaming of another man's wife.

Now I was going to see her again, and as I mounted the wide steps that led to Mrs. Avery's somewhat forbidding door, I was filled with misgivings. What was it, I asked myself, that Bob Avery had tried—and failed—to tell me before I had left New York? Why had he always appeared to be so anxious and unhappy about his sister? And why had Mrs. Borden, my landlady, so plainly disapproved of my calling upon Mrs. Farrish?

I had met Bob Avery in France, a couple of years after my meeting with Diana. The resemblance between them was striking, and I asked at once:—

"Any relation to Diana Avery?"

"Brother," he answered rather curtly. "Do you know Diana?"

"I have met her once—sometime ago."

There was always a sort of worried look at the back of Bob Avery's eyes, and it had grown deeper when I mentioned his sister.

"Diana's the best old sport in the world," he told me,

with more warmth, I thought, than the occasion demanded. Then he changed the subject abruptly.

We saw a good deal of each other during the next eighteen months, yet although we were always the best of friends, I never felt that I really knew him. Somehow I couldn't get behind that worried look of his. Bob was only a boy and a look of that sort did not belong in eyes as young and clear as his. I used to wonder what was wrong, but of course it was no affair of mine and I didn't ask him.

After the demobilization we parted, and Bob went home to Alton, the little town where he had always lived, while I remained in New York. The company with which I had been connected before the war had been planning to build a mammoth dam in the Andes, and the job had been promised to me. All through my two years in France I had dreamed of it. It would be a big thing, the opportunity of a lifetime, and it promised an abundance of the adventure and excitement that I loved. But my hopes were not to be fulfilled. The company kept me hanging around for a year or so; then in the hard times of '21 it went completely to smash and I was left high and dry. It was almost impossible, at that time, to secure a position of any sort, and after a year of disappointments I began to think that I should soon be reduced to selling pencils on the street corners.

Then one day I ran across Bob Avery. It had been over a year since I had heard from him, and during that

The Evidence was Damnably, yet in My Heart I Doubted



"You were calling on Mrs. Farrish?" Mr. Payson inquired.

time I had been too busy with my own troubles to think of anything else. We had lunch together, and I learned that he had been going up in the world while I had been going down. He had secured a position, with a well-established firm in Chicago, and they had just sent him on to be manager of their New York office.

"You don't happen to need an office boy, do you?" I inquired bitterly. "Or a janitor?"

Bob laughed. "I don't think so. Are you thinking of applying?"

"I mean it, Bob," I said seriously, "I'll take anything

you'll give me—" and then I told him my tale of woe. "So I'll take anything that comes up," I concluded. "Some day, perhaps, I may get a chance to build my dam, but just now I would be grateful to any one who would hire me to dig a ditch."

"That's hard luck, Bruce," Bob said, "and if I can find anything—" he broke off suddenly, and laid down his fork.

"What about school-teaching?" he asked.

I thought he was joking, but he went on eagerly.

"They're looking for a high school teacher at home—I heard them talking about it when I was there the other day. It seems the fellow they had engaged died last week, and there are only about five days left before school opens. They were rather up against it, I thought. If you say so, I'll wire them right off!"

"I'm afraid they'd hardly consider engaging a down-and-out engineer," I objected, but he ignored my protest.

"It will be just the thing for you and for them. Physics and math are what they want and those are right in your line. Take it for a year. That'll give them time to look up another teacher and give you time to look up another job. And it will beat digging ditches anyhow."

I agreed with him there, and within twenty-four hours it was all arranged.

JUST before I started for Alton, Bob came to my room. The worried look in his eyes had changed in these two years into a settled grimness, and today he looked more stern than ever.

"You'll see Diana," he said to me, after he had flung three half-smoked cigarettes into my empty grate.

"Of course," I answered.

Bob scowled at the toe of his shoe.

"By the way, Ingram, I suppose you know that she is—that she isn't married any



"Rosalie," Diana said, "is the only respectable married woman brave enough to risk her reputation by coming to see me."



"Perhaps all this trouble is part of my punishment," Rosalie said.

more," he hesitated a moment. "She was divorced."

"I hadn't heard," I replied, "I'm sorry——"

"You needn't be," Bob growled. "The fellow was a cur and she's damn well rid of him."

We were both silent for a minute or so, while I wondered what on earth Bob was trying to tell me. At last he rose.

"Ingram," he said slowly, "Diana's straight. She's as straight as they make them!" And before I could speak he had slammed on his hat and left me staring blankly at the closed door.

All the way to Alton I pondered over this unsatisfactory information. Diana was divorced; her husband had been a cur; and she herself was "as straight as they make them." Of course she was—but why on earth had Bob thought it necessary to tell me so?

My bewilderment was not lightened, when, on my second day at Alton, I asked my landlady to direct me to Mrs. Farrish' home.

"Diana Farrish?" She eyed me suspiciously. "Why she lives with her mother now—Mrs. Avery," and she gave me the necessary directions in a tone which implied that she would not be held responsible for the evil which would undoubtedly result from my proposed visit.

So, as I waited at Mrs. Avery's door, I had an uneasy feeling that I might be intruding into an unpleasant situation. However, I was Bob's friend, and Diana was Bob's sister, and common politeness demanded that I should call upon her.

The door opened, and I was ushered into a dim spacious library, the windows of which looked out upon a

garden glorious with golden-glow, honeysuckle and larkspur. Half a dozen photographs of Bob stood about; Bob in uniform; Bob in a football sweater; Bob in a bathing-suit. Bob—Bob—Bob—but not a single picture of Diana.

Then there were footsteps on the stairs, and Diana entered the room with her mother. The mother walked unsteadily, leaning on a cane. I have never forgotten that picture—Mrs. Avery, as cold and white as death, from the lace cap on her snowy hair to the hem of her trailing gown, and absolutely without color except for the blue of her eyes—a deep cold blue, like the blue of sapphires; Diana, vivid and glowing in her pale green dress, with her golden eyes and her soft dark hair.

Mrs. Avery received me graciously, but though Diana gave me her hand and smiled she did not speak. And when I had assisted Mrs. Avery to her chair, and placed a footstool at her feet, I looked up and saw that her daughter had left the room.

Mrs. Avery noticed my look of surprise.

"MRS. FARRISH does not receive my guests," she said coldly, and then she began to question me about Bob. When had I seen him last? Was he looking well? How did he like his new position? And did I know that he was the youngest officer of the company? Her face softened as she spoke and I could see that she worshipped her son. But there was no mention of Diana and I found myself growing more and more indignant. I could guess that Mrs. Avery might feel very strongly on the subject of divorce, but surely that did

not justify her in treating her daughter as if she were a servant, particularly if her husband had been worthless—or worse. At last I arose.

"I wonder if I may see Mrs. Farrish before I leave," I asked my hostess. Then, as I saw her eyes harden at the mention of her daughter's name, I added hastily, "Bob asked me particularly to call on her."

For a moment Mrs. Avery hesitated, then she said haughtily, "You will find Mrs. Farrish on the lawn."

Diana was reclining in a deep chair under the trees, while a little girl of three or four was playing on the grass beside her.

"I didn't know that you had a child," I told her.

Diana smiled, a little strangely, I thought.

"Yes—I have a child," she repeated my words. "Come here Babbie darling, and speak to Mr. Ingram."

The child climbed into Diana's lap and smiled at me shyly from the shelter of her shoulder. She was a pretty little thing, with eyes like Diana's and Bob's, and the sight of them there together was inexpressibly tragic and pitiful.

The afternoon passed quickly while we sat in the garden together. Diana seemed to me now, to be even lovelier than my memory of her. She had lost some of her gaiety, but in its place there was a new depth and sweetness of nature, as if she had passed through suffering into a deep, unalterable peace. Suffering had not broken her. It had only made her strong.

When at last I rose to go, Diana and Babbie accompanied me as far as the gate. There I said good-by, and turning away reluctantly, found myself face to face with Harvey Payson, president of the school board, whom I had met the day before.

His greeting was cordial, still I felt there was something ominous under its cordiality, and when I was invited to join him in "a little stroll," I was sure of it. However, I turned about and walked along beside him, hoping at last to learn the truth about Diana.

"You were calling on Mrs. Farrish?"

Mr. Payson inquired, pleasantly.

"Yes," I replied. "A charming woman, isn't she?"

"Very," he said drily. "A bit too charming, I am afraid." His round

face began to show his displeasure. "You are an old friend of hers?" He peered at me suspiciously over the top of his spectacles.

"Not exactly," I answered, thinking it best for the present to ignore the innuendo, "but we have met before, and I know her brother well."

"Oh—Bob!" Mr. Payson's tone suggested surprise that Bob should be mentioned in the same breath with the erring Diana. "Yes, yes—a splendid young fellow. Pity his sister isn't more like him."

This, I thought, was going a little too far.

"It seems to me," I remarked, coldly, "that they are very much alike."

"In appearance, perhaps," Mr. Payson conceded reluctantly, "there may be a resemblance. But beyond that—" he shook his head heavily. "You knew, of course, that the—er—divorce was obtained by her husband?" Again he peered at me [Turn to page 99]



"We can go," I pleaded, "where you can have the love and honor you desire. Will you come, Sweet-heart?"

The Tango Dancer

*Could I Tell Pierce, My Cousin,
What I Knew About
That Tiger-Lily Girl
He Wanted to Marry?*

I SHALL call her Carissima here. The name hides her true identity, and it sort of suggests what she was—a slender tiger-lily type whose black eyes brooked with passionate caprices; whose every slightly slurred word, and graceful gesture made men dream of ardent caresses. In spite of her Spanish looks she was American by birth. But the hot suns of our own far South had invested Carissima with impulsive fevers, and she danced the tango on Broadway with all the sorcerous fire of a Latin.

The first time I ever saw her was at a studio party that cost the host, a well-known New York artist, the trouble of seeking new quarters next day. It was not exactly the gorgeous bedlam that went on behind his doors that caused the landlord to hastily break his lease; although that alone would have been reason enough for eviction in any place other than the broad-minded studio building on Fifty-Seventh Street. The swimming pool in the basement was to blame. The artist's guests had no tank togs! However, it was way past four in the morning when all hands decided upon a plunge. And, apparently, no one thought the lack of swimming trunks sufficient reason to keep out of the pool at that hour. That is, no one except the rudely awakened landlord!

Carissima's man passed out during the swimming. I had been waiting hopefully for the event ever since she joined the party after her show. The girl was a type I liked to do in oils, but I must confess my interest was more than professional in Carissima. We bundled into a cab with Reubens as our destination. Swimming, after an evening of high-balls, creates an irresistible demand for ham and eggs!

Half-way to the famous restaurant Carissima took my breath away by suggesting that we go to my studio. There she insisted upon showing her skill in a kitchenette. That unconventional breakfast was the beginning



Carissima, standing

of our affair. But for the girl who is gypsy-hearted, such adventure in romance, as you may know, only lasts as long as its intensity. A few weeks, perhaps two months at most, apparently sufficed for Carissima; although manlike I would have eagerly prolonged our romance because she was the kind of girl whose visible charms become more desirable as you explore them—a girl who remains mysteriously alluring to the end.

She dropped out of my life as suddenly as she had entered it, leaving me only the full length nude that I had done of her in oils, as a tangible memoir of our affair.



in the midst of an admiring throng poured cocktails for talkative guests.

Of course, I knew that she could eventually be found in one of the Broadway revues whirling her amber liteness to the tango tunes of the Argentine. But, men like myself know the futility of pursuing women of the Carissima's type when they deliberately desert us.

If we are philosophers we content ourselves with wistfully remembering an ardor that is dead. I tried to be a philosopher about Carissima's going out of my life. There were times I didn't succeed, and it was on such occasions that I thought she had kindled some sort of undying flame in my heart and soul—a flame that needed

only a word or a look from her to fan it into a conflagration.

A year passed with no sign or word of Carissima. And then one summer night I dropped in upon my cousin Pierce at his club for one of our periodical visits. Sometimes we instinctively know enough to keep from revealing our previous knowledge concerning something, or somebody, another person is speaking about. It was that way when Pierce began to speak of Carissima as we sat under a fan, sipping our long Tom Collins. The lights in the lounge room were low. The shadows kept him

from seeing how my face and eyes lighted knowingly over the first mention of her name. From then on I listened, secretly apprehensive. . . Finally, Pierce said what I was dreading to hear.

"I suppose like everybody else you've come to believe, Cardy, that I'd never give up this kind of life," he said, indicating the luxurious appointments of his club.

He had lived the self-satisfied existence of a New York bachelor ever since his return from France seven years before. Pierce, four years my senior, had commanded the infantry company in which I served as lieutenant. Over there our blood ties had been thickened by the fine comradeship that comes to men under fire together.

"But, I'm fed up on its emptiness, Cardy," he continued, "absolutely fed up. I suddenly found myself this way after knowing Carissima only a week. I want a home now—a wife. I'm going to marry her next month. No big three-ring social affair. Just a simple home wedding. Got to be that, you know."

"You—marrying within a month, Pierce!" I said, trying to sound as incredulous as possible, even though I knew then that poor old Pierce was as good as trapped, and I knew why. Carissima was just the kind of a girl a bachelor type like sophisticated Pierce finally falls for—hopelessly!

"Exactly, Cardy, and to a woman in a million. She turns men's heads off their necks. Well—aren't you going to congratulate me?" he demanded, apparently a bit vexed by the way I sat there soundlessly. His tone loosened my tongue.

"Of course, Pierce—of course—congratulations, old top. The shock of the news, you know. Shock! That's it, old man. You marrying! Strikes me funny—yes, funny," I said, trying to pull myself together.

Pierce going to marry Carissima! Marry? Had he said marry? Good lord, he couldn't have said marry. Hardly that! Yet—

"This also may be news to you, Cardy—you're elected to be best man—" said Pierce over his glass.

Best man! Then Pierce had really said he was going to marry her. My face began to burn at the idea. It had been one thing for me to have an affair with Carissima. Another thing to have lost her, and still admit that her spell upon me was not entirely broken. But, it was still another thing—quite another—for my cousin to be

sitting there in his club stating he was going to marry her! Would he do it if he really knew what I knew? Hardly. Pierce was a man whom I felt was decidedly old-fashioned about one thing. Well, there was nothing to do but be sure how much he knew, and then tell him somehow all he did not know. After all, if he was going in blind, he was my cousin—my comrade—and I couldn't, or at least, shouldn't stand by and let him leap.

I drew him out as to how the affair had begun, realizing that if it had started under circumstances similar to those that first brought Carissima and me together, Pierce's eyes must be open. But, no such luck!

"I met her at Palm Beach four months ago," he began.

"You know the Philadelphia Angells? Well, they thought Carissima a sensation when she was dancing at the Beach Club. Mrs. Angell had her over to her place one night . . . All the men rushed her to death. Somehow I made a little headway. Took her swimming next day. . . There you are, Cardy! That's how it happened, old man!"

I knew the bitter truth then. Pierce had met her in just the kind of environment Carissima could utilize to best advantage. For, in spite of the violent feelings she awakened in men, Carissima owned a subtlety vastly more impressive than surface culture. It was something she could use to better advantage in a drawing-room than at a wild studio party. Carissima could assume a physical languor, and like a southern night seem asleep while mysteriously awake. That was the girl in repose. It was not until she romanced



Carissima had gone, but she had left a letter.

and tangoed that she revealed her ardor. Only at the Beach Club was it her business to tango; and she knew Mrs. Angell's drawing-room was no place to romance. So, she had swept my cousin off his feet under circumstances that he had blindly accepted on their innocent face value!

THERE was no question of it in my mind. Pierce did not realize into what he was plunging. A sophisticated New York bachelor of thirty-six knows how to make a fairly accurate judgment of women when he is cool and analytical. But, Pierce Warner was madly in love with Carissima, and men in love are neither cool nor analytical.

No question of another thing, either. I was more than his cousin. I was his friend, some [Turn to page 81]



Morgan Dancers

WE don't want to malign the ladies in this line-up, but we think the lines on their costumes aren't the only ones they have

These Charming Ladies!

Madge Bellamy



Jean Lorraine



Yola d'Avril

FOR the demure line what could be better than wide eyes and a feathered negligée? The port little flirt in the center has a line that's swift and certain, and on the right is a line that is sure to please. Which one is for you? We draw the line at making a decision

Set Your Style



FOR the early morning promenade, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayers Pauline Starke advises a white skirt and a silk sweater of the color most flattering, which also trims a white coat. Then everybody you pass will stare and stare, says she.



ON A rainy morning wear a dress of a strange gay color, so that all the sad young men won't care whether the sun is shining or not, says Gertrude Olmstead of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, coquetting in a confection of pomegranate-red silk.



*A summer vacation's
A failure quite,
Without flirtations
From morn till night.
But you needn't try
To win a glance
From a masculine eye
At a dinner or dance
If the frock you've got
Isn't RIGHT, my dear;
And so, what's WHAT
We show you here.*

THE COAT for the first dinner with a new flirtée should be delectable rather than daring, says Dorothy Sebastian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wearing a poem in blue, violet, and silver.



FOR THE afternoon saunter, wear a costume of shimmering silk in a pastel shade if you want to turn a particular masculine head, Pauline Starke tells you. And be aloof in your manner; that will tantalize him.

By These Stars

*The Movie Queen,
As everyone knows,
Is terribly keen
About her clothes.
She chooses the style
And color that will
The men beguile
And the women kill
With envy. So,
If you'd queen it too,
Here's a chance to know
What YOU should do.*



NEVER wear sea-green or sky-blue when you walk along the beach, warns Dorothy Sebastian. Try yellow or a pale rose, and carry a sunshade of crimson, orange, and black



FOR THE tennis tournament, avoid white, warns Pauline Starke, who looks good enough to eat, in her raspberry-sundae colored dress, embroidered in mulberry silk. Fetching, isn't it? And it will fetch a candidate for a flirtation immediately



FOR the wrap that goes on with the dance, try white silk with a border of black-and-white fur, Pauline Starke advises. All the other girls will be sure to choose gay colors, and so you'll be singled out by THE ONE MAN at once

YOU'LL need a coat that is chic but not conspicuous, for of course your flirtations will include motor rides by moonlight, declares Gertrude Olmstead, wrapping a golden-brown shirred creation over her yellow dinner dress



Supporting the Kneedy



SUPPOSING one needs supporters for sport's wear, what makes a better hit than a tennis racket?



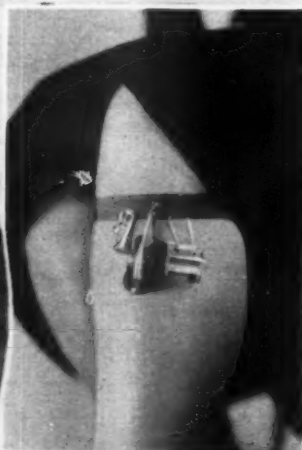
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Vivian Winston believes in stocking up with orchids.



THIRTY-EIGHT little ermines gladly gave up their black-and-white tails to the support of Charlot Bird's knees.



A shamrock worn 'neath a dimpled knee, is a fad introduced by Miss Gwen Lee. And inspires us to say it with poetry.




ESTELLE Clark takes her steps to music, and Dena Clark is a believer in non-support. Does STOP mean stop, or merely detour?

*A Tropic-Bound
Steamship;
Idle, Luxurious
Men and Women!
I Might Have
Expected
What Happened*



The Captain let me stand watch on the bridge, though Nita sneered and made catty remarks.



My Rich Fiancé

I WAS an imp of the sea, raised aboard my father's ship and I was as hard as a stone. Murray had come aboard ill, from an expedition seeking specimens in the tropics. Together we went to his palatial home on Long Island, to tell his parents of our love.

His people had made me feel like an outcast with their sneering, sophisticated manners. Every one but his mother. She treated me like a daughter, and I defied the rest of them. Then Randy had asked me to go for a drive with him. He had wrecked the car, and now I lay injured in Murray's house, the victim of vile gossip that was not true. Suddenly I was introduced to Murray's dad, and I recognized him as the gray-haired man who had abused the girl in that dreadful roadhouse!

FOR a moment the faces before me seemed to swing back and forth, rocking, like a ship in an angry sea. I could feel little drops of perspiration gather on my forehead and my shoulder began to throb with pain. Then Murray was down on his knees beside me again and I buried my head on his shoulder, afraid to look into the eyes above me.

I felt Mrs. Saunders' hand smoothing back my hair and her voice came to me, far away, nearly a whisper, "Poor little thing, she's just all gone!" I looked up and my eyes met Mr. Saunders' and he smiled at me. I waited a terrible, breathless moment for recognition to

light his eyes but there was only sweetness and anxious concern.

The sun seemed to come blazing in the window again and I wiped my tears away with a half hysterical laugh. He didn't recognize me! While he took my hand and held it between both of his I was saying a prayer, a silent prayer, thanking God for His kindness.

But why shouldn't I look into their eyes and be unafraid? I looked from one to another of them studying their faces. Life was so funny! They laughed and sneered at me, these people with culture and breeding—Nita, Florine, Randy, even Mrs. Saunders now. Behind her sympathy and kindness was a hardness and a warning.

I thought of what Murray had told me of Nita—seeing her in David Graham's arms. And Randy trying to make silly, drunken love to me. Mr. Saunders—fishing! For what? Even Murray! Hadn't Nita told me he had gone to see Elsie?

Oh, God, and they sneered at me!

For a moment I could feel a terrible rage stealing over me. I slipped my hands beneath the covers and clenched them while a little moan escaped my lips. I tried to smile and my smile ended in a flood of tears.

Murray leaned over me. "My dearest," he whispered so sweetly. But I wanted to scream at them at the injustice of the accusations behind their kindness. I began to sob, and as they crowded closer about me I heard

them whispering among themselves. I pushed Murray's hand away and said, "Please, *please*, leave me alone, Murray!"

I could feel the hurt in his heart as he straightened up. And in another instant I heard the door close softly behind them and they were gone.

"Oh, God," I prayed, "help me to understand them. And dear God, don't let Murray stop loving me!" Then I burst into a torrent of tears and cried until I was weak and spent.

The sun was beginning to go down and little shadows played across the rug when I lifted my head from the pillow. And I could see the sun setting on the horizon, a great flaming ball of fire, as I had seen it so many times from the deck of the *Mohawk* with dad—dear dad. I wanted to be back with him and feel his great, rough hand stroking my hair, humming a song as he had done so long ago when I was a child aboard the *Mohawk*. Dear, dear dad!

And Murray's father! Why hadn't Murray ever talked of him as he had of his mother? Did he know what manner of man he was? Did Mrs. Saunders know? She must know. That was why there was so much pain and suffering deep down in her eyes. No wonder she wanted Murray to have some one who would be loyal and true and good. Nita—I could feel a surge

of repulsion at the very thought of her. She wasn't happy because she was her own worst enemy and she didn't want any one else to be happy. Well, I would be happy and I would make Murray happy. They couldn't take him away from me. He was the only really wonderful thing I had ever had in my life!

A sudden wave of happiness and understanding swept through me! It was all because of Nita, poisoning them with her tongue, afraid that there wouldn't be so much for her if Murray and I were married. Oh, if Murray and I could only be married that week, that day! And go away from them and never come back.

I CLOSED my eyes at the very thought and floated away into a land of dreams where gossip and slander and suspicion were each led up to a platform and beheaded. And Murray and I went rolling away in an old fashioned carriage with a gay, mad throng shouting with joy as we rode by.

Then I opened my eyes and it was nearly dark. I lay perfectly still for a moment and I could *feel* some one in the room, another presence. But instead of being afraid I was happy, because I knew that when I turned on my other side, Murray would be standing there his eyes filled with love. I waited for a moment and then I reached out a hand behind my back, groping. No one touched it.



Suddenly from behind us I heard Nita's laugh. "Is this a public exhibition?" she called.

That had been a dream too, just my imagination! I turned on my other side and in the dim light I could see a silent form, not moving. I drew a quick breath of fright and then Murray was down on his knees beside me again, holding my cheek close to his, saying over and over, "Oh, my sweetheart, forgive me, forgive me!"

I hushed his lips with my fingers and we just stayed there for what seemed an eternity. I could feel his breath on my cheek and then I felt a tear drop on my hand and I said, "My Murray!"

"Oh, my dearest Marion!" he said. That was all and we were silent again.

After a while I whispered, "Murray, you do believe me, don't you? I was so lonesome and I went with Randy because he was kind to me. He had too much to drink and ran off the road. I——"

"Hush, dear!" he said. "It doesn't make any difference. You must forgive me for even questioning you!"

In that instant it flashed in my mind that I would ask him about what Nita had told me—that he had gone to see Elsie Maynard. But before I could speak he had begun to tell me about his trip to Boston and about the publisher who had promised to publish his book about his last expedition. As happy as a child, filled to boiling with his success!

I didn't need to ask him then. I knew that she had lied and I kissed him full on the lips in my happiness.

Then a light flashed on in the room and Mrs. Saunders and Randy and Mr. Saunders and Florine—a dozen of them came crowding in, laughing at Murray while he grew crimson with embarrassment and got to his feet. They made a half circle about my bed and poked fun at me for picking the hardest spot on Long Island to land when Randy ran me off the road. I laughed with them and said all the pain had gone—that there couldn't ever be any pain while I had Murray!

Randy gave a little cheer and they all began to laugh again, except Nita. There was a sneering, disdainful expression on her face that made me want to call her some of the things that I had heard dad call the ocean when it came breaking over the length of his ship!

What happiness I knew during the next few days with Murray always by my side, reading to me, planning new trips to the tropics, holding my hand and saying never a word.

LOVE! That was all that mattered in all the world so long as Murray loved me. It wouldn't have made any difference if he had been the poorest beggar on the poorest street in the country if he loved me.

"Oh, Murray," I would whisper, "I wish that something would happen, something terrible so that I could show you how much I love you!"

And Mr. Saunders would come and talk to me by the hour and sometimes he would stop, a far-away look in his eyes and I knew the pain his soul was suffering for his sins. Sometimes I wondered if he did remember that night that he had seen me. Once I spoke of Randy and I stopping at the roadhouse, but I could see no flicker of interest in his eyes. Maybe I had been mistaken—perhaps it had been some one else. Then I would look at him closely and know that I would always remember the face I had seen that night and I *wasn't* mistaken.

After a month of convalescence my shoulder was well, but I was wan and weak from inactivity. One day David



A knock sounded on my door. I heard Mac-Kay's voice!

Graham came striding across the porch and said that he wanted us all to come aboard his yacht for a little cruise, that he wouldn't take "no" for an answer, because he thought I needed the change. I wanted to laugh in his face and ask him if Nita had anything to do with it.

I saw Murray's face cloud and I knew that he was going to refuse to go. But I wanted to go. I wanted to feel the roll of the ocean under my feet and take deep breaths of salty air. I turned my eyes to Murray. He smiled and said that he would be glad to go.

And when I set foot on board the *Naomi* I cried out in sheer delight. She was a one-hundred-and-eighty-foot oil burner, as spick and span and trim as an English grayhound. Low in the water, with a speed of sixteen knots under forced draught. Because of my interest, David Graham took me over her from stern to stern, pointing out her virtues while Nita [Turn to page 90]

I Wanted

In Spite of the Other Woman—

My HUSBAND

"NATALIE, let's stroll down to the pier. I have something I want to show you."

It was Colby Bracebridge speaking. I couldn't help thinking of Colby as my husband, even though I bit my lips to realize that he was no longer mine according to law, and that Nina Maynard had claimed him for her own. It had been only a year since I had divorced him. How keenly I knew the futility of trying to hold him when he confessed his mad infatuation for the Follies

beauty! After all, I had desired his happiness above everything else. We had met this afternoon, quite by accident at the tennis courts. The crowd had somehow disappeared and we were left alone. Of course, he had invited me to tea at the Casino.

"I didn't expect to see you again, Colby—" I said, and it was only with a great effort that I kept the joy out of



*What a choice morsel of gossip
Colby and I must be for Newport's
smart young men and lovely girls.*

my voice. I gave his arm the tiniest squeeze.

Newport listened attentively while we threaded our way through the colorful tables. Smartly attired young men and lovely girls in vivid sport's costumes murmured discreetly about their friends' affair. What a choice morsel of gossip Colby and I must be for them!

Colby looked down at me from under his yachting cap. "Er—yes—a lot can happen in a year, Natalie," he said in answer to my question. "I came up to Newport to see my new yacht and give her a trial cruise. She's a beauty! Guaranteed to make twenty-four knots an hour—white as a swan—I'm going to give her a speed test tonight. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

"Oh, I'd love to," I said, and my heart throbbed madly. "What did you name it?"

His answer came like a warm wind that fired my suppressed feelings. "She's called *Mavourneen*!"

For a moment we were silent while I dreamed over again the hour when I promised to marry him. The golden notes of the love song had been wafted to us from the drawing-room where John McCormack was singing. Colby's arm had been around me as we listened to the passionate beauty of the music, and he had whispered, "Mavourneen, sweetheart—" Again, we had heard it on our wedding day, when some one struck up, "Kathleen mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking—" It almost seemed to have been the magic talisman of our marriage.

I shall never forget how tan and handsome Colby looked in his blue coat and white flannels, as we sauntered to the pier where the cutter was docked. The haze of the August afternoon was melting into the amber dusk of Newport. The purple shadows gathered in a romantic veil from the sea, and I was going to inspect the *Mavourneen*! What would the night hold for me?

Time and time again I stole little glances at my former husband, trying vainly to find some sign that would tell me that the last year had changed him somehow. It is always that way with a woman who suddenly finds herself back, if only momentarily, in the life of the *one* man of her heart. She wants to find changes. They are the signs that indicate something has happened to him since



Our hands met. How much I loved the tall man beside me.

leaving her—something she can build new hopes and dreams upon.

But Colby Bracebridge seemed the same as ever. A year of life with Nina had not wrought any visible signs of what that time had done to him. At least, none that I could find. . . If only there had been the tiniest indication of shadow in his eyes! If only there had been that indefinable sort of air about a man that suggests new disillusionment!

HIS strong fingers against my arm as he helped me down the gangway to the floating dock made me tremble, and things began to swim before my eyes. When I was seated astern in the cutter, Colby towering over me, he pointed to a white yacht with two black funnels that was riding gracefully at anchor in the harbor:

"That's *Mavourneen*," he said, a note of boyish pride in his voice. "Isn't she a picture?"

"She's beautiful," I answered, not daring to look away from the yacht for fear he might read what was in my eyes. It was enough that my voice had given away the



The strange woman stood listening intently.

emotions *Mavourneen* had aroused in me by making me remember what I could never forget—that Colby Bracebridge had never ceased to be my husband because of a court decree and a slip of paper.

"I'll be back in about an hour, Capper. When you make the yacht, come back here to the pier and wait," he told the sailor. Then, turning to me, "I'll have you ashore in plenty of time for dinner, Natalie."

The cutter leaped through the water like a speed boat, burying her bow under a spray of lacy foam. We were alongside *Mavourneen* in no time. Going up the yacht's ladder I realized how much the sight and sound of Colby had swept me off my feet. Until that moment I had not stopped to think—nor to count the chances I was taking. I do not mean the chances of my visit being discovered by others, and scandalous gossip being circulated as a result. Strangely, such a possibility did not enter my head. What I have reference to is that I had not stopped to consider that being aboard Colby's yacht would make it harder for me to put our meeting out of my future thoughts. Already I was trying to relive that fleeting moment in which his fingers had held my arm! Already my consciousness burned with the memory of the boyish pride in his voice when he had pointed to his yacht.

"Of course," I told myself, "I never would have dared come out with Colby alone—I just couldn't have stood it." But as I went up the ladder I again remembered Colby's fingers grazing my arm at the pier's gangway. Then I knew I was not being truthful with myself. I would have come to the yacht with, or without Colby!

THOSE who love ships will understand how the beauty of *Mavourneen* thrilled me. I had sailed, and cruised under steam for years. The love of a beautiful craft was something that Colby's own enthusiasm for ships had helped to develop in my heart. To thrill over *Mavourneen*, and to love her trim, graceful self was a bit like loving Colby Bracebridge.

I went back to the navigation bridge after my tour of inspection, wistful with one consuming wish; night had darkened the heavens. Up there at Newport, night, like the dusk, comes up out of the vast sea spaces. And it comes in such a way that you think of it as a fleet of violet sails drifting shoreward, veiling all creation with the mystery of star-lit dark.

I shut my eyes and listened to that imaginary call of the swirling waters that was so tenderly blended with Colby's and my own voice. It was sweet to dream that out yonder beyond the horizon of the east, love was making subtle promises.

"If only Colby and I might go out there once more! If only we might drift into the east, surely we'd find the dawn again! Surely we'd re-capture something beautiful we'd lost because he——"

The roar of a motor cut short my impassioned soliloquy. I straightened up and looked

about. Colby was returning in the cutter! I went down to the starboard side and waited for him to come aboard.

"I'm sorry, Natalie, to have kept you this way. But, I was detained for a long distance call and——"

"Is it late, Colby?" I asked, suddenly realizing that it must be. I had been dreaming away up on the bridge, thoughtless of the passing time.

"Almost eight o'clock——"

"Almost eight!" I repeated. "Colby! I didn't realize it. Thank goodness Mrs. Winterman's dinner for tonight was called off——"

"Natalie," he came closer, "I'm really awfully sorry. I couldn't leave the phone to tell Capper to come and get you. . . Now that you're here and——"

"Dinner is served, sir," announced a Jap who had come up noiselessly.

"Thanks, Mikuu. There, Natalie, it's all ready. You might as well. And, I have your favorite, sparkling Burgundy, in the ship's wet stores. Will you dine aboard—*Mavourneen*?"

I'M sure to this day that it was the way Colby's voice lingered tenderly over the word "*Mavourneen*" that made me stay. Shortly after we were seated in the dining salon he suggested getting under way. It was a very sticky night. I did not see any reason why we couldn't be moving as long as I was already aboard.

"It would be cooler, Colby," I admitted.

He gave orders to Mr. MacMahon, his officer. Shortly afterward there was a soft thrumming sound running through the yacht. . . She seemed to suddenly and easily awaken from a sleep and begin to move swiftly. The feeling came over me at the table that *Mavourneen* was steaming to the eastward in answer to the voice that had called from the horizon of the open sea.

A second glass of sparkling Burgundy and my sense of naturalness returned. The strange strain of being in Colby's company let up. He, too, became more at ease.

It hardly seemed possible then that a whole year lay between us like a vast unbridgeable chasm. And more than ever, I denied to myself that any man-made law had changed our real relationship to each other.

We were still husband and wife in spite of the nightmare that had crept into our lives.

Nightmare! Nightmare! Nightmare! I kept saying it over and over to myself. That was just the word. Nightmare! Nothing else. I had been asleep and dreamed of Nina. . . of divorce. . . of heartbreak. I was awake again! Awake and with Colby!

Wasn't he sitting right there across from me? The same old handsome Colby who had asked me to marry him the night after we heard John McCormack sing "*Kathleen Mavourneen*" the same old Colby whose fingers had twined themselves around my heart to stay there forever. Of course! Of course—drummed my heart and pulse.

"A dash of brandy in your demi-tasse, Natalie?"

"Please, Colby," I returned.

We always took a dash of brandy in our black coffee, Colby and I. And, afterwards, a thimbleful of chartreuse. It was like a ritual with us.

"Chartreuse, Natalie?" he asked over our cigarettes.

I held out my tiny liqueur glass with fingers that seemed possessed by the softest [Turn to page 114]



"Colby told me he never married you!" I said.

Change *your* NAME

*The New Science of Numbers will Tell You Whether
You Can Succeed with the
Name You Have. If Not, Here's How to Get a
Rabbit's Foot and Win*

SUCCESS came to me because, like the Mikado who made the punishment fit the crime, I fitted my vocation to my name.

If my name hadn't been right I'd have had to choose another vocation—or another name. That's one of the secrets of numerology. I found my vocation as a screen actress and began to make good only after I had mastered the meaning of name-numbers.

It sounds complicated—but it isn't. And—it means a lot.

Do you bear the right name?

Do the number vibrations of the date of your birth and your name combine for success or failure? Your whole life may depend on it.

A certain young woman by the name of Rosine Bernard at the age of seventeen went on the stage in Paris. Her debut at the *Comédie Française* was a failure. For five years she labored without any success whatever. The critics, if they took notice, only panned her. She tried burlesque, and failed in that. She changed her name to Sarah Bernhardt, joined the Odeon company, and started a series of sensational successes which culminated in her becoming the most famous actress in the world. Rosine Bernard had an unlucky vibration number, whereas Sarah Bernhardt spelled triumph.

For years, Theodosia Goodman, an ambitious and talented girl from Cincinnati, Ohio, tried to get a foothold on the New York stage. She was gifted with an unusual personality, a more striking appearance, and genuine talents. She traveled the route of agents' offices. Her funds ran low. She suffered actual privations. She only succeeded in getting minor parts in musical comedies and road shows. In accordance with the science of numerol-



Pauline Starke

ogy, Theodosia Goodman changed her name to Theda Bara—a name with a lucky vibration number.

There was Israel Baline, who began his career as a singing waiter in the Bowery. His move uptown to Broadway brought him only a little more money than he earned in tips on the East Side. For years he composed tunes to which Tin Pan alley turned a deaf ear, and to such compositions as he succeeded in getting published the public refused to respond. He decided luck was against his name, and he changed it to Irving Berlin. When, lo, with the publication of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," he soon became the most popular song composer of his day. Today, he is worth millions, the

owner of the outstanding "Music Box Revue," a composer whose every song is a hit, and the happy possessor of the girl of his heart, whom he won over against bitter opposition.

Neysa McMein, with Theda Bara, is one of the most enthusiastic exponents of the science of numerology. As Marjorie McMein she says she floundered about hopelessly as to a career. She tried the stage. She came to realize she lacked the histrionic ability necessary for any great success. She was ambitious, but she didn't know what to do. Through friends, two women of wealth who were among the first to delve into this mystic science, she learned about numerology. She found the name Marjorie in conjunction with her family name spelled failure. She changed it to Neysa. Almost immediately she was inspired to take up art as a career and began painting pretty girls. Today, Miss Mc-

E for LUCK

By

Pauline
Stark

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Player)

Mein is one of the most popular painters of magazine covers.

Take my case.

I never dreamed of going into pictures—even the first time I was in a studio. Mother and I had come to Los Angeles, and we were alone. I was going to school. We had a friend working with D. W. Griffith, and she suggested that mother come out to the studio and work in a scene—and I happened to be along.

I remember I wore a white dress and a green sweater—and the combination attracted Mr. Griffith's eye. He put me in the scene as an extra—and put me in the front row, too. He said I had an interesting face.

I tried a number of other extra rôles and then I began to think.

"Could I make good in the movies?" I wondered.

I took a mental stock of my qualities, my failings, and my possible assets. It didn't seem that I had what goes for screen success, and I was discouraged. But I had been reading the science of numerology, and I tried applying its rules.

My name, I found, and my birth number indicated a combination that had many of the qualities that spelled picture success—even in the low forms, which indicated a capacity for work. This encouraged me to try again.

Better parts seemed to fall to my lot—then came my first real success in "The Connecticut Yankee," which Emmett Flynn directed. It was largely through this that later on I became a contract player with the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

I FOUND, also, that I was most successful in plays the titles of which contained lucky number combinations. "The Devil's Cargo," for instance, spelled only fair success for me—while "Sun Up" was a smashing success—and its number matched mine perfectly. Then again, "Bright Lights" proved another case in point; also "Love's Blindness" and "Adventure" both were good to me, numerically and otherwise.

In applying the science of numerology, you first find your birth number. This is of utmost importance as the birth number indicates your character, capabilities and weaknesses. The number which results from reducing the numbers of the letters of your name indicates the lines along which you are most likely to succeed and the means of realizing the possibilities shown in your birth number. If you have a strong number for your name it will offset weaknesses, defects of character or evil influences of fate involved in your birth number. The birth number, in fact, shows the potential forces and abilities with which you are born, and your name number the channels through which they may be realized



Beauty's uplifted hands hold the wheel of Fate, and the figures on the dial point your destiny. Triumph to those only in whose names appear the right letters.

and the best ways in which they should be applied. A powerful birth number may be damaged by a weak name number; but this can be corrected by a change of name. A weak birth number, likewise, can be strengthened by a powerful name number.

These numbers are easily determined. The calendar number of the month is placed underneath whatever month opens the date of birth and this is found by adding



Mary
Garden

the number of the day, and the digit is found by adding the numbers in the year, as follows:

I was born January 10, 1901.

January..... 1

Tenth day = 1

plus 10..... 1

1901 = 1 plus 9

plus 0 plus 1 = 11

13 = 1 plus 3 = 4

So my birth number equals four. All numbers over nine must be reduced to a single digit by adding them together. A number ending in a zero, such as 20, becomes 2. The only exception to this are 11 and 22. There are no numbers recognized other than 11 and 22 over the final 9 for either the birth or name numbers. Therefore 32 would become 5, and 17 would become 8, but 65 would become 11, and that would be the final digit.

THE nine numbers of the numerological cycle and their significance are as follows:

1—A positive number. Indicates native gifts of energy, mental powers, logic, ability to command and achieve, with tendencies to selfishness and aggression.

2—Less positive. Gives charm of mind and personality, evenness of temper, kindness, and sympathy. This person will be a good mixer and he is responsible for the peace of the earth.

3—This number indicates great ambition, and the power to entertain others. Also the gift to create beautiful things. Persons with this number should be successful as artists, comedians, cartoonists, writers and whatever tends to optimism.

4—A more physical, than spiritual and mental number. Indicates persistence of purpose, driving power, and capacity for work. Unless backed by a strong name num-

ber or properly controlled, it may make for physical grossness and discontent.

5—A number indicating a combination of spiritual and material characteristics. A person of this number is fascinating, charming, magnetic, but not stable. He often starts things but seldom finishes them. He is attracted by everything, but held by nothing. Gives excellent ability in acting.

6—Makes for success in marriage and domestic happiness. Induces to social congeniality, self confidence, and stability. A predisposition for humanitarian and philanthropic work. This number in ancient mysticism represented the beginning of animal propagation on earth, and those born with this number will make ideal parents.

7—The ancient mystical number, which represented the soul. It is an occult number and those born under it are generally gifted with great spiritual qualities, intuition, and psychic powers. A person of this number loves solitude and shrinks from society.

8—This is a number of material achievement. A person of this number will always have success. He is a competent judge of business problems and will cooperate with his employees or associates. Those born with this number will employ their imagination for material realizations.

9—This is a number of high emotional capacities, and indicates high ideals, virtue and integrity of character, and unusual powers of intellect. It indicates potentialities for love in its highest form. Those with this birth number may love in a su-



Marian Talley

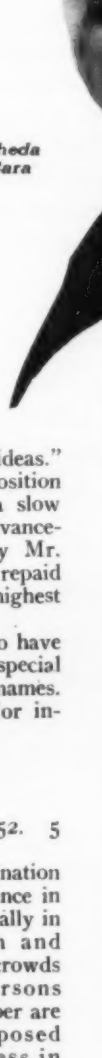


Neysa
McMein

preme way and figure in great romance, or become great benefactors and lovers of humanity. People with number nine as a birth number will be able to make enormous sacrifices, and to face and conquer obstacles that would crush others.

11—This represents idealism, and gives dissatisfaction with anything but the development of the highest and best in the surroundings. It is highly inspirational and psychic.

22—This is a master vibration and people who have this birth number reach an exceedingly high point of perfection. Many of them are mechanically inclined,



Theda Bara

***"IF ALL you fathers
and mothers who
are scandalized by the
younger generation
would start in setting
a good example, you'd
have nothing to worry
about!"***

A Cure



IT TAKES grit for a boy to peddle his papers when every other kid in town is watching a circus parade—but some of them do it just the same.

And that's exactly what a Christian ought to do. He doesn't have to make a fuss about it. All he need do is "peddle his papers and mind his own business."

It does no good to talk about church if you go fishing while you talk. If every man who believes in church-going would "*peddle his papers*" instead of running off to the circus, we'd have

to hold overflow meetings in the street.

And if all you fathers and mothers who are scandalized by the younger generation would start in setting a good example you'd have nothing to worry about.

Christ didn't start putting up bars to keep people from evil. He simply focused their attention on the great

for Scandal

*"Don't Blame It All on the
Younger Generation!"* says

BILLY SUNDAY

ideals of life. He took the bars down.

When the prime impulse of your life is to do good you'll have little time to practice evil.

He didn't lower Himself to belittle a sinner but when He came to the village on His journey, He called to the man

of His ideals. It meant the setting of an example in right living. And Zaccheus, humbled by such goodness, offered his entire fortune to expiate his wrongs.

"I came not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance," He said, and mingled with them and they loved Him because He made *being good seem natural*. And they followed after Him to learn His way.

That is what we need in the world today—not so much bars against evil, as *good polish to make good deeds shine*.

WE NEED to move about everywhere and dispense the sunshine of a Christian spirit. You wouldn't get very far in fighting malaria if you didn't get into the swamp muck and drain it. If you've taken quinine first you will be safe.

You can't cure evil by avoiding it. You must mingle with the world—but if you've taken a good round dose of Christianity first, you're as safe as anything in this world can be.

Character is the strongest fortress in the world. If your life is right with God you need fear nothing.

whom everybody hated as a worldling, "Zaccheus, come down. This day must I abide in thy house."

That message meant no compromise

The GIRL and the

This is the LAW'S side of the story:

YOU boys and girls who play the night clubs, read this amazing disclosure of the easiest road to prison.

By JOHN E. MCGEEHAN

District Attorney of Bronx County, New York

SPEAKING before the annual dinner and dance of the Bronx County Grand Jurors' Association last spring, I mentioned the fact that night clubs in New York were paid for and maintained by the greatest thieves in the city.

My remarks along this line brought me an avalanche of letters which refused to take me seriously. People simply wouldn't believe there was a sinister side to the tinsel exterior of these places of pleasure. The capture of the Whittemore gang was a startling coincidence which corroborated most of my statements.

What I am going to say in this article is equally astounding—and it, too, is based on actual knowledge gathered from cases which have come before me.

I should like to believe that it will serve as a warning to those poor, foolish boys and girls who are tripping down Folly Lane. "Tripping" is right. They are tripping all up and down the road—and the police are picking them up and throwing them in jail. The Tombs is filled with them—petty offenders who are not of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers.

For a few weeks of jazz, they pay with a lifetime of remorse.

It is the modern fences who are able to dispose of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of loot who push them around. When they fall into the clutches of the law, they don't squeal, because they can't; they don't know who the real directing forces are. The members of the Whittemore mob eagerly made "confessions" which implicated two minor offences, but they were unable to give the names of the men who really received the greatest part of the loot.

There's a very good reason why the criminals in our penitentiaries do not average more than twenty-three years of age; the older and wiser heads know that the hazards are too great in the reckless, abandoned manner in which these hidden directors plan their crimes. It is only unsound youth that will bite on the gilded fly of "easy money" and enter into the gay night life.

"Self-expression"—that's a great phrase with the younger generation! They "express" themselves by defying all authority. They have respect for neither God nor man—as for their parents, they treat

them with a condescending *hauteur* which quickly wilts when they find themselves in hot water.

Until they are caught, they are quite cheeky and chummy with the police and district attorneys. But when, finally, they hear the "big iron door" clang behind them, they sing a different tune!

Just this morning a very pretty, refined-looking, quietly-dressed girl was brought into my office. She gave her age as seventeen and said she was a stenographer in a brokers' office downtown. A well-known notorious ex-convict who has been brought in as a suspect in a big jewel robbery had stated that this girl could prove his alibi.

"Sure I was with Tom until about six-fifteen this morning," she said calmly. "We went to the movies and after that to a speak-easy where we drank a lot of



Behind the velvet curtain was a secret panel leading to

Night Club

This is what the GIRL has to say:

"WHEN a girl who has made mistakes meets a fellow who is straight, it makes her wonder—and that's what happened when I started to snare Penny Morrow."

hooch. From there we went to a 'club' and danced. Then, back to the first speak-easy where he had to meet a man. He wanted to go back to the club, but it was after six, and we both had quite an 'edge' on from the liquor we had been drinking, so I left him and went home by myself 'cause he was mad with me. I saw him stepping into a taxi."

It was just as he was stepping into the cab that one of our men arrested Tom. When I asked the girl what her mother said to her when she arrived home after dawn, she tossed her head and replied, pertly:

"Oh, I told her more than a year ago that if she insisted on interfering with my life, I'd run away and live with another girl. She knows where she gets off, now. No, I didn't know Tom was a crook, of course. I met him at a private club. He turned out to be a 'fish'—that means a good spender that has no fish-hooks on his bankroll," she obligingly explained when I looked puzzled over the expression, "so I left my boy friend flat, and started going with Tom."

That is just how your "Beryls" start in. In a

year's time my morning caller will probably be able to write her memoirs from the Tombs—if anybody wants them. But these girls are not classified as "night club sirens" on the police blotter; they are put down under uglier names.

Nothing romantic about them, simply derelicts picked up in the murky maelstrom of dissipation.

Their "gay" life is short—but it's not altogether a merry one.

If it were these pleasure-mad youngsters who slip off the straight path wouldn't take to "hitting the pipe" and sniffing cocaine as so many of them do.

I don't like to blame the modern girl for the boys who go astray—yet she insists on taxicabs and Broadway shows and night clubs when her escorts can afford only a movie, a soda afterwards and subway transportation.

If the 1926 Romeo can't by hook or crook produce the "mazuma," why, then Betty Brighteyes, silly little fool, looks around for a "fish" who can. She is dazzled at the prospect of mingling with movie stars and members of the "four hundred" in the night clubs.

"Broadway or die!" becomes her slogan.

Well, she lands there, all right. For a little while she is a part of the glamor and glitter. Honest work is abandoned. Quickly she slips down the slimy trails of the underworld. Like the night-blooming cereus, she bursts into beautiful blossom after dark—and withers with the dawn.

It isn't brains—but lack of brains and too much callow "self-expression." That's what make the poor deluded youngsters into "desperate" bandits!

And when they get singed—the men who have used them leave them to their fate and send for fresh recruits!



"the chief's" room. I slipped behind that curtain.

Now read her story on the next page.

The Girl's Story

JUST how I came to be connected with the seamy side of night clubs and became one of those gaily plumed birds of prey who flutter about the Bright Lights and Sinister Shadows, doesn't matter.

I am only one of several squads of girls who are playing the same crooked game with the same crooked rules for the same crooked master-minds.

One hour ago I received an order from my chief to meet him tomorrow night at the Golden Slipper—an obscure cabaret on the outskirts of Brooklyn—which is used as a sort of tribunal for delinquent subordinates of the larger gangs. It may be for me a rendezvous with death.

This evening, for the first time since I became an associate of outlaws, I purposely "fumbled the ball." I have been a valuable tool and perhaps I shall be given another chance. Shall I take it or take the consequences of my disobedience? My decision shall depend on which is stronger—my fear of the men for whom I have spun many a web to catch the unwary, or my love for their latest quarry.

Love dares all—they say. I doubt it. When the test comes, shall I be strong enough to defy the formidable "Don" Merrick, whose name is a terror even to the underworld? I am afraid—desperately afraid. But I don't

know just what I fear! A horrible chill seems to be shaking me.

What verdict will be passed on me in that gloomy little room behind the tawdry glittering dance-hall at the Golden Slipper? What will they do with me? People who are without scruples have so many underground methods of getting rid of those who know too much or have shown an inclination to bolt when the pressure became too hard!

For the past hour I have been lying, propped up by many pillows, in the broad window-seat of my Riverside Drive apartment, seeking calm for my frazzled nerves in the contemplation of the dark blue depths of the majestic Palisades. Tonight their summits lie silhouetted softly, darkly shadowed against a silvery sky; in the mid-night stillness, the soft rustling of a breeze plays through the tender young leaves of the trees. In the stillness, I can hear the distant swish, swish of the river water.

For one who has lived for four years in the hectic atmosphere of intrigue, lurid gaities and lawless associates, calm introspection is impossible. There grows up a haze of unreality—a sort of sixth sense which seeks to veil the future—an intangible something which blunts the imagination.

Instead of peace, there came to me tonight for the first time—remorse. I've simply fallen into the trap I've so often laid for other girls'



I act as assistant-hostess at night resorts where the élite frolic night after night.

sweethearts—and the game looks a bit different from the inside looking out!

I admit that I have been the willing tool which has been used in many shady transactions. Just how my "victims" were always handled after I had lured them into the trap, I really couldn't tell. I wasn't interested. After all, you know, detectives and crooks alike agree that there is larceny in every man's heart; it is only necessary to bring it to the surface. So far as the birds I plucked were concerned, it didn't take much digging. I play the *ingénue* rôle, and the scale of remuneration offered me for what the romantic fiction writers call "a life of sin" ran all the way from a dozen pairs of silk stockings to an apartment on Park Avenue.

And how some of those boobs thought they had *me* bamboozled! Is it much wonder that I came to look on all those "bright young business men" as rotters? There were others, not so young, who were even worse.

In comparison, the chief of our "mob" whom I shall here name Don Merrick, and with whom I was desperately infatuated, was a dashing, dare-devil sort of hero in my eyes.

Until I met "Penny" Morrow, scion of one of Manhattan's oldest families, well-educated, handsome, ambitious, without a streak of yellow in his make-up! That boy is so white himself that he never suspects evil of others unless he has it thrust down his throat. How he has ever managed to play around with me for three months, and met the "phoney" gentlemen I have introduced him to, without getting wise to the game I have been throwing, is something quite beyond me!

It was one night in the latter part of last February that I first met Penny.

Between "rackets" I act as assistant-hostess at various night clubs run by, backed by, or patronized by, members of the underworld. Don't get the idea that these are obscure cabarets carried on behind closed doors and shuttered windows—they are among the most popular night



I threw back my cape. "Here's your champagne," I said to Penny Morrow, my host.

resorts where the *élite* of Fifth and Park Avenue, the stars of the screen and stage, frolic night after night.

I was sitting at the table of a certain Pittsburgh millionaire when the summons came.

"The Blue Room at once!" I heard the waiter whisper softly in my ear, as he poured synthetic champagne into my glass. "Back entrance."

I HAD little difficulty in leaving the party. My host invited girls in batches to his drinking orgies and to him I was only "a girl."

There are two entrances to the "Blue Room." One is reached from the corridor of the second floor where the private dining-rooms are; the other opens on a secret stairway, the lower entrance to which is hidden behind a secret panel near the performers' dressing-rooms.

Threading my way between the tables, nodding to this one, greeting that one, dancing a few steps with another, I reached the panel casually. A heavy velvet curtain concealed it effectively. Behind this I slipped, pressed the knob which set the sliding mechanism to work, and vanished.

As soon as the door slid back into place, the stairway was as silent as a tomb. The raucous jazz orchestra, the tumult of tipsy voices raised in conversation, quarreling or song, the clinking and occasional splintering of glasses, were shut out. The stairway and the room to which it led were absolutely sound-proof.

Feeling my way cautiously, I reached the door of the Blue Room and tapped the signal which identified me. This sound was conveyed to the inner room through an ingenious sort of hammer.

The door opened and I entered.

The room was quite small, about fifteen feet square and decorated in Chinese blue. A deep-piled, silken rug covered the floor; beautiful satin embroidered panels decorated the walls. Along one side of the room was a heavily carved buffet. Two round Oriental tables, each with two matching chairs, and a great lounge on which were massed exquisitely embroidered pillows, completed the furnishings.

My chief was seated at one of the tables talking earnestly to a suave-looking man in dinner clothes; his eyes were on the sliding panel, when I stepped into the secret chamber. I instantly recognized his vis-à-vis as a well-known "society" bootlegger.

At the other table was a huge man, whose heavy features were settled in a sullen scowl. A nervous, fat, pudgy hand was absent-mindedly stroking a short-clipped reddish moustache; the light from a nearby floor-lamp brought dazzling flashes from a magnificent diamond ring.

Although I had "worked" for him before, and had captured for him a very useful cat's-paw which he had engaged for one of his biggest deals, he didn't deign to give me the slightest glance of recognition. In the exclusive neighborhood where he lives, this man is regarded as a substantial and "desirable" citizen. He is seldom in evidence at social affairs, but his wife and daughters cut quite a dash according to the newspapers. In the business world his credit is excellent, his warehouse is located in the finest wholesale section of the city. Only the greatest crooks know who he really is—the biggest fence in the East.

As the Blue Room is reserved exclusively for very im-

portant conferences of men who are planning the details of some big enterprise, I knew that the bootlegger and the fence were collaborating with the assistance of my chief. Where I came in, I would soon learn. I had been taught not to be curious; the less one knows the safer one is, in such work as ours, for these unscrupulous rogues have many easy methods of getting rid of girls who know too much.

"This is Beryl," the chief addressed the man seated opposite him. "I think she is just the type you want."

The bootlegger looked at me doubtfully. "I don't know," he remarked, or rather

mumbled, as he shifted a thick, much-chewed cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "I think she looks a bit too sophisticated for the job. What do you think, Moe?" he asked, looking over his shoulder at the "fence."

"I don't know—that's why I'm askin' you," he growled. "Dis young Morrow isn't so easy to fool maybe. Dis Beryl, now, she may be all right, in de right duds."

While the men were discussing me, I stood as still as a statue, waiting a cue from Don. I was *au naturel*: hard-boiled, indifferent, slightly bored. I knew the class of men Moe usually wanted dragged into the net.

"Run down, girlie, and change into something ingenuish," Don said to me, a sardonic smile twisting his

lips. "Make it snappy, now, 'cause it's goin' to be a lark for you. You are going to a wild party in the guise of a bootlegger's assistant who is delivering his goods in order to pay her consumptive brother's expenses in the West—and it's necessary for you to make a big im-

pression. About eighteen, you should look, with a frightened fawn expression in your eyes; a sad but courageous droop to your pretty lips. No obvious make-up. Slick back those naughty hair horns from off your cheeks. Let your frock be something simple but nifty—one of those Francine things I had to spring a roll for, that look as if they cost fifteen dollars. And wear a voluminous cape-wrap."

I had moved over near the chief's chair, and while he was speaking, his long slender fingers caressed my wrist absently.

"Put this in the safe," he continued, indicating a magnificent diamond and emerald, flexible bracelet which I was wearing, "and hurry like a good little child. The party you are going to crash in on is going dry, and Bob here has received an S.O.S. at the psychological moment." With a little playful squeeze, he released my hand.

Now that I knew the part I was [Turn to page 104]



One day the file clerk failed to show up. Here was my chance to steal the papers.



The man who wanted to dance with me was Ralton Hall, one of the most notorious fellows in our town.

My Reckless

*The Barbaric Music Made
My Blood Leap.*

*I Thought a New World
of Romance Would
Open if I Yielded to
Ralton's Invitation.*

Impulse

DURING the summer when our little western town of Leeton sweltered out on the hot plains, everybody with an auto available spent Sunday in the mountains about fifty miles away. John and I had been on a picnic to a lake back in the hills and were enjoying the beauty of the canyon as we drove slowly down through it one Sunday evening. We came to a more open place and found the road nearly blocked with cars parked on each side, and more seemed to be arriving.

"Wonder what this is?" John said as he threaded his way in and out of the traffic. "Oh, I know. It is that new roadhouse, Fern Inn, that opened this spring. They certainly have a crowd."

"Oh, John, let's stop and dance a few times," I begged. "There's a big bunch here—and just hear that music!"

John hesitated. I knew he did not approve, but I pleaded so hard he finally agreed.

"This place isn't very choice, but we will chance it for a few dances," he said. "You know the sheriff is watching it pretty closely since the row the reformers at the county seat made about these Sunday night dances, and also after those fiery crosses were burned near here a

couple of months ago. It really isn't such a bad——"

"We will skip if there is a raid," I said boastfully. "Take a chance—I'm game."

We went into the confectionery store at the front of the slab-sided building and through it to the long, low-ceiled dance hall at the rear. This was built at the very edge of the roaring mountain stream, and at the extreme end of the building a rustic porch jutted out over the water. The little nook, so secluded and dark, was a popular place to sit out a dance.

The barbaric jazz music, the dim, shaded lights and, as an undertone, that constant drone of the whirling, rushing torrent below us seemed to awaken primitive emotions and joys in me. Even when the music stopped at the end of a number, I could still feel that pulsating, throbbing rhythm coursing through my veins. I danced without conscious effort, and something of my mood of exhilaration must have been sensed by John. I felt his arm tense as he held me in a closer embrace and when I looked up his dark eyes were burning with a light I had never seen in them before. He said something huskily, but a crash of the music blurred his words and I only

smiled in answer, because of the din that followed. "Maybe John isn't so dull after all. He just needs waking up," I thought.

We were nearest the little porch when the music stopped, and reached it before any one else. John pulled me down on a bench in the darkest corner and had just released my lips from a kiss unlike any I had ever received from him, when a crowd of noisy folks swarmed out on to the porch and the spell we had been under was broken.

Just as we returned to the hall the floor-manager announced that the next number would be a tag dance. We had been around the floor only once when some one tapped John on the shoulder and he smiled good-naturally as he stopped and released me. Then, as he saw the man cutting in, his face tightened in an expression of disdain. I thought he was going to refuse to let me go. However, he bowed coldly and stalked off the floor.

I knew why he acted so. Ralton Hall was one of the most notorious fellows in our town. His wealthy parents had spoiled him so completely that he was a total loss. Yet, I was not the only girl who felt thrilled when he noticed us or called as he passed in his high-powered roadster. He affected movie-cowboy attire on parade, which was not unbecoming to him. In a bold, coarse way he was rather attractive—if you didn't analyze his features closely enough to see the lines and tell-tale indications of continuous dissipation.

He was a wonderful dancer and I seemed to float along with him. As we dipped and circled the floor with rapid intricate steps, I knew many were watching us; too, I couldn't help but see John at the end of the hall, glowering his displeasure. I did not care; I had abandoned myself to the pleasure of the savage syncopation which again seemed a very part of my body and ruled all my actions. As Ralton occasionally bent his head to whisper some flattering remark, I felt his hot breath on my face. The glow from his sultry eyes seemed to envelope me. As the dance finished, we stopped almost opposite John. Ignoring Ralton, he grasped my arm and without a word piloted me to the secluded porch again. I looked back and saw Ralton wiping his eyes with his handkerchief as he registered mock grief at losing me.

"You don't dance with him again," John said as we seated ourselves.

"Why not?" I demanded, knowing well most of the arguments he would use.

"Because it hurts any girl's reputation to be seen with him," he curtly but positively answered.

I was suddenly angry. Probably during a saner moment I would have admitted it was the truth.

"A MAN who is black-balled by the least particular lodge and club in town, who is never allowed to any but the toughest public dances, and who has no sense of decency, is hardly the one a nice girl wants to associate with," he continued coldly.

"So you insinuate I am not a 'nice girl'?" I accused hotly.

"Now, Betty, you know I didn't mean that," he tried to soothe me. "I am saying, though, you shall not dance with him again."

Did you ever know a girl who liked to have her lover dictate to her? John should have known better, but that didn't excuse me for my actions which soon followed.

"You can't order me around," I flared. "I am not married to you and I am certainly never going to give you the opportunity of bossing me." I would have said more, but realized my voice was growing steadily louder and just then another couple came and sat down near us.

"You think over what I said," John repeated quietly,

as he walked toward the ice cream counter, leaving me alone.

I was still in a rage and had that perverse feeling one is seized with when he wishes to hurt someone he loves. As I sat there thinking of the hateful things I would say to John when he came back, I heard a low whistle, and, looking over the edge of the porch, saw that a big car had drawn up below the pavilion. A figure climbed swiftly up the lattice work to the opening where I sat. I saw it was Ralton.

"Come on, girl," he invited softly. "Go back to Lee-



"Open that door," John demanded.

ing me
ng one
e loves.
uld say
e, and,
big car
climbed
e I sat.
o Lee-

ton with me. Ditch the old boy and let him scratch his mad spot all the way home alone."

HE COULD not have picked a better time to tempt me if he had planned it. One of those sudden reckless impulses was ruling me. I did not weigh the consequences, my only thought being to shock John and show him he couldn't order me about. Looking around the porch, I saw the other couple had left, so no one would see me leave. I climbed down into Ralton's car, thrilled now with the excitement of the moment. He threw off

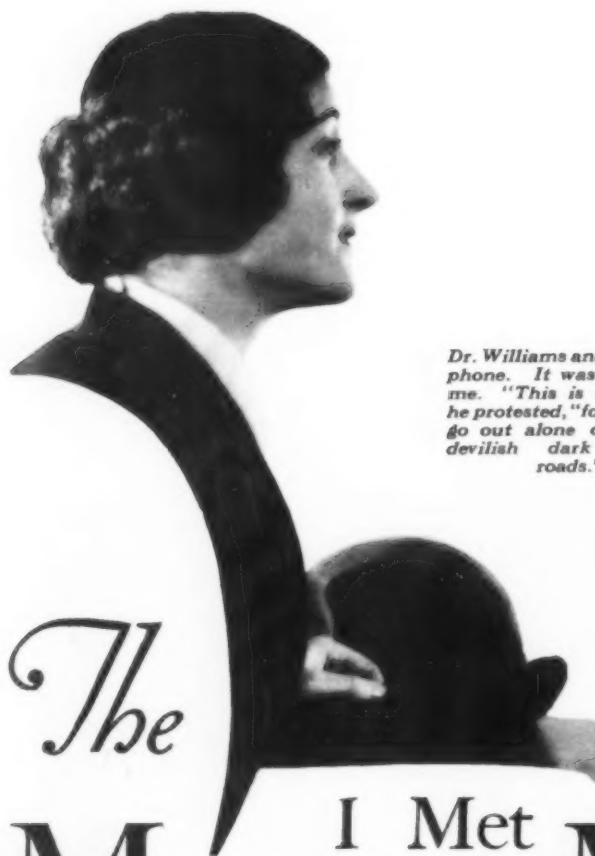
the emergency brake and the heavy machine coasted down the steep grade and around the next curve before he switched on the engine. Then with a rush we sped along a short stretch to the next section of walled-in canyon road.

The very minute we were out of sight of the Inn all my rage left me. I felt only a sense of nausea and disgust for what I had done. Such a mad escapade! What would John think? And I knew I really cared for him dearly.

"I think John will have had scare [Turn to page 111]



The cabin quivered as he struck a blow with his shoulder. Then Flint fired.



Dr. Williams answered the phone. It was a call for me. "This is no time," he protested, "for a woman go out alone over those devilish dark country roads."



The Man I Met at Midnight

*I was a Woman, and Helpless
—but I had to go along that Dark, Lonely Road*

"OUT-CALLS" and "follow-up" work represent some of the most important duties placed upon hospital authorities. They consist of attending to people who are at home, but still under the care of the hospital doctors.

Dr. Williams, big, boyish and Southern, insisted that women doctors were at a disadvantage when doing "follow-up" work. I admired the handsome boy who was my associate, but I resented his implication of weakness on the part of my sex. I couldn't help blushing like a schoolgirl in the heat of the argument when my phone rang.

The call came over my office wire in a voice which sounded frightened, shaken and young—sweet, too, and carefully modulated—the well-bred voice of a girl in more than common distress.

The one aspect of this apparent emergency which struck me as being singular and which irritated me at the time beyond all reason, was the woman's tense insistence that I should come to her at a particular hour, between seven and seven-thirty that evening.

This insistence seemed odd in the light of the patient's

very evident extremity and for the fact that the time she stressed was a full ten hours away.

I arrived at the Hastings' house promptly at seven-ten and was met at the door by a small, rather peaked individual who introduced herself as the mother of my patient.

I gathered that her daughter expected a baby and that, since it was her first, I might be prepared to find a not unnatural element of nervousness and hysteria.

The house, though small and sparsely furnished, was neat and carefully arranged and expressed thought and self-respect. I was not surprised to find little Mrs. Hastings all that her voice and home reflected. She was surprisingly young, and almost beautiful, with really unusual hands. Her hair was thick and wavy, a curious shade of reddish gold, and her mouth had an almost babyish droop which gave her a childlike appeal.

She expected her baby in another three or four weeks. She had had no unusual symptoms. She had suffered none of the even customary discomforts associated with this period of waiting so trying to a high-strung, sensitive woman.

So I explained to her all the things she ought to know and told her about the queer calls I often receive. As I talked I loosened the wrapper she had fastened tight about her neck and wrists.

She didn't seem to notice for a moment, then with a little cry she pulled it close about her and looked up at me so piteously that I wondered.

"My dear, I must," I told her. "You can't stay wrapped up that way. I'm not going to hurt you."

For a moment she didn't move—then her tensed muscles relaxed and she let me loosen it again. But two big round tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," I said softly. Then I bit my tongue. Her neck and wrists showed bruises which she had tried to hide. There was something sinister behind it all somewhere. And I caught myself wondering in the days that followed, what the answer might be.

THREE weeks later I sat in my office, dog-tired after a long and complicated day. My four weeks of "follow-up" work was to end that night and I was winding up the last details preparatory to turning it over to the next in line, my clever and exceedingly conscientious young colleague from the South—Dr. Williams.

He and I, both on special night call at the moment, had been as usual discussing the cases then pending and going over the heaps of records piled high on the desk between us.

It had been a rather slow time for both of us since dinner and, as we handled the reports, it threatened to be a still slower night. Any one familiar with hospital routine will know how all hands concerned dread a dull night—doctors, nurses and even patients who cannot sleep.

"I hate this being on call in the hospital when there's nothing doing," Dr. Williams said.

"It's better than being on call outside when there is no call and the night is long," I answered gloomingly.

Again we shuffled through the records.

In the midst of our disinterested conference the telephone rang sharply. Dr. Williams answered the ring and I got only his somewhat disjointed end of the conversation.

"Well," I heard him drawl in his soft Southern way, "I'll let you know in a moment. Hold the line, please."

"What's up?" I asked with interest. "It's the outside wire. That ought to be for me. Heaven knows I hope so!"

Dr. Williams murmured something in the mouthpiece, giving the person on the other end of the line to understand that a short delay was necessary, and then covered it with his hand.

"See here," he said, glaring at me with that growing air of proprietorship which so annoyed me. "It's that Hastings woman over on the Point that we've been talking about—the one with the baby about due.

It's she talking and she says she's all set for the party right now. Says she's all alone except for her mother and some hysterical woman friend and that there's no time to lose."

"Glory be!" I shouted, the thrill of action spurring me to genuine enthusiasm. "At last I'm needed somewhere. Good-by, my friend, and a gay night to you!"

I jumped from my chair and started for the ante-room where my bag was kept, packed and ready for immediate use.

"See here," repeated that exasperating boy again, and



The glare of my lights fell upon a man seated on a large boulder. Was it safe to answer his appeal?

this time with greater emphasis. "Do you know what time it is?"

I added impatiently that I most certainly did not and added a rather rude remark to the effect that it was no one's personal affair what hour it was—his, least of all.

"But," he persisted, "I do. It's way after ten and that Hastings woman lives a good twelve miles from here and a whale of a way off the main road, too."

"That I know," I snapped. "What's all that got to do with the price of beans? I've been to see her several times and I know the road well."

My bag was in one hand by that time and the door-knob in the other. The doctor evidently had more to say.

"It's all rot and foolishness," he persisted in a manner that made my independent blood boil. "It's my turn for this 'follow-up' job—in all but a few hours, anyway. Besides, this is no time for a woman to be out alone, beating it over those devilish dark country roads. It's as lonesome as the deuce and any fool knows it isn't safe. It isn't even decent. Heaven only knows what hour of the night you'll be coming back. The case may drag on for hours."

Here I broke in impatiently.

"Stuff!" I retorted. "What do you think I am? A probationer who is afraid of her shadow?"

Dr. Williams snatched a local newspaper from the desk and pointed with what seemed to me unnecessarily dramatic effect to large headlines on the front page.

It told of the escape of a notorious criminal in the outskirts of our city. He had been recognized as a local man, and the police were closing in on him. The people were warned to keep a look-out for him, because he was a desperate character and if cornered would not hesitate to kill.

The doctor read this news aloud with an impressiveness which made even my spine crawl, accustomed as I was to his usual Southern drawl.

"Does that make any difference to you?" he jerked out angrily. "Perhaps you'd like to meet up with this bird after his six months' jail confinement. That would be a decent sort of an encounter for a woman, wouldn't it?"

Again that *woman* plea—that hateful suggestion of physical weakness!

My spine stiffened and I switched out of the door and climbed into my waiting Ford, followed by the anxious doctor. I stepped on the starter, but Dr. Williams opened the door which I had slammed impatiently, and thrust something inside.

"Take this, please," he said quietly. "It will make me feel easier, anyway."

"Pooh!" I snorted, disdainfully.

It wasn't a particularly dark night. I remember it perfectly. The early June air was warm and fresh. The moon, in its early stage, was high in the heavens and it,



"I got caught in a trap!" the man muttered thickly.

together with my head lights, gave me plenty of illumination—all I needed.

I swung out of the hospital grounds, looking back at the dejected figure of the doctor standing on the broad stone steps with the dimmed lights of the big hospital back of him.

"That man!" I murmured with real pity for the whole sex which meant well but thought themselves so necessary for protection where protection would never be needed nor wanted.

Turning abruptly to the left, I followed the splendid cement state road at a good thirty-five mile pace. There were a few motors abroad and they passed me swiftly.

My head lights showed up occasional stray couples perched on fences or snuggled by the roadside—"necking parties," I thought with disgust.

How stupid such girls were, I argued to myself as I bowled along—always and forever getting themselves compromised and worse, and that through their own deliberate fault, too, and then coming sniveling to doctors when they were in trouble. Why were women such fools?

My car was running smoothly, never better, the engine perfect. I looked at my watch. Ten-forty, and I still had some little distance to cover. I began a mental review of the case at hand. I even smiled at the recollection of the girlish little figure muffled up so completely in the ridiculously air-tight canton flannel affair.

I was approaching the place in the main road which called for a sharp turn to the right, and, coming abreast of it, I naturally slowed down to make the twist. The by-path which was a dirt road, led through a somewhat lonely section of the country, as Dr. Williams had predicted. It was bordered on each side by rows of tall trees and was dark and apparently deserted.

A large boulder stood in the angle of the turn and, to my surprise, the glare of my lights fell full on the face of the man seated there. I could see both the man and his face quite distinctly and neither was of a type to disconcert even the most timid and fidgety of females—certainly not me, accustomed as I was to the meeting of all sorts of characters as I traveled the roads at night alone.

The man was passably well-dressed and had the general appearance of a gentleman, so far as I could determine with a casual glance and in the uncertain light. Just why he should be sitting there at that hour and in that lonesome and uncomfortable spot seemed of no immediate concern to me.

As I approached him, he rose and held up his hand. Instinctively, and for the benefit of other women motorists, I might add, I foolishly drew up to the roadside and stopped.

"Could you give me a lift?" the stranger asked and his tone was pleasant and civil enough. There was nothing about the man to strike terror of any form into any kind of a heart, faint or otherwise.

"I'm going in the general direction you seem to be heading," he continued, "and I thought I would try to walk it. But I've been none too well for the last ten days and I'd appreciate it a lot if you'd be willing to take me on as far as you're going."

"Get in," I invited him cordially. "I'm only going another mile or so, but I'm glad to help you out."

I suppose I would have done this stupid thing anyway, but the news that the man was [Turn to page 94]



"Setting traps is bad business," I said, as the sheriff pushed his way inside.



*The Neighbors Called Me a "Wild Girl,"
but It Was Only My Love of—*

Excitement!

WHAT a nuisance to be born a girl! Especially in a family like ours! In our immediate circle of relations all of the men went to queer, wild places and had to battle for their lives with savages and storms and so on. Mother came from the same sort of a family, too. She was born on a clipper-ship in the midst of a crazy Cape Horn hurricane. Her father was the captain, of course; only the captain could bring his wife on a clipper. Her mother died two days later and was buried off the coast of Tierra del Fuego. In Lat. 55° 15' Long. 64° to the dot. Her father stood with his Bible in his hands, praying with his bitter face to the sky while the crew grew uneasy as they watched the bleak shores of the island. Mother lived on the ship with her father for ten years, and he never passed that spot where his wife was buried with-

out dropping overboard the colored, paper flowers he had brought for that ceremony.

I had four brothers; four big, blonde, devil-may-care brothers. They were nearly all grown men before I was born, and I can remember very clearly how they would be always coming home. John, the youngest, from college with a swagger and his letter! Bill, the oldest, who came the least frequently, was an engineer and usually came back with a new scar from some savage, wild animal, or some other kind of a narrow escape. Gus owned a tramp steamer which he had won in a crazy gambling game at Liverpool. He was also captain of it. But my favorite was Tom; dashing, jolly, generous, ne'er-do-well Tom. He was by training, a doctor, but by instinct, a rover. There seemed no mad, wild game in the world that he had not tried his hand at, though he was still hardly twenty-nine. And how he could tell a story! Dad, crippled in a rock-slide in Peru, used to swear that Tom was the only human who had ever brought a hurricane into the house and spread it around the fireplace for inspection.

At sixteen, I was the tom-boy of the neighborhood. Bill used to swear when he came home that I was the only thing in the world he was afraid of. I'd been on two junkets to Europe on Gus' boat, and had the time of my life! Tom had taught me to ride, box, swim, and handle a small boat whenever he was home. Mother had died when I was seven, and dad, though crippled, could afford servants to look after him. So I had every encouragement to recklessness and no restraining circumstances.

Gus got a cargo to Singapore about this time, and I was teasing dad to let me go. Dad was willing I should go as far as Panama, if I would take the passenger boat from there back to New York, but Gus refused to have me.

"You're too damn' pretty, Lila!" he explained. "And my mate is a crazy young fool, and in love with you!"

My eyes opened very wide at this announcement.

"But, Gus, Simpson is your mate, and at least a hundred and fifty years old!" I protested.

"The damned old fool bought a Tavern in Liverpool on the last trip," growled Gus, "and I had to promote that kid who was third mate. Jennings smashed his leg in Dublin while celebrating the fact that he is Irish. You remember Hawkins? He was boatswain on your last trip. Young, big, blue-eyed, six-foot, brown-headed Englishman? Well, he saw that picture of you I had in my cabin and swiped it. He thinks I don't know he has it tacked inside his sea-chest. Damned idiot!"

I tossed my own brown bob.

"I can take care of myself!" I said.

"I know it! I know it!" barked Gus, "but I'm dinged and danged if I want a mooning, love-sick mate on the bridge, and two untried mates for relief. You stay home and go to school, where you belong!"

I wanted a kick out of life—I dove from a forty foot cliff into the sea beyond the reefs.

And that was that, for Gus was a man of his word. I went to school, and carried off prizes for study. In my spare time I played a savage game of tennis, rode my ugly little mustang that Bill had pooled with Tom to buy me and ship east; swam, boated, and went on long drives with the boys. I would tease them to let me drive, and then—wow! How I would let it out!

I had a single complaint: or rather, a single, double complaint. In the first place, I was a girl; in the second, I was amazingly, distressingly small. Not one of my brothers was under six feet in height, or one hundred and ninety pounds in weight. I was a bare five feet, and weighed hardly a hundred and five pounds. It used to make me furious. I was seventeen—almost eighteen now, and would never be any larger.

It did me only a little good to hear the verdict of the boys in my class at high school; "She's little—but so is a stick of dynamite!" I thought the girls were simpering fools; soft, pampered, useless, and 'fraid-cats. But I knew and liked the boys—except the sissies.

I wanted a kick out of life—a constant kick. I went up in an airplane, and down in a diver's suit. I drove a car to its outside limit of speed; I dove from a forty-foot cliff into the sea beyond the reefs. But the more I did, the more stale all the conventional methods of excitement grew.

At nineteen I was expelled from college for walking the entire length of the gable on the roof of the president's residence. Prexie said he was sorry to lose me,

but he must consider his own nerves, since I had none.

Gus and Tom were both home when I came in, and Gus wanted to go up and wring poor old Prexie's neck, while Tom shouted with laughter and dared me to walk the gable of the local police station. Dad swore at all three of us, and demanded light as to my destination, at death. Tom suggested Valhalla, and Gus swore it would be hell, and called out:

"Back me up, will you, Jack?"

"IS JOHN home, too?" I asked, staring around, but it was Jack Hawkins, Gus' mate who stepped out from the window, looking red and miserable. He swallowed and stuttered and stared at me, and I couldn't understand him at all, though Gus grinned and Tom studied him with suddenly narrowed eyes.

"Why—Hawkins!" I said and then held out my hand. "Hello! Say, I didn't know your first name was Jack!"

Under his sea-tan his face, clean-cut and strong, went white, and then a furious red. He stuttered worse than ever, and I looked thoroughly miserable, while Gus, all one broad grin, explained it to me.

"Jack's still smitten with you, Lila!"

"Oh, rot!" I snapped. "He's nothing of the sort! Come on, Jack," I hesitated over the name, "let that crazy hyena enjoy himself and come along and see my pony. I'll let you ride him, if you want to!"

Queer though it may sound to you, at nineteen I had never given much conscious thought to love, marriage,



All my dreams and faith were shattered. I saw Jack—my Jack—with a woman in his arms.

or children. Things which most girls seemed always talking about.

I did my best to make him feel at ease, as I had done with so many of dad's cronies. I asked him about the last trip, the weather encountered, and other things like that, and he stuttered out the answers, but with growing confidence. He looked at my pony, but firmly and politely declined to ride him, and—somehow—managed to get me to walk in the garden with him.

I can't say for sure just what we talked about. Nothing in particular, just chatted along as good friends do of one thing or another. One thing I was very conscious and resentful of—and yet, oddly, interested in—and that was his great size. My brother Bill is a six-foot man, weighing one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, of bone and muscle, but this giant was easily an inch taller and I asked him what he weighed.

"Oh, around two-twenty!" he answered, casually. "What do you weigh, Lila?" He hesitated and went red as he used my name, but his steady eyes did not waver.

"One-six, darn it!" I grumbled. "I wish I had your size, Jack!"

The idea seemed to strike him as being novel, and he laughed. "But you—you are just right," he protested, "for a woman!"

"I wish I were a man!" I said, resentfully. "Just think of the places Bill and Gus and Tom have been. Even John gets sent into the most interesting sort of fixes by his editor. He's a reporter, you know!"

"Lila," said Jack Hawkins, simply and grimly, "I thank God, I shall thank Him every night, that you are a woman—and I can't help it if you don't like it. That's how I feel!" He looked at me thoughtfully.

"Oh, rot!" I snapped, uncomfortably, though I couldn't have said just why. "Let's go back and get Tom to tell us what he's been up to."

So I went back, anyhow, letting Jack Hawkins follow.

Tom was in the middle of one of his roaring stories, in this case, about Haiti. Creepy Voodoo rites; lust-crazed natives; snakes; lonely, dangerous roads under a strangely peaceful full moon. Natives in the bush along the trail of a short-cut he had taken. Weird imitations of mournful owls—or what sounded like owls—and a sudden, black flood of naked figures that flung themselves at him, only to recoil from his flash-light on which he had painted the symbol of the Voodoo.

When Tom had finished we were all silent for a time, visioning what he had told us, and—myself at any rate—envying him his high adventures.

Jack was the first to speak. "I wish I could talk like that!" he sighed. "Just to tell some of the things I've seen—or heard."

Again Tom gave him that queer, narrow look, and

then turned to Gus who had been quiet for sometime. "Gus," he said, "was it Hawkins who chased you through the 'midships that time in the typhoon in the China Sea?"

Gus nodded, trying to find words to explain.

"Yeah! You know, Tom, the boat has a sort of breast-high, ten-inch ledge running amidships. Jack was coming down the companionway to join me when the wave hit us and I started floating to hell. Quickest thinking I ever saw! Would have gone over with me if he'd jumped to the waist of the ship. But he jumped to the ledge instead, and beat me to the scuppers and hauled me out like a drowned puppie. Wish I could tell it to dad like you tell your stuff!"

"Then," said Tom, giving me a queer look, "then I just guess Jack Hawkins is the right man. Lila, where

are the cigars?" he demanded, suddenly, and I got them from the next room, wondering what on earth Tom was talking about.

Gus' boat was being scraped—the hull, I mean—so he and Jack were with us for two weeks. In that time I came to know Jack Hawkins. Somehow, in spite of his tongue-tied silences he managed to let me know of the important parts of his life. There was a wistful quality about him that attracted me in spite of myself. And—something else I couldn't quite place. A sort of full contentment when he and I were alone together. I liked to watch him, so big and powerful, yet so amazingly well-proportioned and graceful, and his face so clean and honest. Sometimes, in my room after every one had gone to bed, I would sit brushing my bobbed hair and

"What a man!" I would

thinking of Jack Hawkins. whisper, and breathe deeply.

I had a small cat-boat, and it was one of my real ambitions to sail it from New York to Cape Breton Island. So far, dad and my brothers had put me off when I had wanted to go, but now I determined to go anyhow. It would mean genuine excitement—a real thrill! Something that only the most experienced sailors dared to try, and then they had misgivings, especially when they were off the wilder sections of the Nova Scotian coast.

I informed Jack and the family of my intentions, two days before Gus and Jack were due to leave. Dad went into the air, and called me names, and Gus growled that I never did have much sense. Even Tom, who was usually so reckless, scowled at me, and said that I had not the weight to throw the tiller if I got in the tide rip of the Bay of Fundy with a counter wind. I grew angry.

"It's not fair!" I said. "Just because I am a woman, you do not want me to have any fun. Bill took a sloop from Durban to Cape Town: why shouldn't I take a cat-boat from Long Island Sound to [Turn to page 70]



Jack Hawkins took me in his arms and kissed me. The wonder of it—this great giant was my man!

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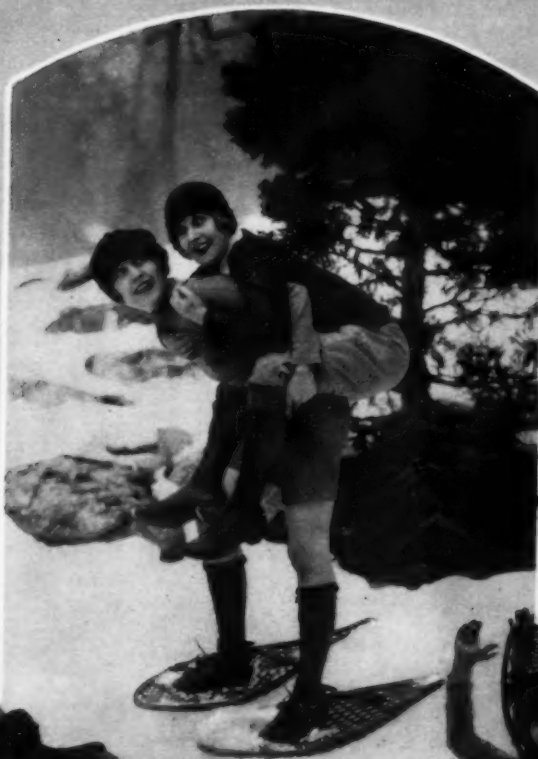
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BARBARA KENT, Fay Wray, Lola Todd, and Margaret Quimby "on location." Wouldn't you like to know where? So would we.

They Are Only Teasing You!

READY! Get set! Go! But they didn't—this foursome of Universal players.



RIGHT off the Christmas tree—and here they make their exit with a "Thank You!"

LUCKY Margaret Quimby! She forgot her snowshoes—and who wouldn't, come to think of it!





Olive Borden and Ralph Ince

Young man, the next time it's your pleasure
The waist of a flapper to measure,
Try an arm. We've been told
It beats all tape-lines sold,

.....

These boys say their watches won't go;
Of course they have stopped—that we know;
Just a dumb watch would run
From a view like this one,

*Glenn Tryon
and
Jack Clifford*



GET IN THE

**\$20.00 for the Best Line
Completing Each One of
These Limericks—making
\$120.00 in Prizes**

RULES TO REMEMBER

- 1—Send any number of lines for one or all limericks.
- 2—Address lines to Limerick Contest Editor.
- 3—Put your name and address on every line submitted.
- 4—Contest closes at midnight, August 15th.
- 5—No lines submitted will be returned.

Prizes will be awarded September 1st, and names of the winners, together with the winning lines, will appear in the November number. The Editors will be the judges.



Colleen Moore

.....

Each brunette now despairs and desponds,
Because Gentlemen All Prefer Blondes;
So, to this one we preach:
"Sell that coal and buy bleach,"

LIMERICK LINE!

*If, last month, you didn't get a place
In the line for the Limerick Race,
Don't grump and don't gloom,
For there's plenty of room;
Only don't wait too long. About! Face!*

*Watch your step now; obey every rule,
And you may be a lucky one who'll
Win a prize—perhaps two—
Who knows what you can do
If you try! But keep pace—and keep cool!*



Gertrude Olmstead

*When this cracker explodes, then afar
In the sky'll be a new movie star,
And astronomers—gee!
Shocked and puzzled they'll be,*



Virginia Bradford

*If this is a Wild Western scene
For the section that's wildest we're keen;
And this girl can begin
To rope all of us in,*

*When four hobos are stealing a ride
With a girl in disguise alongside,
Would you not say that those
Were her happy Hobeaux?*

*Anna O. Nilsson
and
the Boys*



Try This Charlestoneic for Those Monday Blues



WEEK-ends in the country or at the seashore! Dining and dancing, and dazling the dandies and the daddies! Then back to the tiresome town on Monday. Does it turn you blue? Try the Charlestoneic, and everything will be rosy.

BUT Joan Crawford of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer warns you, do not take an overdose, or you'll become knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, or bow-legged. Observe the girls at the bottom of the page. They're examples of what too much Charlestoneic does.



*WHEN I Looked
into Her Eyes
I Knew She
Couldn't be
What Walt Called
Her*

Hazel
of the

Mining Camps



*Hazel was a
friendly little
cuss.*

OUT in the middle of the Mojave Desert in California is a place that's known as Randsburg. On the map it's just a little dot. On the desert it's the center of all the mining activities. Just a main street with a lot of wooden buildings sprawled out in the glaring sunlight; then rambling houses, tents and tin cans. That's Randsburg.

Out a ways from Randsburg is a little town that hasn't any name. It's composed of saloons, dance-halls, and a store or two. There are mines all around and ore dumps run down in places right up to the doors of some of the dance-halls.

Somehow or other I've always drifted around on the outskirts of civilization. I go into the cities once in a while, but I can't stay more than a day or two. I always find myself back in the desert. Walt Kilford and me had a little claim out eight or ten miles from Randsburg, and it looked good. We had a little vein that kept getting wider the farther we followed it. It was hard work, but we felt we were getting somewhere. Hunting around for a vein that's faulted out of sight, or pinched off into nothing, is plain hell, but following a vein that holds up and looks good is the easiest kind of hard work there is.

Once or twice a week we'd make a trip to Randsburg. We had a stripped car that slipped along over the desert pretty nice, and made a good way of hauling in water and grub. Saturday nights we'd sort of play around in town. Out there in the desert that way people live pretty much their own lives. Of course, we all knew there was prohibition written in the constitution, and that the state laws didn't stand for running dance-halls and gambling places, but the law didn't get out that far into the desert. Property laws we respected, and we had a deputy that never let up the trail of a man who was wanted for a

hold-up or for a murder; but he'd walk past the places where they were selling booze, hear the sound of women's laughter and the blare of a piano, and never hesitate—not unless he went in to get a drink. Men out in the desert have got to have some amusement, have got to have their relaxations, same as the rest of the world. Good women wouldn't come out there in the desert,—not unless they were married to some miner.

There was a place known as "The Blue Door" because the door had once been painted a bright blue. The rest of the place hadn't any paint, and even the paint on the door had faded in the sunlight; but the door had given it its name, and there was a rough sign on top of the place that said:

THE BLUE DOOR
WE SERVE FOUR PER CENT BEER
AND WE DON'T MEAN MAYBE

Walt and I used to spend quite a bit of time in "The Blue Door." We weren't either of us much on booze, but there was always a card game running in one of the back rooms that kept us occupied. Me, I play poker for the companionship of the thing. I don't try to lose my money particularly, but I don't like to play for high stakes, and I enjoy the game more than the winnings.

There was a girl in the dance-hall we all called Hazel. She had another name but none of the boys knew it. She used to dance with the miners for her commission on the drinks, and she was a friendly little cuss. Most of the girls that worked in the dance-halls would honey around a man to get him to dance with 'em. Hazel was just plain friendly. She knew all the miners, knew all about

their problems, their hopes and ambitions. She always had a bright smile and her handclasp was more than another woman's caress.

Those dance-hall girls were a queer bunch. They helped sell the drinks. A miner could dance with any girl in the place provided he bought the drinks afterwards. Unless the girl wanted hooch the bartender would give her a little tea or ginger ale in a whiskey glass. The girl got a cut on the drinks. Most of the girls there in The Blue Door would simper around the miners, throw a bare arm around their necks and honey 'em to death. Hazel would give 'em a quick nod, a bright smile, and real, genuine friendship. At first, she didn't get many dances, but after the men got to know her a bit she was all the rage. She had a kid somewhere, a little girl that she was putting through school.

One night when I came in The Blue Door there wasn't any game running because it was too early. So I danced a couple of times with Hazel and got acquainted. After that she always remembered me and all about me. She got me to tell her about the mine and how we were working, what hopes of success we had and all of that.

Somehow, I got so I'd always dance with Hazel when I'd come in at night, and then again before I'd leave. If things were quiet she'd sit and talk with me for a while. Of course, she got to know Walt, too. Walt was crazy over her in his own way, but it was a funny way. Walt was a peculiar chap, anyhow. I've had lots of partners in prospects, but Walt was different from any of 'em. It wasn't that he was selfish exactly, but it was because he had some funny streak of always wanting to get the best of the other people. And he had a funny way of magnifying other people's faults.

Somewhere Walt had got an education, and what he was doing down in the desert was more than I knew. He'd shown up with a stake when I was broke, and suggested that we throw in together; me with my knowledge of the game, and he with his cash. It listened good and we started out. We located the Desert Wonder on that trip, the one with the vein that widened out. I've had partners in prospects I liked a lot better than Walt Kil-



"She got me to tell her all about mine and what hopes of success we had."

ford, but the mine looked good, and I can get along with almost anybody.

What gradually got my goat more than anything was the way Walt talked about Hazel. Walt wasn't any angel, and he sure had a streak of selfishness running through his disposition, but there's lots of men that are that way. He'd dance with Hazel and smile and simper all over his face, but whenever he talked about her he always referred to her in a way I didn't like.

One night I called him down for it.

It wasn't a Saturday, but I'd suggested driving in to town. The more I saw of Hazel the more I liked to talk with her, and the more I saw of Walt, the more he irritated me. I wanted to go in and see what was doing in town and Walt wanted to go as bad as I did; but he had just that sort of a streak in him that made him want to be hawling somebody out all the time. He greeted my suggestion with a snort and a remark about Hazel, I



didn't like. He was always making sly, double-edged hints about her.

"Look here, Walt," I told him, "why can't you give that kid an even break? You know that you like her as much as I do, and she's one square shooter if there ever was one."

He sneered a bit, and there was a look in his eye I didn't like, a funny sort of a gleam.

"I may associate with her because it suits me to do so," he came back, "but she is an easy woman—an easy woman."

There was a sing-song tone to his voice, and I looked him over, not so very friendly.

"You talk like a blamed reformer," I said. "The kid's on the square and she's doing the best she knows how. She's got a girl in Los Angeles, in school. That takes money. Lots of money."

He shook his head. "She's bad."

I blew up at that.

"The hell she is! You can't say a thing against her. She may be in a dance-hall, but she's on the square. Anyhow, you're one of those who divide women into two classes, good and bad."

"Me, I've battled around mining camps all my life, and about all the women I ever knew were the women that followed the camps. Some of 'em were crooked as a snake's track, and some of 'em were on the square. Me,

I'm no tin angel, and I've always classified 'em as they were. I ain't never inquired none about *your* past, but I don't know who you are to sit in judgment on a woman, and classify her as good or bad. I'm going to drive into town. You can come or not as you want."

He came with me, but he came in a sullen sort of silence. After that we weren't as friendly as we'd been before. Our partnership got down to a business basis, and I was hoping all the time the prospect would develop so I could sell out. It kept looking better and better all the time or I'd simply have thrown my hands up and walked out on it.

It was along about that time that the bottom dropped out of things there in Randsburg. Way out in the desert that way, the town was too far for prohibition and all of that sort of thing to reach, but it wasn't far enough away to be independent of Wall Street. Whenever the price of silver dropped, or whenever money got tight, some of the big companies would start shutting down on their pay roll, and then there would be hard times in Randsburg. After a few months some of the big boys would close down altogether and men would be out of work, business at a standstill and all of that. Lots of the mines are big low-grade propositions where the ore can only be worked profitably when conditions are just right.

This time things kept getting worse and worse. Mine after mine closed down, and the men either started off for themselves looking for a prospect, or else drifted out of the desert altogether.

Walt and I hung on. We were making better than expenses on the mine now, and as soon as conditions got a little better I figured I could sell out for a fair profit. Things were dead in the dance-hall. Most of the girls had gone, and there wasn't much poker being played. The bird that ran the place was a steady resident, and he'd seen hard times come and go before, so he just sat tight and waited. Hazel stayed



The deputy sheriff was trying to pick up Walt's trail.

on. One night I asked her about it. Ordinarily she didn't talk much about her affairs. She'd find out all about everybody else's troubles, and always cheer 'em up but she wasn't much of a hand to tell of her own.

This night I made her tell me. I put it right up to her. There was money in the Imperial Valley and Mexicali was running wide open. I told her I'd stake her to the price of car fare if that was her trouble.

There were tears in her eyes as she sat there with me, on a bench in the deserted dance-hall and thanked me.

"I can't go to those places, Frank," she said. "Up here I've got to know the miners and they know me. I make enough dancing to get by, and I don't want to make it any other way. Down there I'd be just a dance-hall girl, and I'd have to go the pace with the rest of 'em. Up here I had lots of friends, men who were real friends, fellows like yourself. They'd dance with me, buy a couple of rounds of drinks, and shoot square. I've got to wait until they can come back. My lungs won't let me out of the desert, I'm not strong enough for housework, and I don't know anything about office work. My girl's getting bigger and bigger and more and more of an expense. I've just got to hang on here."

I could see how it was with her, and I didn't say anything more just then because I wasn't in a position to.

A week or two later, Hazel told me something about Walt. We were goin' into town every night then. Sometimes Walt would come with me, and sometimes he wouldn't. Hazel and I had got mighty friendly. I'd ask her about her kid, and she'd ask me about the mine. She'd show me the letters her kid wrote, sweet, innocent, little kid letters. She'd cry when she read 'em to me.

"I tried to borrow two hundred dollars from your partner," she said, abrupt like.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

She snorted. "He offered it, but only on condition that I give myself as security. As a partner of yours, I thought he was a gentleman. They say he's got money he's putting out at interest, and I sure needed some to tide myself over."

"He didn't turn you down flat then?" I was curious about that.

"Turn me down? I should say not! It was me had to turn him down, and I turned him

down cold and hard, you can bet your bottom dollar!"

I thought that over for a while.

"You know I've got to get out of this business," she went on after a while. "I think I've got my lungs back in shape, and I'd like to start a little restaurant or something somewhere. You know, Frank, I ain't got any wings sprouting, but I try to keep my self-respect. I got by on my dance commissions and the men were real friends with me, you know, regular pals. They danced with me and talked with me because they liked me, but I'm just a dance-hall girl at that, Frank. It'll be only a short time until my girl will get big enough to ask questions about where her mother is and what she's doing. I tell you I'd do anything for that girl, make any sacrifice to see that she got a chance in the world, and I'm going to get into some sort of work where I can be close to her. All I want is for my lungs to hold out long enough to get her started right. I'm not going to wait until I'm cured."

I knew how she felt, and there wasn't much I could say. She was better than she had been, all right. She'd put on a little weight and her eyes had lost their drawn look. I gave her hand a squeeze and went on into the back room, looking for a poker game.

Next day I hunted up a loan shark that made loans on mining claims where he thought the claim was good enough. I told him to come out and look over the Desert Wonder.

He made a survey of it and offered a thousand dollars as his

limit for a loan on my half of the claim and he wanted a ten per cent bonus and ten per cent interest. I signed the papers and got a check for nine hundred.

Walt watched me with a sort of a sneer on his face.

"Of course, if you want to mortgage your interest in this claim I can't stop you," he said, "but I want to warn you right now that I don't want any cry baby stuff. If we run into any hard luck I'm going to play things just as I think best. Business is business."

I didn't make any answer to that.

There wasn't

any need for any, and I couldn't split up with Walt if I was going to work that thousand dollars and ten per cent interest out of that hole in the ground.

That night I had a talk with Hazel. [Turn to page 124]



"Where's your husband—has he left you?" I asked.

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page 124]



The Flapper

By
STEVE HOGAN



She's such a sparkling, daring thing.

*A FLASH of silk on the city street, sheerest of silken
hose;*

Girlish laugh and odor sweet, of wild exotic rose.

*A breath of youth, the winds of spring! No wonder the
aged sigh—*

She's such a sparkling, daring thing—the Flapper passing by.

*Cheeks of red and lips that pout; eyebrows but a line;
Skirts to the knee—or thereabout; spirit of Columbine!*

*—a breath of
Youth, the
wind of Spring.*



*—lips that pout;
eyebrows but a line.*

*Boyish bob, bizarre, yet neat; figure of vital health;
Pattering heels and twinkling feet—syncopated wealth!*

*Forget the mode and lipstick preen; youth's not made for
sorrow;*

*What matters style if the heart be clean? She's the Mother of
Tomorrow.*

*Henry was
Taking Her
out to Lunch
— He was
Coming Home
Late. It was
the Old Story,
but I gave it
a NEW
ENDING*



My Husband's

"WHO was the young lady I saw Henry dining with yesterday noon at the Langhorne?" Anna, my sister, shot the question at me suddenly. I was unprepared and before I could find an answer I felt my face growing red, giving the lie to the casualness of my reply.

"Oh, that's Miss Burns, his new stenographer. He often asks her to work until one or two o'clock before going out at noon and feels that he is obligated to buy her lunch."

"I see. But be careful, Millie, he's at a dangerous age!" she exclaimed with a smile, and then changed the subject, noting my increasing confusion.

In a few moments she had gone, but her words rang in my ears. I picked up a book and tried to read, but instead of visualizing the actions of the characters in the novel, I found myself imagining Henry dictating to this Miss Burns in his office. Her luxuriant reddish black hair flutters gently in the breeze from the open window. He is so close to her that a loosened strand blows caressingly against his cheek. She looks up at him with her large, luminous, grey-blue eyes, asking him a question. He explains something to her, and as he does so, he pats her soft, perfectly manicured hand which rests on the desk near him. She is wearing an afternoon frock of golden yellow hue, cut low. Once



I recognized the girl who was with Henry by the peculiar auburn shade of her hair. It was his stenographer—Miss Burns.

's Stenographer

in a while Henry's eyes drink in the perfection of her neck and shoulders, the creamy softness of her skin. He finishes dictating and she rises and walks to her desk in the far corner of the room. As she seats herself, Henry looks over appreciatively at her shapely ankles clad in flesh-colored hose.

At this point, I threw my book to the floor and arose, starting to pace rapidly up and down the room. I was in the throes of that insidious disease—jealousy.

Was there anything in the saying that thirty was a dangerous age for a man? Henry had indeed been acting strangely of late. His caresses seemed forced. He appeared to be continually worried over something, and

there was a strained look around his eyes. I often caught a peculiar expression on his face, an expression almost of bewilderment, as if he were trying desperately to work out a problem too difficult for him to solve.

I had seen Miss Burns just once, when I called at Henry's office to rest after a hard morning's shopping. She was certainly very pretty, but had I cause to be jealous, though my husband worked in close proximity to such an attractive girl, and even if he took her to lunch occasionally? Looking at the matter from a sane viewpoint, I decided that I was a fool to allow such thoughts to enter my mind. I fought the issue mentally for nearly an hour, and in the end I defeated the little

green demons and again took up my book, this time with complete enjoyment.

To make up for my treacherous thoughts, I prepared that evening an unusually appetizing dinner of fried spring chicken, candied sweet potatoes, French peas, and fruit pudding. After everything was ready and in the warming oven, I went to the front room and stood looking out of the window to catch sight of my husband when he drove up. I stood there for some time, until I began to feel anxious. He generally arrived home promptly at six o'clock. I looked at my wrist watch. It was twenty minutes to seven. The ring of the telephone bell broke the quietness of the house. I hurried into the hall and picked up the receiver. It was Henry.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said, "but I have some very important work that I will have to get out tonight."

"You mean you aren't coming home for dinner?" I asked, with a pang of keen disappointment.

"I just can't do it, honey bunch."

"But—Henry, I have fixed some wonderful fried chicken and candied sweet potatoes and everything—it's a shame!"

"Gee! I sure hate to miss such a feast, but business is business you know, dear, and such is life!"

"But when are you coming home?" I persisted, feeling it was useless to urge him further.

"It may be quite late. You'd better not wait up for me."

After a few added words of endearment, our conversation ended. I went into the kitchen and looked wearily at the food in the warming oven. I had suddenly lost my appetite and decided to eat just a bite or two on the kitchen table to save work. I had hardly started my lonely meal when the door bell rang stridently and before I could answer it, I heard some one enter the hall.

"Where are you, Millie?" called a voice.

It was Alfred Bell, an old friend of mine. Henry

and he were employed by the same company, although my husband held an executive position, whereas Alfred, practically the same age, still remained a bookkeeper after seven years of service. He was a very conscientious worker, honest to the extreme, but unimaginative. The great day of the week for him was Sunday, at which time he achieved a certain importance by teaching Sunday School. I spoke to him as he entered the kitchen.

"How are you, Alfred?" I said.

"Pretty well—physically," he replied.

"And just what do you mean by that?" I asked, in a bantering tone. "You haven't been doing anything immoral, have you?"

HE glanced at me with a shocked expression in his pale blue eyes.

"No, Millie. I haven't been doing anything immoral!"

His words and the way he looked at me caused me to become suddenly apprehensive.

"You seem to have something on your mind, Alfred. You'd better sit down and have some dinner, and you can tell me all about it while you eat. I am certainly glad you came. I got the most lovely dinner ready for Henry and then he phoned me he had to work late tonight. Isn't that the limit?"

As I spoke, I set a place at the table for him and served him. He seated himself, but almost at once looked up at me and said:

"You say that Henry couldn't get home because he is working?"

His tone was peculiar and I looked at him sharply. He didn't wait for me to reply.

"Listen, Millie," he exclaimed, suddenly becoming agitated, "I can't stand to see Henry going to the dogs this way! Something has got to be done!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I demanded.



"Please write this, I said: To Mildred, my wife. I find I am in love with my stenographer, Miss Burns."

"You'll know sooner or later, and so I might as well tell you now. Maybe we can do something before it is too late," he said. I waited for him to continue, with a terrible fear creeping over me.

"I guess you've met his new stenographer, Miss Burns?"

"I've seen her," I said, involuntarily clutching at the table cloth. My heart began to throb wildly.

"He was very careful at first, but lately he seems to be throwing caution to the winds. I don't think he dreams I would let you know; he realizes that I wouldn't want to make you unhappy. But for his sake, I feel the thing has gone so far, it is my duty to try to save him. And you are the only one who can do that now!"

In a way, his words did not surprise me. After all, what he said was merely a concrete affirmation of my thoughts of the afternoon. It seemed as though I had known from the first time I saw this girl that she was fated to come between us. I had worshipped Henry with all the passion of my heart and soul and was very sensitive to possible trespassers upon my domain of love.

"Tell me everything, Alfred," I urged, quietly. "It's better that I know the whole truth, whatever it may be."

"You see," he went on, "I go into his office quite often to have checks signed. I found Henry mighty close to this girl once or twice, just as if he had been kissing her and stepped back suddenly when the door opened, if you know what I mean."

His words brought back to me vividly the vision of the afternoon. Yes, I knew well enough what he meant.

"Henry is not working tonight and never works at night, if you must know it, Millie. He's out with that girl."

AT THIS, I felt my calm giving way. I arose from my chair and walked up and down suddenly overwhelmed by the anguish of disillusionment. Henry had made love to this girl—that I could forgive. But the fact that he was lying to me was almost too much for me to endure!

Alfred turned to his dinner as I paced up and down. It irritated me to see him eating when I was in such torment.

"Well, what else should I know?" I exclaimed, sharply.

He placed his knife and fork on his plate and replied:

"That's about all, Millie—except that I learned today that he has asked her to go to the Artists' Ball with him Saturday night."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, you see, a boy came in and handed me an envelope. I did not notice that it was for him personally. I thought it was company business, and so I opened it. It contained two tickets for the Artists' Ball and so unless he has asked you to go, I figure that he is going with her. I took the envelope in to him and told him I had opened it by mistake. He looked at me in a peculiar way, but I just turned around and walked out."

I am not as a general rule addicted to the cigarette habit, but I felt that I must do something to quiet my nerves. I asked Alfred to give me a cigarette, which he did with a glance of surprise. Lighting it, I puffed vigorously trying to collect my thoughts. One thing I decided was that never would I give up Henry without fighting to the last drop of my blood. To be sure he was deceiving me shamefully, but I knew now what caused his worried attitude of late; his treachery was eating into his soul.

I loved him more than all else in the world and there would be nothing in life for me if I lost him. The great question was whether or not this Miss Burns was the kind of girl that would inspire him with a spiritual



"Suit yourself, old dear," Miss Burns said familiarly to my husband.

and mental love, or was this merely a case of purely physical passion? If it were the former, then indeed I might have a hard battle; if the latter, then my victory was certain, provided the problem was attacked from the right angle. The first thing to do was to find out just what she was like, find a way to study her.

After a few minutes' meditation, a brilliant thought came to me, a plan whereby I not only could analyze Miss Burns, but also could note the reaction of my husband to her wiles. I would go to the Artists' Ball! I would masquerade in the costume of a Salvation Army girl with hat draped well around my face, and wear a mask that would make recognition impossible. I sat down and quickly outlined my plan to Alfred. When I had finished he looked at me as though skeptical of such a procedure.

"You will have to go with me, Alfred," I said.

"Me?" he cried, almost rising from his chair at the thought of attending what, in his mind, was a most sinful affair. "Why, Millie, you know I couldn't think of going to such a place!"

"Don't be foolish. You said you would help me and now you've got to do it."

"No, no, Millie. I will do anything for you, but you mustn't ask me—"

"But, Alfred," I protested, "you will be in costume. No one will know that you are there."

"Hmm . . ." he murmured thoughtfully. I really think that all the time he had a suppressed desire to go. He was close to thirty years of age and unmarried, and I had always felt that at heart there was a constant battle between the desire to "let loose" [Turn to page 90]

*"Deserted on
My Wedding Night,
I Wondered
and Wondered—"*

The Hate

says:

IT WAS a nerve-racking, heart-breaking week we spent together, I and my thin-browed, plump mother-in-law, before they took poor Vernon Dudley out of the river below Niagara. After that awful strain of waiting, of silence, I was a little afraid of Mrs. Dudley's mind. If she had only blamed me, cursed me, anything—anything was better than this black-robed, red-lipped woman, who dogged my footsteps.

We left his poor, broken body in a cemetery within sight and sound of the waters which had robbed him of his life and then Mrs. Dudley and I took the train to New York. The grave had closed upon him.



"There's a girl for you, mother!" Vernon had cried.

Widow

THE TRUE STORY
OF A WIFE
UNJUSTLY BLAMED

yet I felt this wasn't the end. Less than twelve hours after she had placed my hand in her son's, in marriage, I had been compelled to wire her news of Vernon's death, and old Sabina asked no questions. I hadn't loved him really. I had just been young—and tired—and very much alone.

But with Mrs. Dudley, it was different. Vernon had been her world, her heaven, her God. A wealthy widow, without social connections or close friends, Vernon was her only child! I was sorry for her, and tried in every way to lessen her burden, but just the same I hailed each milestone of our journey. I had to get away from this grim, speechless, terrible silence or I'd go mad.

And then in Albany, where she changed trains for her home in Massachusetts, Mrs. Dudley suddenly gave me to understand that she expected





*"You married my son for his money," she said.
"You, a cheap dance-hall girl!"*

me to come with her. She took it for granted that I would make my home with her!

"Now that Vernon is gone, you are all I have left," she explained, but there was no warmth or affection in her voice. "The house was all ready for you and Vernon. It is still ready for you."

I scarcely knew how to answer.

"I hadn't counted on going to Bramton with you, Mrs. Dudley."

"No? What then?" she questioned me, with faintly sneering lips and eyes.

I colored hotly.

"I naturally expected to go back to work," I said. "After all, I have no claim, no real claim on you."

"My only son was your husband," she reminded me.

I felt the blood rushing from chin to brow. "Yes, that is so," I said, "and because it is true, I thought, perhaps, you'd rather not see too much of me. Oh, Mrs. Dudley, I want to help you, if you'll only let me. I can't explain the tragedy—"

"It was an accident, wasn't it?" she interposed, staring me straight in the eyes.

"From the bottom of my heart, I believe so. Wait! Listen! Your son and I had never had a cross word,

Mrs. Dudley—you know we—"

"Of course not!"

I sighed my relief.

"Then you don't believe those stories that Vernon—leaped or jumped?"

She silenced me with a long, thin hand. "I believe exactly what you tell me. Whatever has happened, you were Vernon's choice. He loved you, didn't he? From the first time when we were on the beach, he took a fancy to you. I saw my son's eyes pick you out of the crowd, and then light up! He changed in a twinkling and was all interest, animation, where before he had been bored to tears. 'There's a girl for you, mother!' he cried. That evening he insisted upon going to the cabaret where you were dancing."

How well I remembered!

"I'll always believe you don't think much of actresses, Mrs. Dudley," I said.

"I never considered you an actress—exactly," my mother-in-law retorted dryly. "My son married you, not I. And since he did, my home is yours. Under the circumstances I cannot permit you to return to the stage."

I had been a dancer in a Boardwalk café, with starvation wages, and this woman was worth a million, but I preferred the cabaret to Bramton just the same.

However, I went with her, to her vast, formal estate on the outskirts of a New England mill town, where she lived a lonesome life, with a few servants and fewer friends. She gave me a saddle horse and a car of my own, and introduced me to every one as "the young mistress."

What life at Bramton would have been with Vernon I could only sur-

mise, but with just my mother-in-law, day in and day out, it was soul-chilling and deadly. I was clothed and housed and fed, and that was all. Or it wasn't all, either, for I was watched. My every move was noted; I couldn't change my dress or curl my hair without my mother-in-law knowing it. I met her at unexpected places when out riding and heard her in corridors and on the stairs long after I had retired for the night. Naturally I resented this encroachment, as though I were a prisoner. Yet never by word or deed was I made to feel that Mrs. Dudley considered me responsible for her son's death.

THE tragedy at Niagara was a favorite topic of conversation in the neighborhood. Something to be discussed after church service, at the post office, or in the parlors at tea-time. I never ventured into Bramton without furnishing gossip for a week. I am not fanciful or thin-skinned, but it required a courageous heart to face the battery of eyes that was turned on me each time I came to town. What people were saying, I knew almost as well as if I heard them. That was the actress Vernon Dudley had married at Atlantic City and then Vernon had slipped into Niagara Falls on his wedding

day! Perhaps it was because Bramton didn't approve of actresses that people usually lifted their brows and paused significantly when they explained my husband's death to strangers. An accident, oh yes, but——!

Weeks slipped away and the chill of autumn settled over the countryside. I told Mrs. Dudley that I was going to New York.

"I have been here six months," I said. "By this time you must have gotten used to—to things, and I must get back to work. You've been kind and I appreciate your offering me a home, but——"

I felt her little grey eyes upon me and faltered.

"If I've been so kind and you appreciate it, then why do you want to leave Bramton?"

"Surely you know how Bramton regards me! If I were your son's murderer——"

Sabina shrugged.

"If I regard you as my daughter, why should you bother about Bramton? Let's say no more about it.

Vernon would have wished you to remain with me. This is your home."

A GAIN time dragged its way to the sun-brown waste that is November. I had gone one afternoon on my horse, into the hills which were wild and lonely, without even a bridle-path. It was late September and the country was gorgeous in its extravagant colors, but the friendliest thing I had seen for a month of Sundays was a young man on a tree stump, nursing his ankle. He appeared to be in pain, but I hesitated a moment before going toward him, so fearful had I become of the ostracism of the folks in Bramton. Then I noticed his eyes, caught the twinkle in them and the friendly smile, and with runaway heart, I went to him.

He was in riding togs and he told me that his horse had stumbled, thrown him, and then run away. His ankle wasn't bad, but it hurt him and it was too far to think of walking home.

[Turn to page 119]



"Who is this person?" Mrs. Dudley queried, sweeping Peg with her little grey eyes.

For the Sake of Julie

*An
American
Soldier's Story
of the
Girl He Left
in
War-Torn France*

A LONELY soldier doesn't always consider right and wrong if death breaks just ahead. So it was when I fell in love with Julie in the little French village, knowing her French sweetheart was my friend.

I knew—but somehow our love was bigger than we, but we loved blindly in spite of everything. Perhaps the way would open up before us.

Then we parted as my regiment moved toward the front, a dull ache in my heart for the girl I loved—a pang of regret for the way I had betrayed her lover's faith.

THE CONCLUSION

THREE weeks had come and gone since the morning I left Julie in the church of Fleury. And, now, we were moving again—this time to our right where the French were hanging grimly to a pivot position that must be held at any costs. Our division had been ordered into the red gaps to fight shoulder to shoulder with our worn and frayed comrades—the poilus.

It was night, deep and soundful of the terror that filled the Argonne and the hills of Verdun, as we started over the shell-gutted road. Only eyes used to the dark of the Front could have seen what we saw as we rumbled along.

North and South moved the grim caravans of war. Not colorful caravans such as the past had brought forth. But instead, caravans stripped of the ancient trimmings of the battle, like the brownish yellow road they traveled over.

And yet, although I saw and heard these things in the



Out of the depths of Julie's eyes the

dark, I did not really see them and hear them because my eyes constantly filled with a vision of Julie as I had last seen her, and my ears kept catching the echo of her voice as if it were drifting to me down the Sacred Road of France between the barrages.

At midnight, we halted in what had once been a town. A few kilometers beyond it was where we were to join hands with the French and press forward against a desperate enemy. On all sides of us the broken stone, houses and demolished walls, reared themselves like ruined monuments and tombstones in a desecrated graveyard. Hardly a light could be seen flaring through the murky

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soul of France looked back at me.

gloom. Yet, this place was headquarters for the French Army Corps to which we had been sent. We received our assignment of French officers and men who were to co-ordinate our action with the units there, and Armand Fourchambault and I met again.

"I am glad, Armand. Glad we're to be near each other—"

"When there is time, Dinee, you must tell me all about yourself, and about Julie. There has been no mail since I left. Dinee, I know what lies before us tonight. I have heard the orders. We are to cut through at any cost. They are massed by the thousands in the woods and hills

yonder. We are to attack before they attack again. It is to be the knife for them—or for us," he said, his voice even.

"The knife for them—or for us," I repeated. "The knife must be for them tonight, Armand," I managed to say aloud. But, my voice was not even. It was jerky with both thrill and fear, the thrill and fear soldiers feel just before flinging themselves into the fight.

"Bon chance, tonight, Dinee, I must report back. We are to go ahead, to lead the way to your positions and the observation posts," he said thrusting out his hands.

I took them and gripped them hard. At their touch I remembered our moment in the fields of larkspur and goldenrod, and everything that had happened afterwards: Armand's going away; my night with Julie at the farmhouse; the next morning in church. Oh, how I wished then that I might have sent Armand ahead with some word that would hearten him about Julie! I knew that deep down in his soul he still hoped that his dream of love would come true. But, there was nothing that I could say then, except good-by and good luck.

Shortly the command "forward" rippled down the line. Guns, caissons, fourgons, parc wagons, and rolling kitchens creaked and groaned into lumbering motion. Into the very jaws of the red beast we moved. Not with the dash and gallantry of outfits new to battle. But, slowly, deliberately, and almost indifferently.

Armand has been right about what was to come.

It was to be either the knife for the Germans—or for us. I had suddenly been ordered ahead of the howitzers to command a hastily organized machine-gun party. The Germans had crushed our right and were threatening to storm our gun positions, so close had we dragged them to the original front lines. My gun had been just about set up when the gunner let out a yell that almost froze our blood.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat—pup-pup-pup-pup-pup," barked his gun.

We saw them coming, the gun's roar stabbing our ears. The flames from bursting shells, and the flares made it bright enough for that. It seemed like thousands of them were coming straight

for us with fixed bayonets. Hell was surely let loose.

The first wave of Boche never got near us. Flannagan sprayed most of them to death with a wicked stream of lead, and what was left got their medicine from a platoon of our doughboys that suddenly swooped down out of the hellish nowhere. Almost at that minute, orders came for me to rush our gun forward to a tiny hill position. If the Germans got there first it meant they could rake our infantry down like a lawn mower. Right on top of the orders a shell crashed in. Mud, dirt, debris, and hunks of shell fragments hurtled through the air, and concussion flung those of us who had been work-

ing the machine-gun to the ground. We fell in a heap. "She's ready to move, Sarge. Gimme a man—we'll carry the goddam baby ourselves," Flannagan said tugging at the gun.

We started for the hill that had to be reached and fortified before the Germans got it. A barrage was dropping behind us and beyond us like moving curtains. Shrapnel was bursting overhead; snipers' bullets whined through the air; and the stink of gas forced us to put on our masks. We moved forward toward that hill like grotesque devils in masks. Twice, shell explosions hurled us into the mud, and each time we got to our feet again; we tripped and stumbled over dead men, and men who groaned aloud for death. It was hard to drive on, leaving our buddies moaning that way in the mud. But, if we didn't get that hill it would mean more lives.

The hill was only twenty yards or more away when the whine of a shell sent us all ducking to the ground . . . *Bang!* The explosion tore my ear drum to shreds for the moment. Then I began to hear the call of the boys who had got it.

"Flannagan," I shouted, anxious about the gun.

"Still here, Sarge," bellowed the husky Irishman. Then—"But, Jackson's down. I'm alone with it in the mud. I gotta have a hand to get the gun going—"

"I'm coming. We'll get her out, Flanny. We'll—" I suddenly tripped over a tree limb and pitched head first into a shallow trench. When I moved my hands to pull myself up I touched something that groaned. A wounded man was lying in the trench. Once more I made an effort to pull myself up. I had to get to Flanny and help him with our gun. The hill had to be reached. But the groans of the wounded man suddenly fused into one coherent word—a word that paralyzed my arms and limbs for the moment and trapped the breath down in my chest:

"Ju-lie . . . Ju-lie," I heard.

For a moment I thought I would burst apart with trapped breath. The hill! The gun! Flannagan waiting for me in the mud! The Germans must not get that hill first! Orders came first. I was a soldier—a sergeant commanding in place of an officer. But, this was Armand Fourchambault, my friend, lying torn and tortured in the trench, dying with Julie's name on his lips because he needed aid. It wasn't human to leave him lying there to

die. It wasn't my way of treating a man who had come so close to me. I couldn't do it!

"Armand—it's I—Dinee," I cried over him, not daring to touch him.

"Sarge, I'm waiting—" bellowed Flannagan as if answering my words to Armand.

"I'm coming, Flanny," I yelled back.

"Go—go—Dinee. Let me die for France—for Julie . . . Oh! my Julie," he raved. "Dinee . . . Leave me—"

"Armand, I'm going. We've got to make that hill with our gun. I'll try to send aid to you. But—Armand—

Armand I must tell you something before I go . . . Armand . . . Julie loves you . . . only you. She told me

so the night you left. Julie loves only you, Armand, do you hear me Armand?" I pleaded leaning over him before I rushed out to Flannagan and the gun.

"Yes—my comrade—I heard. I—can die happy now . . ."

Together Flanny and I lugged and tugged that gun to the hill. Two men crawled in with ammunition, and we opened up just in time to send the first attack reeling back down the slope slashed and punctured by our bullets.

Later, a first-aid man came and I told him of Armand.

It was gray dawn before we dared let up our little barrage. The dawning light revealed a grim scene.

"Thank God, I could at least let him die happy even if I had to lie to him about Julie loving him," I said inwardly as I saw a relief detail worming its

way toward our gun position, like a snail.

We drove deeper and deeper into the red tangle of the Argonne from that little hill top. But every inch cost us men. Buddies went down by the thousands, toppling to the slimy ground like fine young trees cut down in their springtime. Every time I heard a wounded man groan, I winced with the memory of how I had had to desert poor Armand. And every time his tortured voice echoed through my ears, another voice drifted through my soul—Julie's.

I had heard nothing from her since leaving Fleury. This was not surprising in face of conditions. Mail was the last thing to be moved when an army was driving. Men! Guns! Ammunition! Food! Those were the only things that counted. So I knew nothing of what had happened since leaving, nothing of Armand's fate. But, he must be dead, I told myself time [Turn to page 102]



"He—he is out in the fields," Julie answered.

YOUR POWDER WON'T "Show"

when you use a *scientifically blended* shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder to match your skin

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.



You can give your skin a lovely uniform tone by using a selected shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder—the shade that exactly matches your skin.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does*, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder

that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions that follow in the Shade Chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have the dark hair and eyes characteristic of beautiful Spanish women. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the *Flesh*

shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you are the only type that should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In the evening under artificial light it may be better to use powder of lighter shade than the one recommended above. In case of doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

If you have experienced the difficulty of having powder look "chalky and unnatural," buy a box of Pompeian Beauty Powder today, in the shade suggested for your special type. At all toilet counters 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. "I suggest Pompeian Day Cream to protect your skin against the weather, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color."



This charming type of American beauty, with gray eyes and brown hair, should use Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Naturelle shade to emphasize the lovely tone of her skin.

Send for Liberal Sample of Powder

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion. It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications.

It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2204 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name
Street
Address
City State
Shade of powder wanted

Why We Say SMART SET Is *YOUR* Magazine

You Readers Tell US—and We Tell the WORLD

IN THE May number of SMART SET we asked you readers to tell us what you thought of us. Of course, we had hoped you might think well of us. As friends have a way of being frank, so we had looked for brickbats as well as bouquets. We wanted criticism and suggestions. But, as we are very human, we are happy that we received more praise than censure.

You seem to like us, you half million warm-hearted folks who make up the big SMART SET family. We are glad of that. We are especially glad that nearly every one who has written us has founded his letter upon the spirit of honesty and sincerity which we have striven to make the basic principle and policy of SMART SET.

This is the age of honesty and sincerity. This is the day of frankness. It is *not* the day of vulgarity. Vulgarity and salaciousness are often confused with honesty and frankness. We, on SMART SET, believe that it is possible to be frank without being vulgar—to be honest without being salacious.

"I buy SMART SET for the people it brings me," writes Elva Stevens of Pittsburgh. "I'm an adventuress at heart and I just love to know about other people and the conditions under which they live. I like to know about their problems and their solution of them. I like SMART SET stories because they take me out of my narrow life into the far away, not dreamily, but with such true pictures of life that I am convinced that they *are* true. SMART SET stands out among the true story magazines for the same reason that leading men and women stand out from the mob—because it has personality!"

Miss Stevens's letter is too long to print in full, much as we should like to print it. She was awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars for the letter which best analyzed and criticized SMART SET. Miss Stevens could not have written so sincere and able a letter if she had not found in SMART SET the qualities of sincerity and truth which we strive for.

"Facts about life," Miss Stevens writes in another part of her letter, "will help us to live nobler, happier, and more useful lives. Give us facts. It is the human interest, the true pictures of life held up so vividly before us that thoroughly fascinates us and makes us wait

for the first of the month and SMART SET. The lessons come with the realization of a brotherhood of man of the instinct of self preservation that calls forth all the knowledge of life that we possess."

Well said, Miss Stevens! SMART SET will continue to "give you facts"—facts from real life. The beating of human hearts.

"The Courage of its Convictions' seems to be emblazoned on every page of that most absorbing of all 'true story' magazines—SMART SET," writes Miss

Langer, winner of the second prize. "The exponent of the glorious things it stands for—Youth, Beauty, Truth—it is a magazine with a heart and soul—bearing a message to all who will but take heed. If I am sentimental in thus expressing myself, I can only attribute it to the fact that this assuredly is not a mediocre magazine, and it is impossible to assume a matter-of-fact, half-hearted attitude towards it. It evokes spontaneous praise."

Youth, Beauty, Truth—yes, SMART SET stands for just those three things, and the greatest of these is Truth. Certainly this is the age of Youth,—the affairs of the world are in the hands of young men and young women and never before were men and women so young at fifty. That's the best of it: Youth is becoming perennial. It is for this constantly-growing-young campaign that SMART SET labors. It works for this because Youth is Happiness and Happiness is Beauty and Truth wedded. Nothing

could have pleased the folks who make this magazine more than Miss Langer's clear statement of the very things for which they are working.

The greatest difficulty in awarding prizes for letters from our readers is that there are never enough prizes to go around. We wish we could send a prize to every one of our kind and helpful friends who wrote us. We should like to publish all of their letters.

Every letter was an inspiration to us. They would be an inspiration to every reader of this magazine. We are proud of the readers of SMART SET. They are intelligent. They are thoughtful. They are honest. They are alive. They are human. Perhaps it is only natural that a magazine named SMART SET should attract readers who want the best *in life*—and especially the *BEST* true story magazine.

Prize Winners

First Prize, \$25.00

Elva Stevens, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Second Prize, \$10.00

Henrietta F. Langer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Third Prize, \$5.00

Mrs. Willard Allen, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Honorable mention and the appreciation of the editors for helpful letters to:

Mabel Jeter, Ada, Okla.; A. Millard Armstrong, Columbus, O.; P. Cabell Massie, Pulaski, Va.; Miss V. M. Parker, Convent, Sta., N. J.; Harvey C. Schild, Sheboygan, Wis.; Corporal Robert Ross, Fort Wright, N. Y.; Unsigned Letter from 3343 Sixty-first Street, Woodside, L. I.; Floyd G. King, Lake Worth, Fla.; Mrs. Thos. H. Haug, San Antonio, Texas; Emily M. Harban, St. Ansgar, Iowa; Mrs. T. H. Rayne, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Rushton C. Hankins, Fort Worth, Texas.

To that great number whose names cannot be listed for lack of space, the editors' best greetings, gratitude and thanks.

**P. S.—Don't overlook the movie lim-
erick contest. You might win a prize.**

See pages 54 and 55.

To have and to hold lasting loveliness

LEARN THIS SECRET OF COMPLEXION CARE




Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

DEEP in your heart you know it's true: *The one thing you treasure most is this thing men call Beauty.*

If you were born beautiful, you're lucky. Cherish your beauty tenderly, so that all the years of your life will be "golden years of loveliness."

And if you weren't born to beauty, you're lucky too. Lucky to live in this modern age when a clever woman can easily overcome Nature's little failings and achieve true distinction and charm in looks.

After all is said and done, nothing is so important to beauty as a beautiful complexion. And nothing responds more readily to an intelligent, guiding hand.

So if your complexion isn't all that you would like, don't be discouraged. Give Nature a chance, for ever so brief a time, and she will build your skin anew—she will bring you the clear, radiant skin you have always wanted—the lovely complexion which is the starting point of all true beauty.

It's all a matter of proper care—care that will keep your skin fresh and youthful—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, "fine pores make fine skins."

*If you would have a lovely complexion,
learn to refine the pores*

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments

with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

Now a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now provided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing cream* combined; an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin firming qualities of ice without its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a joyous tingle that will leave your face glowingly refreshed. In a second, this cream has vanished and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine textured skin.

*Keep your skin fresh and youthful
this new way*

Begin now "to have and to hold" the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.

NOTE: Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the one and only Ice Astringent.



PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BALL FACE POWDER, EUCOE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER.

Free So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we will take pleasure in sending you a trial tube free. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1908
2700 South Wells St., Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

Name

Street

City State

(Print name and address plainly)



A MAGIC TOUCH TO YOUR SKIN

A touch of exquisite loveliness awaits your command. Just as easily as Aladdin fulfilled his desires thru the "touch of his lamp" so may you bring the joy of a new Beauty to your skin and complexion. It takes but a moment for

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

to wipe the dull, ordinary complexion away forever. To see blemishes and defective features forgotten under the lure of a bewitching, seductive appearance.

Far Superior to face powders and ordinary creams. Its action is highly antiseptic and astringent giving excellent results in treating Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Undue Redness, Flabbiness, Muddy Skins and Excessive Oiliness.



Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York

Excitement!

[Continued from page 52]

Cape Breton? I can manage splendidly."

And I walked angrily from the room.

Jack found me in the garden, and I forgot to be angry while he was with me. We walked down to the shore and stared across Long Island Sound, looking shyly at each other and then away again. Then a strange, awful, sweet, and wonderful thing happened! For Jack Hawkins took me into his arms and kissed me. He blundered it awfully, and kissed me on the nose, and I know he did not mean to kiss me there at all. But I could not think, nor laugh, nor speak. I could only cling to his neck, and wonder and wonder. Why—this great giant was *my man*! All at once I was confused and afraid. I tried to break from his arms to run away, but he held me with his great arms threatening to crack all my ribs.

"I love you!" he said, chokingly and hoarsely, "I love you, love you, love you!"

"Jack, Jack!" I gasped. "Oh, Jack!"

Then we were standing apart and looking at each other, but I knew that from now on we could never be thoroughly apart.

I forgot my little cat-boat, so secretly and safely provisioned, in which I had meant to slip away that evening on the cruise to Cape Breton. I even forgot to be bored and restless. But you must not think that we were silly. We were very sensible, and very quietly talked over our love—but sometimes I had to touch him to be sure it was not a dream, and then he would kiss me, and we would—but nonsense! Of course, we were not the least like the movies, nor sentimental in any way!

We didn't try to hide it from the family, and though they teased a bit, for the most part they left us alone. Gus said that it would be a week or longer before he could get his cargo stored, and I decided to come to New York, just to be near Jack.

And then—all my plans and dreams and faith were suddenly shattered. I came swinging down the pier one day, happy and carefree and ducking cheerfully around and past the piles of cargo, dodged rumbling hand-trucks and—saw Jack—my Jack—with a woman in his arms! I could only see her back; a slim, fashionable back, and her bobbed hair. Her arms were around his neck, and he was kissing her. Then he saw me. I turned before he could speak and ran. I was crying and sobbing and stumbling. Once I stopped and half turned around, seething with uncontrollable fury. I would scratch her eyes out—tear off her hair—stamp on her! But then I suddenly felt weary. I had seen him kissing her. For a second I thought it a nightmare. So he had lied to me when he said he had never kissed a girl before! I ought to have known that a man who would say that sort of thing was a liar. "A liar," I told myself furiously, "and a cheat, a sneak, a hound and a scoundrel!"

I hailed a taxi and gave him our Connecticut address. And then—I cried! Me! The tom-boy of our college; the hard-boiled little mite who could take care of herself—and yet—I was only a woman, and a very miserable woman, at that.

But after a little I stopped crying and began to plan, furiously. Jack would try to follow me as soon as he found I was not in the city. He might telephone to Tom or dad. He had seen me, and knew I had seen him, and he would lie—oh, how he would lie! And I nearly started crying again, as I realized that I would believe him—because I would want to believe him!

So home was not the place for me! Then I thought of my cat-boat. It had a kicker, and there was fuel and food and water on board. Rage welled up in my heart, and I determined to get away. I would take the boat and go—go—straight out into the ocean. Go until the wind and the waves overwhelmed me, and then I would die as I had always hoped I might,—after a hard fight!

I gave the man the new directions and we swung past our home at full speed. I looked back to see if anyone had noticed us—and saw the racing car. It was tearing up the road, and swung on two wheels up our driveway. I gasped! It was Jack!

It was twilight and after sunset when I leaped from the taxi. I dropped into a dingy and rowed to my cat-boat and then cut the cable. I was very cold, very calm—except that sometimes I sobbed, and I felt queer and numb. I started the motor and swung hard on the tiller until I was pointed for the entrance of the cove. Dad had taken a house that was just back of a cliff twenty feet high. In the water at the foot of the cliff were sharp, dangerous reefs. I would have to pass here to gain the Sound.

I knew that Jack might see me, but I did not care. He could never catch me now, for it was quarter of a mile to the nearest boat, and at least an eighth of a mile to the nearest beach.

AS I passed the cliff, above me, silhouetted against the evening sky, that pale blue I have always loathed since that hour, I saw—Jack. For a moment he stared down at me, and then he disappeared. "You can run," I mused, bitterly, "but you'll never be able to get me now—Mister Liar and—"

I screamed. Jack had appeared again on the cliff, but only for an instant. Then he was high in the clear air and falling, falling. . . I shut my eyes and moaned. The reef! The jagged toothed reef! He would fall on it and be ripped to ribbons! I had to open my eyes to try to see, but he had passed into the dense shadow. Then I saw a white flash, and heard a splash, but it was too far away for me to be sure if he had hit the reef or not. I threw my weight on the tiller, and the boat swung around slowly—oh, so slowly!

I cannot say how I managed to turn a thirty-foot boat in a forty-five foot bottle-mouthed channel. But somehow, I did. I do not know what I was screaming, and I hardly knew I was screaming. It was something like, "Jack! Jack! Hold up—I'm coming!"

Suddenly the boat's course was checked, and then—bleeding from a ragged slash on his left arm, which was hanging limp, Jack was swimming toward the boat. He was weak and half-stunned. I abandoned the tiller and caught him, pulling with all my might. Excitement gave me superhuman strength.

And then—he was clinging to me, choking out, "Lila—Lila! You must not—you must not—I—I—you—she—I—"

I put my mouth on his: "Don't, Jack! Don't lie, dear! Never tell me, Jack, never tell me! I—I—don't c-c-care!" I sobbed. "J-j-just give me some—just a l-l-little o-o-f y-y-your love! I love you!"

For a stunned and half-drowned man, he kissed beautifully. "Shut up!" he growled, rough in the full furious tide of his love, "Shut up, you little—lovely—adorable idiot! That was my cousin I was kissing, but you never gave me a chance to explain!"



Miss Clark's Statement

Your Maison Marcellers placed a dandy bunch of marcel waves in my hair as the large photograph will show. This new method you have discovered is very effective and requires little time. You can hardly notice the time it takes as other things can be done while hair is drying.

The Lux Studio photographs show the good results obtained with the Maison Marcellers.

(Signed) Miss BEULA CLARK.



LUX STUDIOS
Commercial Photographers
Chicago

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Here are the photographs taken of Miss Clark with straight hair, the waves in place and last the unusually pretty wave put in with the Maison Marcellers.

The public demonstration conducted at the same time also at my studio was a tremendous success. All agreed enthusiastically that your new Maison Marcellers could place a very satisfactory natural wave in any hair.

They are sure to save time and much money for women everywhere.

LUX STUDIOS

Wm. B. LUX

Glorious Waves Like This Week In . . Week Out

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous
hot iron—no bothersome appointments

Just 30 Minutes—At Home—When-
ever Convenient

If anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and marcel, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcellers will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant

All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcellers.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?

Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcellers, you merely dampen it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcellers?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?

Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcellers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcellers will do very nicely for the family.

How long does the hair retain its waved condition?

Answer: Not less than one week, in most cases ten days to two weeks.

How long do the Marcellers last?

Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent, can I use these Marcellers?

Answer: Yes you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcellers.

bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting". A few months' use of the Maison Marcellers and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcellers achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marceller wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty.

No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcellers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcellers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this paper and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these waves and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

need ever to have one, Maison Marcellers make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Our Wonderful, Time-Limited Offer

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you, as one of the first 10,000 women to own this priceless boon to beauty: A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 15 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

711 Quincy St. Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy St., Dept. 22, Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 15 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.00 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Prize-Winning Letters on

"How I Won Back Her Love"

Love and Let Love

"**L**OVE and *let love*" was the principle that won me back my wife in all her sweetness and brightness after years of futility.

I had tried to do all the loving: all the sacrificing, all the protecting.

She was the most desired girl in the small town where we both grew up, and she turned down a much wealthier boy to marry me. I swore that she should never regret it—that I would so surround her with care and protection that she would never have to lift her finger.

We moved to a big city where I could make more money and where I thought she could enjoy the shows and shops. I arranged charge accounts for her everywhere and told her to go as far as she liked, that anytime I couldn't meet her bills, I'd go after a better job.

I bought her a little car and although she was delighted, she said wistfully that it must have been fun going around to the different places to pick it out. I insisted that she have a maid, although she begged not to, and said there was so little to do.

But one day she cheered up and said with a gay little catch in her breath that when the children came, she guessed she'd have plenty to do. Right away I assured her I wouldn't ask that sacrifice on her part. She seemed so fragile, dainty and childlike herself.

She looked a little bewildered and from that day her interest in our life together seemed to evaporate.

She made a desperate effort to make something wonderful of our life, but her charm was gone, her brightness missing and she seemed like some one half alive. For I made all the plans, did everything, completely overwhelmed her, I know now, by the demonstration of my care. I, too, tried to bring back the glory we had expected—but the more I did, the worse things got.

And then she began to run around—having nothing to do but amuse herself. While playing golf, she had met a number of young fellows, and took them about with her in her car—brought them home and made them tea in the afternoons, ran to the telephone to listen to their troubles and give them advice, and seemed to be in a hectic state taking care of them all.

I just barely existed for her at this time—and she made dates with 'her boys' right under my nose and said in explanation:

"Well, he's so blue today he needs me—you never want me for anything."

There was one particularly, Ames —, who began to usurp all her time. He was a good-looking, babyish type of fellow, and seemed to be very dependent on her.

I was put to it to earn enough money to carry on, as she did spend plenty, and one night I worked late at the office—till midnight and was ready to drop from weariness and cold when I entered our apartment building.

There in the light from our open doorway I saw two figures swirl into each other's arms.

After a moment of reckless contact, I heard Ames' voice say in a groaning way, "God, how selfish I am—you're too good to me,—and I don't deserve it."

"You do, you do—and I love you, Ames, I love you!"

It had been two years or more since I had heard that passionate thrill in my wife's voice for me.

I crept downstairs again and out into the street.

I wandered through the town till I was nearly frozen and then ended up in a bootlegger's joint.

Several days went over my head before I really came to myself again.

When my thoughts began to focus I decided to gamble everything on a process of reasoning. She loved Ames who was demanding things from her. She had ceased to love me who insisted on being in every instance the giver.

I went to my firm and asked them for a job out in the middle west with headquarters in Cleveland. They had mentioned this to me some time ago as having very great opportunities in the line I really loved as against my routine work which I hated. But the Cleveland job had very much less salary to begin.

Then I went home. I said I had been out of town for several days and had been unable to get her on the phone. She had hardly noticed my absence.

"I have hard news for you," I said tentatively. "I'll have to take a big cut in

salary. We'll have to cut down everywhere and I'm afraid I'll have to ask a lot of sacrifices from you."

I saw a strange bright gleam appear in her eyes, almost of gladness.

She was very sweet—she rushed to comfort me, said she knew I'd make as much as ever soon again—and that in the meantime, it would be *fun* to see how we could cut corners. Before I could stop her, she fluttered out into the kitchen and gave the maid a gentle dismissal with a week's wages and a small present, and then was back, sitting on my knee, wanting to hear all about it.

I said we'd have to go to Cleveland, and begin all over again—sell the car and all.

She was like a kid. I got her to call the station and find out about trains and call a lot of other places to notify them of our plans, etc., on the ground that I was too busy with other details. All afternoon I listened to her joyous voice, giving directions into the phone,—saying good-byes,—explaining,—getting information. She timidly brought me tea about four o'clock and though I always hated it, I praised her for her thoughtfulness as her 'boys' must have often done, and drank it gratefully.

Well, Ames called up late in the day, and her voice was very preoccupied as she talked to him. Civil and kind, but far away and almost patronizing.

"My big baby and I are going west," was one of the things I heard.

Her big baby—it was that, she wanted me to be and I had tried almost to be her father! All wrong psychology. She had forgotten apparently that she had ever said she loved Ames.

So we came to Cleveland and made a fresh start on a different basis. I am out selling and love my work. She does all the work in our little apartment, and I ask for lots of advice about mine.

Moreover there is a *little* baby as well as her big one, and she adores waiting on us both,—having us demand things from her—and then appreciate what she does. At least I appreciate it; the little chap is still an ingrate.

Thus I have come to believe that the more fragile and tender and feminine a woman seems,—the more of the mother there really is in her, and the more real sturdy, rock-bottom, woman-stuff to meet life in a strong way.

And I realize the commonest mistake we men make is to force into the rôle of parasites the women we love, when God made them for our partners.

Did You?

Maybe you did, but those limericks on pages 54 and 55 should be filled out. You'll find it fascinating.

Sacrifice

DURING the first years of our home life together, there was a true devotion, high esteem and regard for each other's opinion and desires.

My wife and I had married at the age of twenty-two and twenty-six. Our ideas of life, education and religion were practically the same and we had the faculty of

fully appreciating each other's company.

There was, however, a decided difference in the type of entertainment we enjoyed. I realized this after I had been jarred into recognizing that something was becoming radically wrong with our domestic life.

I managed to overcome my temper, swallow my pride and analyze the situation,

—to see where the trouble lay and to whose door I could place the fault.

As I retraced the years of our married state, I found I had become engrossed in my work, little suspecting that Ellen still retained habits of amusement which I had not really appreciated in the courtship, but had to all appearances I suppose,

revelled in during our engagement.

I recall traveling to Ellen's home in Chicago for the Christmas vacation, and finding the program for our benefit made up of seeing how many cabarets we could do in one night. There was the same monotonous round of dancing, eating and sleeping until noon the next day.

Then, later, when we settled in a somewhat smaller city, I found myself emphatically suggesting that, "No, dear, I don't care to go out—you know I despise to sit through a movie," or "Let's not go to that party. It won't be anything but dancing and liquor and I have a hard day tomorrow." So we drifted apart by choosing different types of associates who participated in totally foreign activities.

On one occasion my wife came in late from a party, at another time she was a bit tipsy; but I did not censure her, for I realized she liked the crowd and since I had utmost faith in her, I thought she would see the mistake for herself. We had a lovely little daughter by this time.

How was I to know that those pitiful attempts to be a "rotter" were but reactions to my seeming neglect and lack of interest in her affairs and friends. If I had not been so secure in the fact that I had settled things in a groove when I married Ellen and established a home, this kind of thing should have served as a danger signal to me.

But things went from bad to worse. A barrier had arisen between us. I went my way, had my friends, clubs, and pleasures, and Ellen had hers. We seemed the best of friends, but we did not seek each other's companionship.

When an elderly friend tactfully yet forcefully told me that my wife had contemplated running away with a young college student but had given it up at the last moment because she feared the consequences of scandal and social punishment, I realized that I had neglected feeding the love she once bore me, and resolved to win her back if possible. I had a ray of hope that Ellen might still care and had only been overcome by our life of indifference.

I immediately started on a "campaign," gradually instating myself with the husbands of my wife's intimate friends. I played golf, billiards at the club and sometimes planned a theater party with another couple. This took time and much diplomacy, but I played the game, regardless.

When I felt a certain basis of mutual understanding had been reestablished, I stated the case to Ellen in a rather businesslike fashion, explaining that we had not lived up to our bargain and that for the sake of our daughter and our own self-respect, we should try to recover what happiness we could.

We made two points to the plan. Every day, we were to do something for the other which did not altogether meet our wishes. Second, every misunderstanding must be cleared up before retiring so that there would be no exaggerated stings the next day.

We agreed to it.

Needless to say, there were times when the bottom fell out of the scheme and when every self-sacrifice seemed worthless and grated terribly on the disposition. But we weathered it, finding that every day it grew easier and there was a certain added joy to life. At first there was the element of not appreciating to the fullest extent, when you were aware of the other subjecting himself,—but that was submerged when a new interest in each other's personality was aroused and the old comradeship was reinstated. There was a certain satisfaction in knowing that we had played the game and had beaten it.

Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations of onlookers who witnessed a demonstration of the new discovery, hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored! Wrinkles combated!

And what magical compound brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk, extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients.



The MAGIC MILK MASK

(Trade Mark applied for.)

Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

- The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help
- 1—to give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
 - 2—to make your skin look at least 10 years younger.
 - 3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
 - 4—to close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
 - 5—to absorb the outer, dry, withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
 - 6—to combat wrinkles, sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
 - 7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
 - 8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

Lovely Beyond Your Dreams in Fifteen Minutes!

How can words describe the wonder-working powers of the Magic Milk Mask? A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful pure-white, creamy compound. Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores. It lifts off and absorbs the dry, withered skin scales. It closes and tightens the pores, erases and firms the tissues, whitens and purifies the complexion and brings a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

In just a few minutes, wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't believe that the radiantly lovely complexion you see is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated. Even women of advanced years look young after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask. They have the complexions of school girls. Their skin is as smooth as satin, exquisitely fine in texture, and so beautifully creamy white!

Too Wonderful for Belief

So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose

You are invited to try this startling new discovery, entirely without risk. A limited number of packages

of the Magic Milk Mask have been prepared to be sent to women direct from the laboratories, under a Special Introductory Offer.

These introductory packages are to be practically given away. The regular price will be \$5.00 (enough for twenty treatments, which would cost \$30.00 to \$40.00 in a beauty parlor). But you are asked to deposit with the postman, when he delivers your package, only the small sum of \$1.95 to help defray the expense. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not amazed and delighted, your money will be returned at once.

Send No Money

No, not a penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail at once. But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.

MAISON MADELEINE
Dept. C-248
Ninth and Spruce Streets
Philadelphia, Penn.

Yes, send me a large \$5.00 package of the Magic Milk Mask. I will deposit only \$1.95 plus the few cents postage with the postman in full payment. My money back if I am not delighted.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
If you prefer, send \$2.00 with this coupon and we will pay postage.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY



*There's a difference
worth knowing!*



50¢

TRE-JUR
Face Powder
JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Sample—Generous sized package in your own favorite shade sent for 10¢ in stamps or coin. *The House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street . . . New York.*

Short-Story Writing



Dr. EBENWEIN

One pupil won a \$2000 prize. Another pupil earned over \$5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Ebenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 47 Springfield, Mass.

You learn quickly with a Conn

Exclusive features make the Conn saxophone easy to play, beautiful in tone, perfect in scale, reliable in action—choice of the world's greatest artists. Send now for details of *Free Trial* Easy Payments of any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. C. G. Conn, Ltd., 883 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS

Hard Work

WE HAD been married five years. Betty was all any man could ask for in a wife, good, true, beautiful. But when Hazel came along, so different, so wrapped in mystery and fragrance, I simply couldn't resist her. I threw over everything for her.

I was a fool, of course, for she soon tired of men. I lived in loneliness and misery in a hidden corner of the city, without the courage to face Betty again. The longing for Betty became so intense I could neither rest nor keep my mind on my work. I realized all she had meant to me, and that life could never be worth while without her. I lost my job because I could not give it any attention; I sank lower and lower. Then one day just a year after I had left her, I came upon Betty in the street.

I shrank beneath her gaze as I saw her take in my shabby and dejected appearance. To my amazement she came swiftly to my side, pressed her pocket book in my hand, said with trembling lips:

"I've got a good job, and this is pay day, so here you are, Jerry."

A moment later, she was gone. My soul writhed in shame, but then a new joy came to me for I believed there was still a chance of winning her back. I crossed the bay to our twin city, determined to fight my way back to respectability—and

Betty. Here I succeeded in getting a job.

I wrote Betty that I was working for the day when I could claim her again. No answer came, but I needed none. I had faith in Betty and in myself.

I worked like a demon; I thought of nothing but work. Those were long months, for now and then, as was inevitable, I became depressed. Would she take me back? I was dog-tired, my work was heavy. I used to fling myself on my hard bed at night and lie staring into the darkness, oppressed by doubt. Each pay day my money went into the bank, except enough for the barest necessities. I lived like some wild, lone wolf. Sometimes, too tired to move, I wondered if it were worth the struggle. Everything in me shouted, "Yes." Betty was worth more than life itself.

And in the loneliness and solitude I learned one of the greatest secrets of life: that concentration coupled with unflinching determination, will win a man anything in this world.

At last I was able to make a payment down on a little home in the suburbs. Then, full of hope and fear, I sent for Betty.

She came, bless her, true-blue Betty!

With never a word about the past. Never a word to make me remember what I had done. And we are happy.



Education

WHEN I married Mary five years ago I was the happiest man alive. Mary was everything a wife should be. A "looker," a crack cook, and the best of companions. Her sense of humor was a joy, and the breadth and balance of her fine mind a complete revelation to me. It was Mary who opened my mind to the world of books. We sailed the seas with Conrad, and chuckled with Cobb.

I was never a man of keen perceptions, and my thinking was of the most superficial kind. Reared by a doting mother, coddled and cared for physically (and I might add mentally) as far as she was able, I was indeed poor grist for Mary's mill.

Then came our babies, twins, the second year. Mary, my dear one, struggled with vitality impaired, to be all she had been to me and not neglect the children.

Financially, I was unable to give her any help. And like the uncouth beast I was, I failed her on every other count. And never once did she fail me. With a house and babies on her hands, I always came home to a dainty meal nicely served. But I wanted the old sprightly conversation, our booz's, and the long talks afterwards.

As I look back, I wonder how I dared to say I loved her. Never did I notice the hollowed eyes that tried so hard to sparkle. The jaw line that became, day by day, more clearly outlined. Without trying to understand the situation, I only knew that the bubble and sparkle was gone. And without as much as an explanation, I airily resumed relations with

my bachlor cronies to the utter neglect of my business and wife.

After six months of this, I came home one day to find the house empty, and a terse letter from my wife informing me that she would not tolerate any longer, the conditions under which we were living.

I sought her at her mother's, and received her ultimatum. Either I would make some very drastic changes within myself or we would never live together again. When I left her I was in a furious rage; wild that she dared to see me as I knew I was.

Two months later, I bumped into her leaving Bertrand's, and was completely bowled over by her beauty. She chatted for a few moments and then passed on as indifferently as if we were the most casual of friends.

That set me thinking. This woman could get along beautifully without me but I could not get along without her.

My mind made up, I went straight to my object. That night I enrolled for college courses in Business English and English Literature. I was out to show my wife I wasn't the lout she had reason to suspect I was.

In eight months I was writing "copy" that brought not only the commendation of the manager but a substantial raise in salary. Then I went to Mary. With a diffidence new to me, I begged her to come back, and humbly submitted the proof of my good faith. She was big and generous then. We are together—I hope forever. And I thank nothing but the books which help us "adventure together."



Page 74

HAVE you seen the list of prize-winners on page 74—and the message to SMART SET readers?

The Tango Dancer

(Continued from page 20)

one in whom he placed faith. It was my duty to open his eyes. If not, they would only be opened eventually, and in the most brutal sort of way. Suppose he learned after such eventual discovery that I had let him drift into something of this kind? Surely, he would never think of me again as his comrade!

And yet, it was entirely possible that he might resent my telling him!

At last sleep of a troubled, broken kind came to me. I had one nightmare after another. I saw myself standing for Pierce at his wedding, allowing him to go on blindly; but torn even then with the urge to confess. I beheld us facing each other on a later occasion. He was condemning me then for having failed him. But worst of all, was the dream wherein Carissima, casting her inescapable spell over me, tempted me into silence.

I awakened from that nightmare in a frenzy. I got up, dressed, and rushed out into the park where another day was dawning. I walked and walked for hours. I sat on the benches for more hours.

"Shall I tell him?" I tortured myself.

"Yes," answered the voice I recognized as that of Duty.

"He will resent it, and hate you for spoiling his happiness," cried the voice of Fear in my heart.

And, as time wore on toward four o'clock, and the cocktail party at the house of Pierce's mother drew nearer, my indecision became more acutely torturous. I got up and jumped into a cab, panic-stricken by the knowledge that most likely I'd make a regrettable decision when I saw Carissima.

"Good Lord!" I groaned sinking back into the seat. "What shall I do? Suppose her appeal influences me? No—no—not that, I must play the game with Pierce! There's only one way out and—I'll put it up to her. Carissima will have to break camp. I'll threaten exposure if she doesn't pull stakes and leave Pierce flat!"

Carissima in clinging red with an exquisite rose on one shoulder—a wispy, flamingo scarf that seemed like an escaped tongue of the flame, that's what she was! Carissima, standing in the midst of an admiring throng, pouring cocktails for talkative guests while her future mother-in-law, and Pierce beamed upon her! And, her most intriguing quality, that indefinable sort of subtlety she practiced, was weaving its unfailing spell over the social register crowd. Carissima's ardent, tiger-lily self in languorous repose!

THAT was the picture that greeted my eyes. My arrival unknown for the moment, I stood there and watched the scene, my breath coming and going faster at the sight of Carissima, and the thought of what was impending between us. She was inescapable lure! No wonder poor old Pierce had sold out to her. Perhaps, after all, he was so infatuated, so wrapped up in her that he wouldn't give a hang about her past. But, that didn't sound a bit like Pierce. He would care if he knew her drawing-room self was only a mask for the tiger-lily she was. Yes, Carissima would have to clear out. I'd tell her so that very day if the chance came!

Pierce spotted me at that moment, and then came to me. "Now, to play a part," I said inwardly as my cousin led me toward Carissima. The girl was as good an actress as she was a tango dancer and romancer. She smiled lazily upon me, slurring over her words of greeting as if she had really never laid eyes upon me before.

"My cousin, Cardy Weldon, you know.

Two Beauty Crimes

Ended for you by this NEW and TOTALLY DIFFERENT way of removing cold cream



THE RIGHT WAY

PLEASE ACCEPT—7-day supply to try, the only way that removes ALL germ-laden accumulations from the pores



THE SOILED TOWEL METHOD
Rubs germ accumulations back into the skin. Inviting scores of imperfections.



2 THE HARSH CLOTH METHOD
Injures delicate skin fabric—causes enlarged pores, skin roughness, etc.

IN the last few months, an average of 10,000 women a day, have adopted this new and totally different way of removing cold cream from the skin.

Virtually every important beauty expert in America urges this new way. Scarcely a prominent motion picture or stage star

today but employs it. It marks one of the most sensational beauty successes in years.

It lightens a darkish skin several shades or more. It keeps "make-up" fresh hours longer than before. It curbs oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.

Please accept a full 7-day supply to try. It will end for you, two crimes against skin beauty most women who use cleansing creams have unconsciously been practicing for years.

1—Rubbing germ-laden matter back into the skin with towels, cloths, etc., which lack in absorbency; 2—irritating your skin by rubbing cold cream off with harsh material. Scores of skin imperfections now are largely traced to these factors. Stop them, and you'll be amazed at the difference.

A scientific discovery

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BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Going to be best man and all that sort of thing. Cardy and I were old campaigners together, eh, boy?" Pierce said, turning upon me for a moment. Then he added, "And, he likes my cocktails, Carissima!"

"They are inspiring, Mr. Weldon," she slurred, pouring some frothing, golden liquid into a beautifully designed cocktail glass. Her slim fingers brushed my hand as I took the drink. It was like the fleeting breath of a fine flame—that touch! Carissima's hands had always belied the old story about cold hands and warm heart, and vice versa.

I lifted my glass, looking over its gleaming rim at the girl. Her black eyes were peering over the rim of hers. I felt as if I were gazing into fathomless pools. She inclined her drink in the gesture of a toast, swaying slightly toward me as she did. I suddenly felt as if a fever were possessing me. I was no actor. I could not play with a situation as Carissima did... I tossed the drink down, hoping it would throw off my agitation.

Other people came in. Carissima did her stuff for them. I watched her from the corner where I stood talking with Mrs. Oliver Hartman. It was inevitable. The new men welcomed her spell and stood by her, dreaming mysteriously of ardent caresses as she talked and moved. But I studied Pierce more than I did Carissima. Simply carried away! No doubt of it and his own public enthusiasm for her was none the more fervent than the enthusiasm the other men were forced to veil on account of her engagement to my cousin!

"She's a dear, don't you think so, Cardy?" asked Mrs. Hartman who was old enough to compliment younger women, and to really enjoy their appeal.

"One would never associate her with the idea of tango dancing in Broadway places," she continued in her low, velvety voice. "Rather, she seems a beautiful Spanish aristocrat holding gracious court. Is she really foreign, Cardy?"

"From Tampa, Florida, I believe Pierce said," I answered.

"Strange," mused Mrs. Hartman, peering at Carissima through her lorgnette, "how a woman from one country is sometimes so vividly typical of another country—"

"The sun countries," I ventured, "Spain—the tropics—Florida—all of them produce a Latin type of woman—"

"Yes—I suppose you're right, Cardy. You artists ought to know about such things," she said.

Pierce came up to me. What he said made me think that Fate was playing the proper cards into my hand. Pierce wanted me to take Carissima down-town. She had an appointment with the hair-dresser before dinner and her show, and must cut loose.

"I CAN'T leave all these people, Cardy," he said, "and there are more coming. Unfortunately, that Carissima must run along! There was some mix-up over her hair-dressing appointment. You'll see her down-town, old top?"

"Yes—of course, Pierce, be glad to—" "What do you think of her?" he demanded eagerly in a low voice.

I began to tremble, and my voice felt as if it were sticking in my throat. But I had to say something—something Pierce would like to hear, and yet something that would not help to confirm him in his blind belief that Carissima was the girl for him to marry.

"I—I've never seen anyone quite like her!" I blurted. "I—can't find the words to tell you—about her—how—"

"Tomorrow, Cardy, tomorrow, tell me tomorrow. I'll steal up to see you—"

"Fine—about eleven. So long, Pierce," I answered.

Carissima deliberately leaned against me in the cab. That is, she allowed herself to sort of sway my way. The nearness of her and the fragrance of her French perfume launched an invasion on my senses that I did not want to repel.

"Well—Cardy, dear?" she half-asked as the cab sped down Park Avenue.

I pulled myself together.

"Well—what, Carissima?" I returned.

"Now, Cardy, don't be a dumb little boy," she pouted. "Heavens, Cardy, do you know you're pounds thinner and it's so becoming. You're positively handsome now—"

"Look here, Carissima, you've got us all—the three of us in a hell of a fix, I mean this business of your marrying my cousin—"

"Why not be a bit more gallant about it? Why not this business of your cousin's marrying me? He's the one who proposed it, you know. I—I'd never really thought of marriage until he made it all so wonderfully clear that it was the thing for me to do. I can't go on working in a revue forever—"

"The thing is—not the working forever—but, the—oh, you know what I mean, Carissima! Are you figuring on chucking the work and the romancing, too, when you marry him?" I demanded, believing we were coming directly to the issue.

"The work—yes, Cardy. The other? Well, you could hardly expect me to make promises, or resolutions about that. A woman can't control forces stronger than herself—especially when the world is full of handsome, young artists like you," she answered, taking my hands.

I should have snatched mine away. But, I did not. Instead, I merely tried to ward off her appeal with words:

"Say, Carissima, did you read Arlen's *The Green Hat*?"

"Yes, Cardy. And I know what you're trying to say, that I am like his character Iris. Well, perhaps I am," she mused, half-veiling her eyes and looking at me dreamily. "If so—it's because I am as helpless about it all as she was!"

Silence. An ardent sort of silence. Then she went on:

"I care for Pierce as much as I will ever care for any man I marry. No, not the way I cared for you, Cardy. It never occurred to you to marry me, or want to marry me. I loved you—"

"For the moment," I cut in, remembering how cold and empty the studio had seemed after she finally left.

"But I loved you, Cardy. Love can't be measured by time, only by intensity—feeling—"

"You're talking about passion, Carissima. Not love—"

"Both words are only terms, after all, for a limitless force. What may be passion to you, may be love to me. When you think of love, you think of long-living affection; devotion, and so forth. Why? Because that's your conception of love. Mine is different. I think of love as something that sweeps me off my feet while it lasts. And, love like that might outlive your kind. Passion is only a tremendous, driving urge for something, somebody—"

"You seem to have made some kind of an investigation of such things. I didn't know you were a student of—"

"Cardy, you boy! Don't you know that every woman is a student of such things. We don't have to be high-brow, really, to do so. We all have to figure out what such things are going to mean to us individually. We have to define what love, or as you call it in my case, passion, means to us," she said, rather wistfully, I thought.

This was a new angle for Carissima! I'd never stopped to think that her scheme of

life and living was ever involved with any kind of philosophy or psychology. She was so impressively physical that I never dreamed of her as anything, or anybody, except a woman subject to caprices and whims. Well, she was all of that, of course. Helplessly so, like *Iris of The Green Hat*, she had admitted. Still, she had figured it all out for herself!

"But it isn't quite fair to Pierce, you know," I protested. "I'm sure your conception about love, and his, are miles apart. You don't dare tell him all these things. Why, if he dreamed—about us for instance—Pierce'd drop dead—or explode. I know him, Carissima—"

"Cardy," she whispered, coming so close that her breath played upon my cheeks, "he doesn't dream of such a thing. There's no reason why he should. I can make him happy—"

"Until he learns the truth. And, he would," I interrupted her. "It's inevitable. You couldn't wear a mask for a man like Pierce Warner very long. It's all very well now. He's sold—body and soul, to an ideal. A false ideal. And, Carissima, even if you could continue the mask successfully it wouldn't be fair to a chap like him."

THE girl drew back and searched me with her black eyes. For the first time I realized that the fire in those pools could burn fiercely. But, in a second they were black, flaming pools again, and her red lips were smiling tenderly.

"Perhaps, dear, I can make you change your mind," she said softly.

"No—Carissima," I returned, summoning all my courage, "you—you—must clear out of this jam. You must not marry Pierce."

For an answer she kissed me impulsively, and while I sat there spell-bound by the touch of her sweet lips, Carissima leaned forward and ordered the driver to take us to my studio instead of the hair-dresser's, saying she had made up the appointment story to be with me.

"What—what—do you mean by such a thing?" I gasped.

"I am going to the studio, and—cook one of those dinners you used to marvel at when—you loved me," she answered, smiling confidently as if she already knew that her plan to sell me into silence had a half-chance of success...

Even after I saw Carissima preparing dinner in the orange smock that I had bought especially for her a year before, I practiced the folly of believing my will power would avail against her lure. There were two reasons why it should now. To begin with, she was my cousin's affianced sweetheart until the break was actually made; secondly, I could not afford to have my feelings for her aroused—for they would only torment me after I sent her away. I was convinced that my decision was final; that she must clear out of Pierce Warner's life...

"Cardy, you promise now—like a good boy—you won't do or say anything foolish?" she asked as our cab came to a stop at the stage door of the *Caprices of 1926*. Her hands were over mine—warm and caressive.

"You've got to—let him go—"

"Cardy, remember that one beautiful moment after dinner—when you—really kissed me like you used to. Oh! Cardy, it almost made me believe I loved you—again—"

"But, Pierce, you can't marry—him," I insisted, trying to force myself into believing she was just playing me.

"I'll phone you tomorrow morning, Cardy dear," she flung at me, and dashed



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away toward the back-stage entrance.

I was sitting over a Scotch 'high-ball' later that evening telling myself that Carissima had failed in her conspiracy. . . . She had not sold me into silence. No—she must either promise to get out, or I would tell Pierce the whole thing myself. "If he wants to go ahead, then all right—"

The phone interrupted my self-communion. Pierce was on the other end of the wire. He had just had a call from Carissima. Seems that she had developed an awful headache. Felt low. Was going right home after her show. Pierce wasn't to bother going for her.

"If you're doing nothing, I'd like to come down, Cardy, and sit around with you—"

"Sorry, Pierce, I just made an appointment to meet some people at the Bando Club, and dance," I said, making up this stall because a suspicion had just come to me about Carissima.

We said good-night, Pierce promising to come around at eleven as we planned. It was ten-thirty; Carissima's show was over at eleven. I rushed down to the sidewalk and got into a cab bound for the theater where the *Caprices* were playing. If Carissima had lied to Pierce about being under weather! If I caught her going out with someone else!

"No compromise then—" I said over and over as the cab snailed its way through the snarl of Broadway traffic.

The show was letting out as I arrived. Paying my man, I hurried over to the shadow of a doorway that faced the stage entrance. Already cars were drawing up at the door for the principals. And those chorus girls who had wealthy admirers! A few moments passed. A woman came out, drawing a shimmering golden cape around her. Muriel Nevell, the star! I recognized her at once. She went immediately to a purring Rolls Royce. I watched the others parade out, looking nervously for Carissima.

Ah! There she was now, standing hesitantly in the door like a picture in cerise. I had never seen a cape look so much like flame! Suddenly she tilted her black head back, and smiled as if she recognized whom she sought. A man in evening clothes went up to her. I recognized him in the dancing light. He was Donald Stuart, a well-known picture director.

Carissima put her arm through his and he escorted her to an expensive limousine. The tonneau light was turned on by the chauffeur. I saw Carissima sitting beside Stuart like a pulsing spray of tiger-rose. She was Carissima, the tango dancer—the romancer then! Suddenly, the desire to spring into that car and choke her and the man swept over me. If the machine had not been in motion I think my sensation of violence would have overcome me, and there would have been a scene. Carissima going off gaily with a movie director to—to drink from the fles-pots! Bah! What a fool I was to have even hesitated over warning Pierce Warner! What a fool to have over even remembered the ardor for living that she had aroused in my heart!

I found a taxi and went home. There I picked up the phone and called Pierce's club. He was expected within a half-hour. I left word for him to come to my studio at once. I would tell him everything before something happened to prevent me—before the whole damn thing went on another night!

I began pacing the floor. Then I poured a drink, and tossed it down as if consumed by thirst. But, the whiskey only

increased the sensation of fever and fire in my veins. The clock struck twelve. Almost simultaneously there was a light tap at my door. Pierce!

But a graceful flame greeted me. Carissima in her cerise wrap! She brushed past me, an expression on her face that I'd never seen there before. I closed the door behind her. She turned on high heels, and faced me.

"Well—here I am, Cardy?" she said, her voice sounding strangely uncertain of itself.

"What brought you here—where have you been? You told Pierce you were ill and were going home," I said, waiting for her to lie about the moving picture man and—

"I did tell him I was sick tonight. I—I had an appointment with Stuart, the director. He has been trying to get me to do a tango picture for more than a month. Pierce is against my working in pictures. I—I went up to the office and signed a picture contract tonight—and now, well, here I am, Cardy," she finished, advancing toward me with outstretched arms.

I TOOK her hands in mine, holding her off from me. I was not going to be tempted. Carissima had come back to tempt me into silence. "Pierce is due any minute. I—I've decided to tell him myself—"

"Oh! Cardy!" was all she said for a moment. I almost persuaded myself to believe I saw tears in her eyes.

"Hurry, Carissima—he'll be here any minute, now. Don't make matters worse by being caught up here. Good God!" I cried, suddenly realizing how terrible that would be—enough to make Pierce think anything after what I was going to tell him!

"I'm not going out of this studio, Cardy," she said, her voice firm again.

I looked at her as if she had suddenly gone crazy. But she seemed very sane, standing there.

"Yes, you are—"

The phone rang! The switchboard announcing Pierce!

At the tinkling sound, Carissima turned and ran up the stairs to the second floor of my duplex apartment. Reaching the balcony door she paused, and, throwing me a kiss, disappeared through the curtained French door. As she shut it softly behind her, I heard the elevator stopping at my floor. I dashed down the remnant of my high-ball and waited for Pierce, my mind made up to tell him, regardless of the fact that she was upstairs listening—regardless of the wild thought—that she might announce her presence impulsively, and make poor old Pierce believe the very worst of us!

I cannot repeat here how I told him. But I managed it somehow, and then gripped the table, waiting for him to faint from the shock—or explode. But Pierce Warner did neither of these things. He simply sat there in the chair like a man of stone for what seemed an interminable length of time. When he moved it was to get a cigarette. I noticed that his fingers had lost their stoniness and were trembling violently. He inhaled several times, choking once. Then he got up with an effort. His lips moved, but no words issued from them at once. Finally:

"Thanks, Cardy—old—man—I—my God! I'm glad you told me—e-r—good night, Cardy," he said hoarsely.

I went with him to the elevator in silence. He did not seem able to push the bell button. I summoned the car for him. When it came he gave me his hand again.

He had a big powerful hand, but all of its strength had been sucked away.

I returned to the studio, expecting to find Carissima in evidence. She was not. I went up to the second floor and opened the bedroom door. A black-shaded lamp revealed that she was not in the room. Then I saw the envelope addressed to me on the high-boy. It took three readings to be sure of what I saw in black and white:

Cardy dear:—

I've decided to leave your studio via the fire-escape. I don't want to hear you damn me to Pierce. Not that it'll make much difference to me what he thinks now. I never loved him. I was willing to marry him because—oh! well, you'd never understand. Probably wouldn't want to understand.

Neither will you ever believe this. But, it's true, Cardy. I swear it. You were the first and only man to really sweep me off my feet. I ran away from you because I knew you'd never want to marry me after everything. That's why I said this afternoon you never wanted to marry me—only wanted to love me.

You're a man, Cardy—an artist. But, maybe I can remind you of something that will help you to understand, if you want to. You remember how that first evening we started to Reubens—and I insisted on cooking our breakfast at your place; how I used to love to cook dinners and things for us, and you could never understand why I didn't rather go out to dine? Well, Cardy, the next time a girl does those things for you, and loves to do them, maybe you'll understand. Maybe!

Bye—Cardy.

Carissima.

"Oh! My God! I've been blind myself! Oh! Carissima, men are such fools in their hearts and minds sometimes. I—I never stopped to realize but—I—I should have known. You—you're gone now," I cried brokenly as I went to the window that opened upon the fire-escape. Then I went down to the studio. There I slumped into a chair and pillowed my head in my arms while a great feeling of desolation surged over me...

A soft, slurry sound that seemed my name made me lift up my head. Carissima was standing over me. Carissima in her cerise wrap! Carissima with tears in her black eyes! Carissima with quivering, red lips!

"Cardy—oh! Forgive me. I—I never left the room. I—couldn't, Cardy—couldn't. I hid in a closet—I heard you say you'd been blind—oh! Cardy, do you understand—"

"Yes, Carissima," I said, drawing her close, my own eyes open at last to the real reason why I had never been able to forget her. "I've always loved you in my dreams—just as I loved you a year ago without realizing the beautiful truth about your own love. You—will marry me, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, Cardy! But the world—men like Pierce—won't understand—"

"Sweetheart," I whispered, kissing her words away, "it does not matter about the world now... It is enough that I understand—that we understand."

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Accusation

[Continued from page 13]

and I know I should never have been happy in that house again."

"Brave little mother," I said, squeezing her arm as we turned the corner and went up the three wooden steps of Ben Gray's hotel.

Joe pulled the knob by the door and we could hear the bell resounding all through the old three-story building. It was one of those things attached to a wire that jangled like an old-fashioned schoolbell when you pulled it.

In a few minutes Ben Gray appeared half-dressed. I explained to him as briefly as I could why we had left Fowler's.

"Seems like you and the holy deacon must have had a little argument," Ben chuckled. "But I reckon there ain't anything so all-fired unusual about that. Me and him disagree mighty nigh all the time. But just come along with me, Mrs. Moore, and I'll show you your room."

"Well, good night, Doris," Joe said. "Try and forget everything that happened tonight."

AT ELEVEN o'clock next day Deacon Fowler came in, gave me a glance, and went into the private office. I expected to be called in there any minute.

Then Joe Hicks came up to my desk. He was in his shop clothes.

"Hello, Doris," he greeted me, "feel all right this morning?"

"Yes, Joe," I said. "But Deacon Fowler just went in to see your father. I'm waiting for them to send for me."

"Don't worry, they won't," Joe said lightly. "I've had a talk with dad myself. And I saw old Fowler come through the shop yard so I'm going in to find out just what he has to say to the pater."

"Please, Joe, don't get mixed up in this any further. You know the town and its gossip. It won't do any good. I came to work this morning to get fired and have that much over with. Mother and I are going away as soon as we can get straightened out."

"You won't get fired, Doris," Joe said. "Deacon Fowler may run Grace church, but dad runs this plant. Just sit tight and see what happens."

If I had felt that the other girls in the office had their heads together and were talking about me before, I knew the talk was centered around me after Joe went into the private office. And I knew also, that now, no matter what might happen, the town gossips would have plenty to talk about.

What had Joe said to his father? What was going on inside Hicks' private office now? Joe and I had been boy and girl friends, that was all. But as I thought of the night before and all that happened, I wondered if suddenly we had become much more than boy and girl friends. Before, I had thought of Joe only in an impersonal way. Now, he seemed to be very close to me and Deacon Fowler was largely responsible. It was he who had made Joe my champion.

As I sat there I assured myself that I really did like Joe a lot. It was his sense of fairness that had caused him to speak to his father of the things that had happened the night before. Or was it for a deeper reason than that? Had Joe also discovered that he liked me? Did love sometimes come to two people through such a strange and sudden sequence of circumstances?

I was in the midst of such thoughts when Deacon Fowler stalked out of Hicks' office and made for the outer door without

so much as a glance in my direction. It was evident that he was displeased. Joe came out a minute later.

"What did I tell you, Doris?" he grinned as he stopped by my desk. "Dad wants to have a talk with you in a couple of days. It's about you and your mother. You'll find he isn't half as bad as he is painted. People are afraid of him because they don't know him."

"Whatever happens, Joe Hicks," I said, "I'll know I owe most of it to you."

"Guess I better get back to the shop, Doris," he said and in my heart I thanked him for it. More than ever, I knew that we were no longer just boy and girl friends.

It was two days later that Mr. Hicks called me into his office and asked if I could bring mother to see him that afternoon.

"It's about compensation and some other things in connection with your misfortune that I would like to discuss, Miss Moore," he said. "If you think it would be better to wait a little longer, we can do so. But I understand that your mother is not very well and it might be better for her if she could get away from familiar scenes—at least for a time."

I assured him that the sooner mother's affairs were straightened out the better it would be for her.

When mother and I went to see Mr. Hicks, I found that Joe was right and we were treated with every consideration. He got up as we went in, came forward and shook hands with mother and me, and helped her to a chair. Father's death and the events of the day of the funeral had naturally been a great shock to her and she was still unsteady.

Mr. Hicks was as kind as possible in explaining the settlements to be made on account of father's death in the mills. He explained the compensation law, the procedure that ordinarily would have been gone through, the time it would take, and the probable amount of compensation. Then, he said, if mother were willing to accept a settlement, he would make her a weekly income for life and would also take over her property which he said he could build on at once.

Then Mr. Hicks suggested that if mother wanted to leave Clarksburg he could help me secure a position in Philadelphia, where he had good connections.

"Oh, that would be splendid, Mr. Hicks," mother said. "And I don't think Doris would be sorry to leave Clarksburg. There are not many advantages for a young girl here."

What was I to say? What was there I could say? My first reaction, as mother and I walked back to Ben Gray's, was how to explain to mother that I wasn't sure I wanted to leave Clarksburg. I couldn't tell her that I was in love with Joe Hicks. I wasn't sure that I was in love with him. But I was sure that I felt dismayed over the idea of going away and never seeing him again. I wondered what Joe might think.

Was he in love with me? Probably I had let my emotions run away with me and all Joe had done had been done in a purely impersonal and friendly way. And if he were in love with me and learned that I was going away, wouldn't he say something? Or would he feel that because I was going away without saying anything that I wasn't in love with him? The more I pondered over it, the more hopelessly it all became involved.

And coupled to that fact was the new

joy in mother. I could see that she was actually glad to get away. Everything in the town had a poignant memory. What she really needed more than anything else was new surroundings, a new outlook.

In the end, it was decided that we should go. Mr. Hicks gave me a letter to the firm in Philadelphia. For a whole week, I had not seen Joe. I tried to put aside the things I had felt in my heart, but it wasn't an easy matter. The more I thought about it, the more I felt that I was truly in love with Joe, and as he had not said a word, I concluded that as far as he was concerned we were still merely boy and girl friends. He had noticed my confusion at our parting in the office that morning, so had thought it best to keep away.

In our talk with Mr. Hicks there had not been a single allusion to the episode at Fowler's. And none of my friends had mentioned it except, of course, old Mr. Bowen, the minister. So even in that, I had been wrong. Clarksburg wasn't such an awful place after all, and Mr. Bowen was right, "intolerance often cloaks the desires of the intolerant." I had hated the town because I wanted to get away from it. It was not such a bad place after all.

It was Kitty Davies who upset all the conclusions I had made. Kitty and I had played dolls together. It was Kitty's little brother who had come running up the hill at the cemetery with the news of the fire. Her father worked in the foundry, too, and he and my father had been friends. They were Welsh and he was a singer from whom Kitty had inherited his love of music. We had sung in the choir together from the same hymn book.

"You certainly are lucky to get away," she said bitterly, when I told her that mother and I were leaving.

I looked at her closely, wondering why in the world she should take that attitude toward me.

"What do you mean, Kitty?" I asked.

She laughed sardonically. "As if you don't know what I mean. Don't you think everybody knows why you and your mother are running away?"

My first impulse was to slap her. Somehow I managed to hold myself in check. "Very well," I said, "if you feel that way about it we might as well say good-by."

And I turned away.

"NO, YOU don't!" she snapped, sinking her fingers into my arm. "You can fool some of them but you can't fool me. What were you doing half the night down by Fisher's mill with Joe Hicks? I guess that isn't why old man Hicks is paying you and your mother to leave town!"

I think if Joe Hicks hadn't come down the street just then we would have fought. I knew my blood boiled. But the moment Kitty caught sight of Joe she let go of my arm and went around the corner without another word. I was still flustered when Joe came up to me.

"Hello, Doris," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Joe," I answered as calmly as I could. "Kitty and I had a little misunderstanding, that's all."

I certainly wasn't going to tell him what she had said to me. Too much had been said about that already.

"So girls have scraps as well as boys," Joe said, laughing.

"Why not," I said, trying to be gay. "They are almost as human, aren't they?" Joe laughed and I felt the incident was gone.

"I was just coming down to the hotel to see you," Joe said. "You're leaving Saturday, Doris?"



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At least, I thought, he had taken the trouble to find out that much about me and my heart beat a little faster.

"Yes, Joe," I said. "It will be best for mother to get away as quickly as possible."

"And you?" he asked.

"I don't matter, Joe," I said, "where mother is concerned. I have all my life before me and she hasn't."

"But at that you don't seem terribly glad about leaving. I thought you hated our little town; I thought we admitted that we both hated it," he added with a laugh.

"Oh, I guess it isn't such a bad town when you understand it," I said. "But let's not stand here, Joe Hicks. I was going down to the hotel, so you may walk back with me. I'll let you," I said with forced gaiety, for there was a look in his eyes that I dared not try to read.

"There was something I wanted to ask you," Joe said as he took my arm, and I wondered if he could feel the quickening of my heart and breath.

"Yes," I answered without daring to look up at him.

"Remember when you said that you'd like to go down and sit on the mill-race wall again some day, Doris? Well," he hesitated, "I thought it would be nice if we could go down there Friday night—the night before you go away—maybe we won't see each other again for a long time."

"I'd love to, Joe," I said and could not trust myself to add another word. If only he knew how much I would love to go down there with him! If only he knew how I would count the minutes until Friday night!

I don't know what we said to each other after that. I was walking on air and it seemed that we had almost run to the hotel we arrived there so quickly. Joe said good-by and I ran in to mother.

"Why, Doris, dear," she said. "What has happened?"

"Nothing, mother," I answered. "Joe walked down with me and he takes such long steps I had to walk fast to keep up with him. I'm out of breath, that's all."

"Is Joe sorry you're leaving, Doris?" mother asked. And from the way she looked at me I knew that my remark about being out of breath from walking fast had not deceived her.

"I DON'T know, mother," I answered. "Joe didn't mention it. But he asked me to go for a walk with him on Friday night."

"I thought so," mother said. "Joe Hicks is a splendid young man. But don't jump to conclusions, Doris, and mistake friendship for something else. They are away above us and while he and his father have been awfully kind to us I don't want my little girl's heart to be broken."

"Now, listen, mother dear," I said patiently. "Don't tell me not to jump to conclusions and then go jumping to them yourself. Joe and I are friends, that's all."

"And you come in from a walk with him with your cheeks burning and your eyes all aglow? Doris, mother was a girl herself. Don't you think I have known what has been on your mind? It will be a very good thing when we are settled in Philadelphia."

"I wish we weren't going," I blurted out. "Naturally," mother said putting an arm around my shoulders. "But we are going, aren't we?"

"Of course," I said.

"So there is no need to say any more about it. I hope you and Joe have a nice time Friday night."

But I could not dismiss the subject from

my mind so easily. It was a surprise to me to learn that mother had seen how I felt about Joe Hicks. And she certainly was old-fashioned to think that our difference in stations mattered. What if Joe Hicks' father did own the mills? I didn't care for Joe on that account. It wouldn't have made any difference to me if Joe had been a mechanic. And I hadn't made him ask me to go down by the mill-race on Friday night. Hadn't he said there was something he wanted to talk to me about?

The time until Friday simply dragged. I didn't see Joe. Mother said nothing further about Joe and me. There were so many people I had to say good-by to. And even if I did go away there was nothing to prevent my coming back. The rest of the week became a jumble of things to be done and yet, despite the jumble, it seemed that Friday would never come.

IT DID come, however, one of the most beautiful of summer days and I got up that morning with a song. My, but it felt good just to be alive. After breakfast, I slipped off alone for a walk in the woods. I took the path that follows the river. All the birds were out that morning, darting from tree to tree among the fresh green foliage. They, too, felt glad just to be alive. And if I hadn't known it before, I knew now that I was in love with Joe Hicks and my heart hummed a tune in keeping with the ripple of the singing river.

It was noon when I got back to the hotel and as I went in there was a crash and a volley of oaths. Ben Gray and another man, judging from his clothes, a man from the mills, were in a swaying tussle all over the room. At first I thought they were fighting, until I realized the man was drunk. I gave a gasp of horror as I saw a gun on the floor. And then I recognized the man Ben Gray was struggling with as Jed Davies, Kitty's father.

Ben saw me standing in the doorway. "Get old Joe Hicks' on the phone quick, Doris," Ben panted. "Tell him to come down here right away."

I ran out into the hallway where the telephone was and told the operator to give me the mills' operator and was waiting to get Hicks' private office when the uproar out in front broke loose again.

"S' that Moore girl," I heard Jed Davies say. "Well, they can't buy me. Joe Hicks' boy'll marry my Kitty or I'll kill him."

"Hello—Hello—Hello—"

It was Mr. Hicks on the other end of the wire. I summoned up courage to tell him that Ben Gray wanted him to come down to the hotel at once.

"What for?" he demanded.

"It's—it's about Joe," I faltered. "Jed—Jed Davies is drunk and Ben is trying to hold him down."

"Tell Ben to lock him up," came the curt answer.

"You don't understand, Mr. Hicks," I said. "It's—it's about Joe. This is Doris Moore. Please come! Jed Davies is drunk and he is accusing Joe of something terrible. It's—it's about Kitty Davies. Jed says if Joe doesn't marry her, he'll kill him!"

I heard the receiver slam down at the other end of the wire. I heard the scuffle going on out in the front lobby. My head swam.

Dumbly I moved away from the telephone and up the backstairs to my room.

Mother wasn't there and I crumpled up in a heap on the bed.

"Joe, Joe," I sobbed. "It can't be true, it just can't be true!"

[To Be Concluded Next Month]



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My Rich Fiancé

[Continued from page 27]

trailed along, her eyes green with envy that I could so arouse his interest.

During the first two days the captain let me stand watch on the bridge, "shoot the sun" to take our position, relieve the quartermaster at the wheel and lay out our course on the charts. Nita sneered and made nasty, catty remarks, but I could see a new respect shining in the eyes of the men aboard.

The second day out we struck a little squall and they all went below while Murray and I paced the decks, side by side. I had dreamed of that—Murray and I, side by side, our faces turned to the wind, the rain, the spray from the sea as we faced life together for all time. I was so happy that I sang at the top of my lungs and the wind carried my voice out across the sea.

Murray and I—side by side!

That evening before dinner most of the party were lurching. At first I thought it was from being confined so long below. Then I discovered it was from too much liquor. Their ranging space being limited, they began to lose their surface culture, as Mrs. Saunders had called it, and they became petty and irritable, snapping and snarling at one another over a hand of cards or a petty bickering.

After dinner I went on deck and saw little white caps beginning to snap angrily on the top of the waves. I went to the chart-room and looked at the barometer. It was falling steadily and I smiled to myself as I thought that some of the guests were in for a night that would shake some of the boredom from their shoulders.

The captain touched his cap to me and said, "I'm afraid we're in for a nasty squall, Miss Tobin."

I smiled at him and he gazed at the barometer shaking his head. A worried expression flitted across his face and he turned toward me as though to say something. For a moment he hesitated and then he said, "Miss Tobin, I wish you would get Mr. Saunders or some one to talk to Mr. Graham. We only have a little fuel aboard and I'm afraid that if we run into heavy seas we'll have our trouble cut out for us. But for the Lord's sake don't say that I asked you, or said anything to you about it. When Mr. Graham is drinking too much he's as obstinate as a drunken sailor. He does just the opposite to anything that any one suggests."

"I'll go to Mr. Graham myself," I said. "She's going to wallow pretty badly if we don't cut in toward the coast."

After looking all over the ship I finally went to his quarters and knocked on the door. In a moment he opened it and stood swaying back and forth. His eyes were bloodshot and puffy and I couldn't help feeling a wave of repulsion.

"Hello—o, darling!" he said.

"Hello," I said as brightly as I could. "David, I've just been talking to the captain and he says that we have only a little fuel left—not enough if we run into a storm and have to cut our speed way down. Why don't you give him orders to put in some place tonight so that we can refuel in the morning? There's a heavy sea blowing up and it's going to be worse I'm afraid."

While I talked he eyed me contemplatively and I knew that he was pondering what would happen if he tried to put his hands on me. He smiled and stood gazing at me without saying a word. Finally

he said, "I might for a kiss or two!"

I started to shake my head and he put his hand out. Oh, what was the difference? A kiss for a fool who had to be humored! I leaned toward him and he put his arms about me and crushed me toward him. I struggled to free myself while he touched his wet lips to mine and suddenly from behind us I heard Nita's laugh as she called, "Is this a public exhibition?"

I whirled about but she had gone down the passageway. To carry the story to Murray probably.

I was a little fool! I wanted to reach over and slap David Graham's fat, dissipated face. But what was the use now? The damage was done! So instead I told him that I would go to the bridge and tell the captain to change his course. He nodded his head.

Going back to the bridge my feet and ankles were drenched with a wave that swept the decks as the sea rolled higher and higher. I couldn't see the captain on the bridge, so I went down into the little chart-room. He wasn't there either, so I went back and asked the quartermaster if he had seen Captain Blair. He shook his head and used all his strength to keep the wheel from whirling in his hands. I knocked on the door of the captain's quarters, thinking it strange that he would leave the bridge at such a time. There was no answer. I went on deck and as I slammed the chart-room door behind me, I felt the Naomi plunge her nose into a wave that came tearing and crashing over her. I ran behind the deck-house bulkhead to keep myself from being swept overboard. And as I hung there my eyes swept back to the stern, following the receding wave. I saw Captain Blair step out in the light of a passageway and up on the after-deck. I tried to scream to warn him but my voice was carried away in the wind.

His hands went shooting above his head as the wave carried him over the rail and into the sea. I could feel myself grow faint. Then the wind whipped my senses back and I dashed to the bridge and ordered the quartermaster to swing about. He looked at me in amazement and I screamed at him to make my voice heard above the wind. His eyes opened wide and he spun the wheel. The Naomi wallowed for a moment and then plunged valiantly around and nosed into a wave mountain high.

And then David Graham appeared dressed in oilskins, looking like a seaman from a musical comedy. I pulled him back to the chart-room and told him what I had seen and told him that I had ordered the quartermaster to put around.

The buzzer from the engine room hummed. David sprang to the ear piece and shouted down it. A voice came back to say that we were shipping water in the engine room!

"I'll tell the quartermaster to swing about and take a true course for shore after I chart it out," David said. I looked at him in amazement.

"You won't even go back to try to pick up Captain Blair?" I asked. I couldn't believe my ears at his cowardice.

"Not a chance in the world of getting him in this sea," he said. "We couldn't put a boat out if we did locate him!"

I forgot everything in that moment of rage and called him the name he deserved—a coward. His bloodshot eyes flew open and I think he would have struck me if Murray hadn't come into the chart-

room at that instant. He closed the door and stood there looking at us and I could tell by the look in his eyes that Nita had run to him with her story. But that didn't matter now. There was a man overboard and David Graham was going to save his own worthless skin at any cost.

I poured the whole story in Murray's ears while he gazed at me in horror. Then his teeth clicked and he stepped around me and faced David.

"My God, David, you can't go away without even trying to pick him up!"

"Listen, Murray!" he shouted. "I'm in command of this boat and no one is going to tell me what to do. Both of you get to hell out of here and I'll take her into port!"

"Oh, Murray, he can't," I sobbed. "Not without even trying! No one would leave a dog that way!"

"No, and he won't!" Murray said grimly.

For a moment David stood eyeing Murray narrowly, his hands on his hips. "You know what *little boys* get for mutiny at sea, don't you?" he finally said.

"I DON'T care a damn what they get," Murray said.

"Then maybe you'll run this boat into port, too," David said, sarcastically. Murray stood there with his teeth clenched unable to answer. David stepped to the speaking tube and called to the quartermaster to swing back on his old course!

"Murray! Murray! My God, he can't, he can't! It's the first law of the sea!" I cried. "Oh, Murray, I can take her into port if you'll make him!"

Murray whirled and looked at me for a moment. Then he snapped:

"Give the orders! I'll take care of Graham!"

"I'll have you both in jail for this!" David shouted.

Murray laughed in his face and said, "If we left this thing to you we'd all be drowned!"

Then he turned to me and there was a hardness in his eyes as he said, "You ought to be able to control him without this!"

Tears came rushing to my eyes and I started to explain to him. But what was the use? This was typical of all of them—they were all David Graham's! If his love wasn't big enough to come to me for an explanation then I didn't want it.

So I told him I would get the boatswain and order him to have a boat swung out ready to lower. I knew it wouldn't have a chance in such a sea but I couldn't put into port without trying.

We circled around for an hour trying to pick up some trace of Captain Blair. But it wasn't any use. Only the dark gods of the sea will ever know those last moments while he fought for life!

Murray and I locked David Graham in the captain's quarters and took command of the boat. The rest of the guests came crowding up into the chart-room once, but only once. I shrieked at them when they tried to protest and Murray drove them below.

I felt a thrill go through me as the little *Naomi* nosed into a great wave and came staggering out. For a moment she wallowed uncertainly and then plunged her nose courageously forward again. I figured out our position and laid a new course while Murray stood hovering over me, saying never a word. I didn't want to talk to him and I was afraid of what he might say to me.

All night long the sea coiled and struck, coiled and struck. The gale raced by us at seventy miles an hour and we were barely able to hold her nose to the moun-

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tainous waves. She dipped and plunged. Just at dawn the steering gear chain cracked and we floundered helplessly. For a while we used the handgear and then that went.

Just as it became daylight I ordered the radio operator to send out an S O S. The forward deck-house had been swept away, leaving a great hole through which the water poured. We ordered all the water-tight bulkheads closed and prayed that help would come before we foundered.

Then two answers came crackling back. A freighter was only thirty miles away. She hove to and sent word to us.

David Graham's face went a little whiter at that and he waited for a chance to race down the deck to the passageway.

AT DAYLIGHT they ordered us to send up more rockets for it was almost as black as the night had been.

"We will use one big life-boat taking you all at one time. Will make only one trip. Wear your life belts. Where is the best place to come alongside?"

"Amidships," I sent back.

Through the fog came a last message:

"We are coming!"

The waves were as high as before but the angry white caps had calmed down. I knew that by a miracle they might get a boat across but only by a miracle. And almost in answer to my thoughts the storm lulled. The nose of the little *Naomi* was almost under water when we sighted the life-boat, pulling across the span that separated us from the half invisible freighter. It seemed that she would founder at each great wave. Tears came to my eyes as I watched their brave battle to save us. It seemed an eternity before they were alongside. They cried for a line and when they had dragged it out of the water set four men pulling on the oars against it so that they would not be washed up on our decks. Then their first officer ordered us to jump overboard one at a time, holding to the rope until they could haul us aboard the life-boat.

It took them two hours to get all of us in the life-boat, waiting for a favorable moment for each of us to jump. It was my ship in those last terrible hours and I was the last to leave her. Murray took me in his arms and held me close to him for one brief instant before he jumped, begging me to go before him. I just shook my head and he went over the side. Then I followed; down, down, gasping, struggling. Strong hands grasped me and I felt myself being lifted out of the sea to safety.

A half-hour later we were hauled aboard the freighter, a West Indian fruiter, due in New York the day before. We nearly went down on our knees to the heavy-bearded, tired-eyed captain. He laughed at our gratitude and said it was the first law of the sea to go to another in distress. I looked at David Graham and his eyes shifted away from my gaze.

Then the captain asked who had commanded the *Naomi* and I stammered that I had for the last two days. His eyes flew wide open and he nearly backed down a passageway in his amazement.

I looked at David and started to explain when he burst into my conversation in a torrent of wrath accusing Murray and I of mutiny on the high seas and asking for our arrest!

For a tense moment we all stood silent and the captain looked from one to another of us hesitating, uncertain. Then Randy, his face unkept and his clothes dragging like a Robinson Crusoe jumped in front of Graham and called him a liar. "They took over the ship because the

captain was swept overboard and Graham refused to go back and try to pick him up because he was too drunk to stand!"

There wasn't anything else to be said then. The captain of the freighter turned a gaze on Graham that was steady and merciless and after a moment David slunk away down the deck out of earshot.

Everything that Randy had ever done became as nothing to me then. He had proved himself a man in a pinch and to me that was about all that counted in life.

The captain took Murray and I to his quarters to question us and sent the rest into the saloon under the care of the steward. In the captain's cabin we told him the whole story. He studied us through solemn eyes and when we were finished asked me where I had learned to navigate.

I told him of dad and his face became brightened at the name. He had sailed with dad as second mate on the *Julia N.* And the first thing I knew he was bellying down to the steward to clear out a cabin for me to rest in.

Murray took my hand for a moment. I looked into his eyes and they questioned me, so I pulled away from him and followed the steward without a word. I was too tired now, almost too tired to drag one foot after another.

I slipped into the man's clothes the steward gave me and threw myself on the lower bunk while he took my things to dry them. There was just a brief moment of jumbled thoughts and then I fell asleep, utterly exhausted.

I heard some one pounding on my cabin door. I opened my eyes sleepily. I could feel the throb of engines and I gathered lazily that it was dad. I called out and the door opened.

The steward poked his head in with my clothes over his arm—dry and pressed.

"Are we by the lights?" I asked him. "Sixty miles due east," he smiled. "We will drop anchor at about midnight and go in tomorrow morning at dawn."

"Is there anything I can get you?"

I thought for a moment and asked him if he would bring me a little food. Then I lay back and fell asleep again. I remember sitting up for a few moments and eating the food he brought me.

When I heard the crew stirring about and the engines throbbing faster and faster I hurriedly dressed and went on deck. I found the captain and asked him if he would put me aboard the tug that brought the harbor pilot out to us. He looked at me for a few minutes without answering and then just nodded his head. He started to speak but shrugged his shoulders instead and I went back to my cabin.

An hour later I went down a rope ladder without any one seeing me and slipped into the little cabin of the tug before she turned her nose back toward New York. They dropped me at the closest pier and I went to the hotel where dad usually stayed, hoping that his ship was in port.

The clerk told me he had checked out an hour before!

"Where is his ship docked?"

"Pier 5, North River," he answered brusquely and turned back to the blonde telephone operator.

Fifteen minutes later I could see the masts of the *Mohawk* outlined against the sky. Home! A little sob came into my throat and I leaned forward tense, while the taxi driver took me down the pier.

I went up the gang-plank slowly, feasting my eyes on every little detail of the *Mohawk*. It was as though I had wandered away for a hundred years and came back to a fatted calf. The quartermaster's eyes flew open in surprise when I brushed by him dozing at the gang-plank.

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I found dad in his cabin and he took me into his great arms and held me close to him without a word.

Then he tilted up my chin and his eyes asked a question but I shook my head and asked him if I could have my old state-room back again. The most wonderful happy smile spread over his face and he jumped to the door and bellowed for the steward.

"You can have anything on this damned old packet," he said, "and things that ain't on it too, if you want 'em!"

I rested my head against his shoulder and he patted my cheek knowing that when I got ready, I'd tell him everything.

All day long I waited in my stateroom for Murray's footsteps and the sound of his voice. I felt the engines turning over faster and faster and knew that we would soon be heading out into the stream.

"Oh, God," I prayed, "he must come back to me, he must come back to me, he must come back to me!" over and over until it became just a moaning chant.

I heard the signal bells clang, the hoarse cry of the seamen and their feet pattering along the decks as they cast our lines loose. Then dad's voice ordering.

A knock sounded on my door and I heard Sandy MacKay's voice, dear old Sandy! He wouldn't ever be fool enough to leave the sea.

I called out to him and he answered: "Your father is wanting you on the bridge Miss Tobin!"

For a moment I hesitated because I didn't want to go out until we had passed down through the Narrows, until the last light of Long Island was out of sight.

"Be there in a minute, Sandy," I called.

A few minutes later I stood on the bridge beside dad. Off the port side was Long Island, its million lights beginning to twinkle in the twilight. A sob came in my throat and with a shudder I called: "Dad!"

THERE was no answer and I swung around.

"Dearest!" That was all—and I was in Murray's arms. It didn't make any difference how he got there. I could feel him—he wasn't a phantom come back to haunt me. It was Murray!

"Oh, my sweet, I couldn't let you go," he breathed.

I lifted my lips to his and said, "You hadn't better—ever!"

"When I found you were gone I almost went mad," he told me. "I found your father's ship and came aboard. I told him the whole story from beginning to end and he says that before you grow up he's going to spank you for insubordination on the high seas!"

"Oh, my dearest, life could never go on without you! Your dad is going to marry us at sea if you will have me. And I'll never take you back there again. Even my own dad told me to take you away and keep you away before life spoiled you!"

I instinctively felt from the way Murray spoke that he knew of the sins of his father.

But nothing in all the world mattered now. Murray was mine, for all time, for as long as eternity—mine!

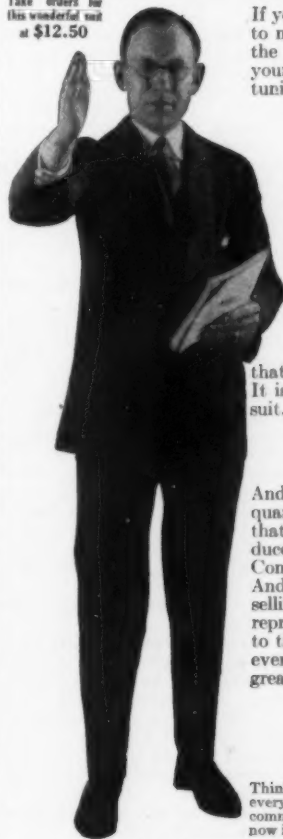
And two days later with a grinning crew as our witnesses we were married on the bridge of dad's old packet dressed in seamen's dungarees.

Murray took me in his arms and held me close when dad had finished. Suddenly we heard Sandy's voice booming across the waters in an old sea chantey. It seemed a fitting ceremony for our future voyage in life.

[THE END]

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The Man I Met at Midnight

[Continued from page 49]

recovering from an illness brought out my natural feeling of compassion and my doctor's sense of responsibility.

The man got in and for some moments we sped along, I, thinking of my waiting patient, he, thinking of—God knows what!

It is strange how the real peril of a dangerous situation comes to one often hours or even years after the emergency itself has passed. Today the memory of that short fifteen minutes is far more horrible to me than the sensation was at the time the actual events took place. As if it were today I am still conscious of the sudden jolt of my little car as the wheel was snatched out of my hands and the brakes applied by a force not my own.

Swerving to one side of the narrow road, the machine careened wildly and came to a convulsive stop.

With revolting vividness I can feel again the man's hands pawing me, his moist lips pressed close to mine and the hot breath of whiskey fumes in my face. And I can hear his voice, quite a different voice now, saying things—awful things—that told me of my danger and my seeming impotence to escape it.

There were those girls on the fences and by the roadside who had later come to me, many of them for the help I could not, and would not, give. They were younger than I by many years, simple country girls without knowledge and without experience in the world. And I, in my exalted sense of importance, I had dared to condemn them!

It seemed hours that we struggled there, but in reality the moments were few, for as I fought, my hand touched something which I had forgotten—the something which young Dr. Williams had given me just to make him "feel easier."

In an instant I held the little blunt-nosed automatic firmly and pointed it straight at the surprised man.

"Open that door and get out," I ordered. "Get out quickly or I'll fire!"

"You've shot me, damn you!"

Fortunately, I hadn't far to go. Fortunately, though, it was far enough to enable me to get my nerves steadied before I was called upon to put them to another test—the one for which I was prepared.

I GOT to my patient in time to bring a nine pound son into the world.

The sweet little girl-mother and her baby slept and I sat beside them thinking over the events of the night and being rather proud, I must confess, of my own double rôle of savior and savior.

The lamp light, turned low, played strange tricks with its shadows—throwing them here and there, across the bed and over the faces of the mother and her little son.

One shadow in particular held my attention—dark against the delicate white throat of the exhausted girl.

But was it a shadow?

The other shadowy spots wavered and danced as the light spluttered uncertainly, but these dark blotches on the fair skin did not move. The girl's bared chest rose and fell with her regular breathing, the heavy throat puls—throbbed in steady beats, but there was no flickering of those ominous neck patches.

Fascinated, I stooped and peered closely—then started back in sudden, instinctive terror. I had seen enough to know that these marks were no playful delusion of a sportive lamp wick. I saw, and saw plainly, the cruel imprint of human fingers,

virile, savage, fiendish fingers—fingers of a man; of strength and brutality—and the bruises were not old. They had been made since my first visit!

Instinctively, again, I looked at the wrists, now uncovered and pathetically weak, lying across the small bundle of baby. There were dark marks there, too—faint but distinct.

Suddenly the door opened cautiously and the frightened face of the mother peered in.

"Come downstairs—please, doctor—quickly," she whispered pleadingly. "Ssh! Don't wake Nan."

I followed the woman wonderingly.

In the hall below stood a man, pale faced and trembling. One hand was hanging limp and there was blood on the rug under it.

"It's Nan's husband," the woman explained hurriedly, "the baby's father. Isn't it terrible to have this happen just now. And we were wondering where he was. Nan worries so, but she doesn't say anything."

"He's been hurt some way," continued the woman, beside herself. "Oh, this will kill Nan if she knows," she whispered to me confidentially. "We've been hiding him for three weeks. Nan didn't want to. He made her. He—"

My God! It was my assailant of the road! He did not recognize me, and with an effort I controlled my instinctive repulsion. My shot seemed to have taken the fight out of him, and left him in a dazed condition.

She stopped, looking furtively at the man, her face convulsed and distorted with fear and apprehension.

Still the man said nothing, just stood there staring stupidly.

"Do something for him, doctor, please," begged the woman, "and hurry—please hurry. Thank God you are here!"

"Thank God I am!" I said grimly.

It was then that light broke for me. That shroud of a wrapper covering those tell-tale finger prints—the girl-wife's agony of nerves—the haunting misery in her dumb eyes—the head lines in the morning paper! Now I knew!

"Thank God I am!" I repeated.

I looked at the hand—that loathesome hand—and hesitated.

"Got it caught in a trap," muttered the man thickly.

Again I made no move.

"Is it badly hurt?" asked the woman nervously.

Perhaps women doctors are different some way—different from other women. At any rate they are healers and not public censors.

As I hesitated, mentally reviewing in a single moment the whole tragic series of circumstances as one will do in a terrific emergency, there came to my ears, sharpened through general nerve tension, faint sounds, distant but distinct—the voices of men—the tramp of their feet coming near.

I examined the hand.

"It's only a scratch," I answered with an effort to seem casual—in reality sparing for time.

Then I added, looking the poor wretch straight in the face.

"Setting traps is bad business."

The voices and footsteps were coming closer. They were in the yard. Men were cutting off all avenues of escape.

Very carefully I bathed the hand, using warm water which the woman brought

me in a basin and some soft towels.

The man made no move to break loose. He appeared numb from loss of blood, and no doubt from exposure and strain—a miserable, hunted thing whose spirit was crushed and broken. He seemed unconscious of the sounds from the outside which had become strangely subdued. There was an ominous stillness inside the house, as well. Sheriff Wingale and his men must be ready to pounce upon their prey, I argued mentally.

I began the business of bandaging slowly and meticulously, keeping my eye fixedly on the bewildered outlaw.

The silence was intense—suffocating.

There was a quick turn of the door-knob and the sheriff pushed his way inside, leaving the door ajar. Through its opening I could dimly see the faces of the other men—his deputies, volunteer aids roused to action, spurred on by the love of chase. Other faces squinted in through the windows. The house was surrounded.

The sheriff's face reflected concentrated triumph and relief—a tinge of amusement, too, as the situation cleared itself for him. He was a merry sort, apart from his grim vocation, and always a good friend of mine.

"Say, doctor, this time your wristlets ain't quite as good as mine."

He guffawed loudly and waved his left hand comprehensively—a sign for the others to enter. With his right he thrust forward the bands of steel.

"Mine will be excellent padding for yours," I answered.

The metal catch snapped viciously.

FROM above came a sudden sound, feeble but piercing, the thin wail of a new born child—then the startled cry of the frightened mother roused from deep sleep—a voice pregnant with alarm and apprehension.

"Doctor—doctor!"
"What in blazes is that?" thundered the sheriff.

I had forgotten my patients—two of the three in this house.

"The wife of this man," I answered briefly, "and his son, aged one hour and three quarters."

"My God!"

The sheriff's voice was hushed—almost gentle.

He jerked the hand-cuffed man roughly. "Come along out of this," he commanded sternly. "No coming back for you this trip. Tain't every day I get a chance to help start a kid right," he muttered.

There was a general clumsy shuffling of feet as the men, subdued and awkward, led their prisoner out of the house. I heard the solemn tramp—tramp down the gravel walk—then the whirr of an automobile starter and the sudden grinding of shifting gears.

I mounted the stairs, followed by the woman. In the dim light of the hallway I saw her face—and more than that. I saw on the face a look of perfect peace; the look that comes only when some great burden has been lifted and some bitter crisis passed.

Dr. Williams was pacing back and forth like a caged lion when I returned, worn and nervous. He turned to me almost savagely, grasped my shoulders and fairly shook me.

"Are you ready to marry me and quit being a fool?" he demanded. "Or must I beat you into it?"

And angry as I was I couldn't help loving him and admitting that he was right.

That proves it," he said. "It never pays to argue with a woman." And when I tried to answer him, he kissed me.

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson From a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an onlooker—a sort of social wall-flower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her.

But suddenly the room was hushed . . . She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that everyone averted forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular!

She Told Me About It Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"Well," she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time."

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. It's like playing a game! 'You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?'"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin, but the banjo!

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My Husband's Stenographer

[Continued from page 65]

and his fear of going contrary to the Ten Commandments. I placed my hand on his.

"You will go, won't you, for my sake?" "You think no one would recognize me?" he asked, beginning to get excited at the thought.

"Of course, no one will. You can dress as Mephistopheles, or some character that will completely hide your identity."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Do you think for a moment that I would go dressed as the devil?"

"Don't be silly!" I answered. "Dress as you please, then."

"If I go at all, it will be as a monk," he declared. "Possibly I may be able to deliver a warning to some of those who are lost in sin and sensuality."

"Very well," I replied, satisfied that I had his consent to accompany me.

I HAD hardly known how I lived through the days that followed, acting as I had to the part of the loving wife. I watched Henry closely and was glad, at least, to note that he did not seem happy. He had a "hang dog" look, and avoided my gaze as though fearing his eyes would betray him.

But Saturday came at last, the day that I felt would open the book of the future to me. Alfred and I had managed our plans well and everything was arranged for our appearance at the ball that night. Before Henry left for work that morning, he informed me that he was going on a hunting expedition with some of the boys and would not be back until late Sunday afternoon. As he spoke, his eyes shifted uneasily, and his hands fumbled with his watch chain. He seemed relieved when I made no remonstrance.

At nine-thirty that night, Alfred and I left the house. Our costumes were hidden by our long coats. We entered the taxi for which Alfred had telephoned and were whirled away to the hotel which had been literally turned over to the artists for the occasion. Of course, only about one half of the people attending the annual frolic were artists, the other half being on-lookers or members of the sporting element out for a wild time.

Alfred and I adjusted our masks before we left the car. When we entered the rotunda of the hotel, it was already crowded. The entire floor and the stairways were thronged with men and women, young and old, dressed in costumes of every kind and description imaginable. We saw Pierrots, Pierrettes, Arabs, angels, straw men, flower girls, tin soldiers, animated balloons, dancers, soldiers, kings, and teddy bears, all circling in and out in a dizzy whirl. The noise was deafening, men shouting, girls giggling, horns tooting and bells jangling. In an immense room off the mezzanine floor could be glimpsed the ball room. The sound of music came faintly above the din and already hundreds of heads and shoulders could be seen swaying in gay abandon.

I stood with Alfred near a marble pillar, watching the sight with dazzled eyes. For a moment my mission was almost forgotten by the strangeness of the spectacle. I glanced at Alfred. The monk's costume was very becoming to him, and I saw that he was already beginning to enjoy the stolen sweets. He caught my look and immediately took on an air of shocked surprise. At that instant, some frivolous young "knight" stopped and chucked me under the chin, crying:

"Hello, lassie! Looking for a nice young sinner?"

I pretended not to notice him and he moved on.

"Take my hand," I said to Alfred. "We must keep moving around until we are able to catch sight of them. I wonder if they are here yet?"

"I don't think we'll ever be able to locate them," Alfred replied, as we entered the maddening throng of humanity.

It looked as though he were right. We covered every corner of the rotunda and alcoves and then went to the ball room and wandered about vainly trying to pick out Henry and Miss Burns. As I was almost ready to give up hope, Alfred suddenly jerked my sleeve excitedly.

"There they are!" he whispered.

I turned to the corner at which he was pointing and sure enough, there was Henry dancing with Miss Burns.

He was wearing a tight fitting matador costume and his narrow black mask did little to hide his identity, whereas Miss Burns, attired as a Spanish dancer, no doubt in order to be in harmony with him, could readily be recognized by the peculiar auburn shade of her hair and the sinuousness of her figure. As I watched them, I seemed to be alone gazing upon these two as they moved gracefully in a narrow circle. My emotional reaction was so great that they appeared to be rather fantastic, almost like two mechanical dolls cavorting on a stage of some far-away country. I pulled myself together with an effort.

"Keep your eyes on them and do not let them get out of our sight," I said to Alfred. And so we started pushing our way through the dense groups at the side of the floor in order to keep them constantly within our vision. We saw that apparently they had no intention of leaving the floor, at least for some time, and so we established ourselves at an advantageous corner and watched.

No sooner had we taken our places there than a young girl, dressed as a snake dancer approached Alfred. She stood directly in front of him and with glittering eyes upon him, commenced to move her body in writhing movements. A crowd soon collected to watch this envoy of the Satanic Kingdom in her efforts to tempt the worthy monk. Alfred stared at her in amazement, his cheeks below his mask turning fiery red. The onlookers noticing his embarrassment commenced to laugh and the "temptress" increased the speed of her gyrations. I felt my own face growing red. Suddenly, Alfred grabbed my hand and in a moment had jerked me through the circle of spectators, amid howls of mirth.

After making our escape we went to another side of the room and again started to look for Henry and Miss Burns. They soon came into sight. She was gazing up into his face with an expression of profound enjoyment. Her pose, the way she was clinging to him convinced me that she was certainly the vampire type. There was about her no note of refinement or spiritual quality. Her full, red lips, everything about her was sensuous, and her abandon in dancing seemed to emphasize this.

I felt my heart pounding spasmodically. A terrible jealous rage overwhelmed me. I wanted to dash out on the dancing floor and literally tear her away from my husband. Alfred evidently had been watching me, as he suddenly took my arm in a firm grasp. The music stopped abruptly, and Henry and Miss Burns left the floor. Alfred and I followed them into the dining

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hall, an immense room filled with hundreds of small tables at which masqueraders were eating and drinking. They seated themselves, and Alfred and I managed to secure a table in a rather dark corner not far away.

A waiter approached and I saw Henry whispering to him. In a few moments the man returned with a bottle of wine. He poured out part of the contents in some coffee cups and placed the half empty bottle under the table. Alfred ordered some ginger ale, but I was in such a tumult I could not drink a drop. My husband and the girl soon became very lively under the influence of the wine and she kept leaning over close to him and playfully patting his cheek. I noticed that their knees were pressed together under the table. When they had finished the wine, she called the waiter and ordered another bottle.

In a short time nearly all the people at the tables were in varying stages of intoxication and pandemonium reigned. Large bags of confetti were distributed among the diners and soon the air was filled with the flying particles of multi-colored paper. Horns tooted stridently, wine bottles were openly displayed, girls stepped on to tables and danced with skirts raised above their knees, several fights started, the room was in an uproar.

And then, suddenly, with a half-drunken gesture, Miss Burns got up from her chair and threw herself into Henry's lap, lifting her face to his and flinging her arms about his neck. He made a futile effort to free himself from her embrace, but she clung tightly to him, tilting her head back. And then I saw Henry bend down, his lips touching the girl's bare shoulder in a passionate caress. With a moan, I placed my hand over my eyes to shut out the sight and left the room. I had forgotten Alfred. I tore through the ball room, pushing, pushing aside every one in my path. Their muttered imprecations had no effect upon me,—what did anything matter now that I had actually seen with my own eyes that the man whom I loved with my very soul was untrue to me!

In a few moments I was leaning against the cushioned back of a taxicab, sick at heart, exhausted, homeward bound.

As soon as I arrived home I went straight to my bedroom, tore off my outer clothing and threw myself on the bed. I cried for hours until I finally fell to sleep from exhaustion.

I did not awake until nearly noon the following day. As I proceeded to prepare my lonely breakfast, I found that my mind was functioning in a calm, calculating manner. I went over the events of the night before and faced the facts from an analytical point of view. I was convinced now that Henry could never love this girl deeply. It was perfectly evident that she was nothing but hard, selfish, and utterly superficial,—a typical "gold digger." Lured on by her, he was having another fling at life, but I felt that I could save him from destruction if I planned carefully over a thousand and one ways of bringing home to him the folly of his actions, and at last I hit upon an idea that I thought would have the desired effect.

It must have been about six o'clock that night when Henry entered the house. He came into the parlor where I was sitting with a book in my hand. I looked at him and in spite of the emotional strain I was under, I could not help but laugh inwardly as I took in his hunting suit of brown khaki, the boots spattered with mud, probably attained through the search he must have had to purchase from a butcher shop the string of wild ducks which he carried. There were about a dozen of them and

he held them aloft in one hand, the other hand resting on his shotgun. It was quite the conventional posture as portrayed in outdoor magazines.

"Well, what do you think of them, Millie?" he cried, looking at the ducks with what I thought was a strained effort at enthusiasm.

Certainly he had no reason to be excited over them as they showed every indication of having been killed at least a week previously! In fact, they seemed to give forth an odor that was far from appetizing. But I arose obedient to my rôle and exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry, you surely made a killing, didn't you?"

"I have done better," he replied nonchalantly.

As I was about to examine the birds, he moved away toward the kitchen.

"I'll hang them up in the shed and dress them later," he called.

I went to the kitchen and started to make some coffee. When he came in again, he sank into a chair, seemingly exhausted.

"I don't think I'll eat anything, Millie," he said. "I had a hard trip and I believe I'll go right to bed."

He looked terribly tired. No wonder! "It may be better that you don't eat if you are so tired," I replied.

Evidently relieved, he walked out and went up stairs.

Following out the plan that I had taken so many hours to think out, I arrived at the building where Henry worked the following morning about eleven o'clock. As I waited for the elevator, I felt my heart thumping. I was extremely nervous at a time when I knew I must be calm and collected. I tried to banish from my mind the terrible consequences should my ruse fail. It might even mean that I would lose my husband forever! But, on the other hand, if I won, I felt that my troubles as far as other women were concerned would be over.

I entered the outer office of the company for which Henry was a lesser executive. I did not send in word to him by the office boy that I wanted to see him, but walked right past the desks of the clerks and book-keepers toward his office. I noticed Alfred seated at a high desk. He was looking at me in astonishment, evidently feeling that my presence there foreboded tragedy. No doubt he imagined that I had a pistol in my pocketbook and was about to commit murder! I smiled at him reassuringly and then slowly and with trembling fingers opened the door marked:

HENRY MARTIN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

HENRY was seated at a large, flat-topped mahogany desk busy with some papers. In the other corner of the room Miss Burns sat at her typewriter desk, busily engaged in copying some figures. She was attired in a dress that looked innocent enough for the office, but every item of her apparel seemed to have been chosen for its probable effect upon men: the transparent silk stockings, the low "V" neck of her dress, extremely short skirts, high-heeled, patent leather pumps, silken garters showing brazenly below the curve of her knee.

Henry evidently thinking that some clerk had entered, did not look up for a moment. But when he did and saw me, he arose in surprise.

"Why, Millie, this is quite unexpected!" he exclaimed. "Sit down."

I did so, choosing a chair which stood between his desk and that of Miss Burns. I noticed that she turned and looked at me quickly and then resumed her work with such an air of bored indifference that



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I felt a cold rage slowly stealing over me. "Out shopping?" asked Henry, trying immediately to find the reason for my visit.

"No, not exactly, Henry," I replied. "I just wanted to ask a little favor of your stenographer."

He stared at me, and Miss Burns again turned around, this time with a questioning look. Henry cleared his throat and spoke to her:

"Miss Burns, I believe you have seen my wife, although I do not remember that I introduced you."

I bowed coldly and she nodded with a forced smile.

"How do you do?" I turned to my husband. "I just wanted to ask if you would allow me to dictate a little note to Miss Burns."

Again he shot at me a look of surprise, but replied:

"Certainly, Millie. I am sure Miss Burns will be glad to help you out."

No doubt he thought I wanted to send out some invitations for a party or something, as he picked up his papers and started to resume his work.

"Do you wish me to take it in shorthand or on the machine?" Miss Burns asked, picking up a note-book.

"If you will put a sheet of paper in your machine, Miss Burns," I answered, "you can just type what I have to say."

She quickly inserted a sheet of paper in the typewriter, and then turned and looked at me inquiringly. From the corner of my eye, I noted that Henry was listening to me, and that his attempt to appear busy was merely a pretense. I had arisen from my chair and was standing near her. Summoning all my will power, I started to dictate in a loud, clear voice, as Miss Burns' fingers traveled over the keys:

"To Mildred, my wife, dash, paragraph, —I find that I am—" At this point my voice broke slightly, "—in love with my stenographer, Miss Burns, period."

Henry fairly jumped from his chair, and cried, his face turning deathly pale:

"Millie!"

I also had the pleasure of noting that Miss Burns' hands lost their assurance and trembled slightly as they paused over the keys. She glanced at me, her face taking on a rather strained expression.

"Please sit down, Henry," I said sharply, "and allow me to continue."

He did so, wiping his brow.

"Go ahead, Miss Burns," I commanded, resuming my dictation with increased power in my voice:

"New sentence. I desire to marry her at the earliest possible moment and would like you to arrange to divorce me. Period."

Miss Burns' fingers faltered, but she held on to the end, her face pale under her rouged cheeks. Henry was now standing clutching the desk, gazing at me with an expression that would have been comical had the moment been less tragic.

"Put in a line for a signature," I said.

Miss Burns tapped the key obediently, as though in a trance. I fairly believe that she was for the moment hypnotized by my commanding manner and the unexpectedness of the dénouement. When she had finished, I arose and tore the sheet from the machine. I walked to Henry and placed it in front of him on the desk.

Then I picked up the pen, dipped it into his ink well and held it out to him.

"Sign!" I ordered, looking him squarely in the eyes.

There was a dead silence. The tension of the moment was terrible! I imagined that I was growing faint. I felt, rather than saw, Miss Burns getting to her feet. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Henry spoke:

"Why . . . why, Millie!" he cried. "What is the meaning of this? Is it a joke?"

"If it is a joke, Henry," I retorted, "no laughter will follow its telling. Why don't you sign that paper,—so that I will know that it is all over between us, and can go away and make a new start?"

"But, Millie," he said hoarsely, "what's the idea of saying that I love Miss Burns and want to marry her? Why, why—certainly you know that our contact is purely one of business—"

"That's enough!" I broke in. "Don't make a bigger liar out of yourself than you already are, Henry. I suppose the kisses you gave her at the Artists' Ball are 'business contacts'?"

His hands tightened convulsively at my words. Miss Burns, now tried to assume an air of indifference.

"You have been playing the sneak!" Henry said.

"Don't lose what little manhood you have left," I replied in a biting voice. "At least be honest enough to admit that if there is a sneak in our family, you are the one!"

After casting a spiteful glance at me, Miss Burns looked at him and said:

"Why don't you sign on the dotted line? We've got to have a show-down sometime."

He did not reply. In the silence that followed, I felt a choking sensation in my throat. It seemed to me I could hardly bear the suspense a moment longer. Miss Burns shrugged her shoulders, and with a sneering smile in my direction, took a lip-stick and a little mirror from her pocket and commenced to rouge her lips heavily. There was something terribly vulgar and common in the way she did this, at such a time, at such a crisis. As Henry looked at her, he was suddenly stung into life. He turned his head away, and raised his eyes to mine. I could see that tears glistened in them. When he spoke, my heart thrilled with joy.

"This is a matter between my wife and myself, Miss Burns!"

"Suit yourself, old dear," she replied. She walked to her desk and took a cigarette from a drawer. Lighting it, she blew smoke rings expertly. Henry glared at her.

"Miss Burns!" he exclaimed. "Smoking by the employees is not allowed! In fact, you have read the rules and know that any girl caught smoking will be discharged immediately. You will kindly get your hat and coat and call at the cashier's office for two weeks' salary!"

She dropped her cigarette to the floor and stared at him in amazement.

"You mean, you're handing me the can?" "I'm discharging you for breaking the rules," Henry replied firmly.

A feeling of supreme exaltation swept over me. I had won, won!

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Diana's Guilt

[Continued from page 17]

sharply, his eyes narrowed in a frown. "I didn't know it, but I can't see what difference it makes," I retorted stubbornly.

"My dear sir!" my companion protested. "You don't see what difference it makes?"

"No."
"But perhaps you don't quite understand. He obtained the divorce on the ground of infidelity, claiming that—that he—er—child was not his!"

"I've been told that he was a cur," I remarked.

Mr. Payson was evidently distressed by my defense of the offending Diana.

"Mrs. Farrish did not contest the suit," he informed me coldly. "She has never made any attempt to refute the—er—imputation."

I had an uncomfortable feeling that I was losing my feet in this argument, so I took refuge in cynicism.

"It would probably have done no good," I observed. "Even if she could have proved her innocence people would have believed—and said—whatever they chose. It seems to me that Mrs. Farrish has behaved with the greatest dignity and sense." And then, as we had reached the corner, I bowed and left him without giving him time to reply.

But I was in a distinctly bad temper as I walked toward home. A fine beginning I had made to my career as a school-teacher, quarreling with the president of the school board before school had even begun! Why had I allowed myself to be drawn into that wretched argument? I knew the answer. I had been eager to learn why Diana Farrish, who seemed to me one of the most admirable women I had ever known, should be treated with such scorn and contumely, even by her own mother. Well, I had learned, and I was none the happier for my knowledge.

I went to see her again, resolving angrily that I would show Harvey Payson how little I cared for his rotten gossip. Again I found her under the trees, but today she was not alone, for a pretty, slender girl, a few years younger than Diana, was playing on the grass with Babbie, while Diana watched them both with a quiet, tender smile.

Diana introduced us: "Rosalie, this is Mr. Ingram—Mrs. Bennett." She turned to me, "Rosalie is the only respectable married woman in Alton who is brave enough to risk her reputation by coming to see me."

"Diana!" Rosalie Bennett's face darkened as if the other girl's words had hurt her.

"I'm sorry, dear," Diana said gently. "I didn't mean to be—"

She was interrupted by a shriek from Babbie, who had picked up a bumblebee. Instantly both Rosalie and Diana were on their knees beside her, but though the child had been playing gaily with Rosalie a moment before it was to Diana that she turned now.

"Mumsie! Mumsie!" she was sobbing. Diana gathered her up and carried her to the house, while Rosalie, kneeling where they had left her, looked after them wistfully.

"I haven't any—any baby of my own," she told me. "That's why I have to come and play with Babbie. She's such a darling!"

Her voice trembled a little as she spoke. "Was it true," I asked her, "what Diana said—that no one would come to see her?"

Rosalie nodded. "It's abominable, isn't it?"

They've treated her like a leper ever since that beast of a Mark Farrish divorced her. Even her mother, you know. She felt terribly about it, and since then she has never spoken to Diana except to tell her to do something for her. Diana waits on her from morning till night, and she has done everything she could do to make up for it, but Mrs. Avery has never forgiven her for the scandal. It's dreadful, isn't it?"

After that I spent every afternoon with Diana and Babbie, for the two were never far apart. Sometimes I would stop in the library to spend an hour or so with Mrs. Avery, for I had begun to grow fond of the lonely old lady, and to understand that a deeply wounded heart lay beneath the coldness of her manner.

One afternoon it was raining, and we sat in the little sitting-room that was Diana's own. It was filled with her personality, and there was an atmosphere of intimacy about the tiny room which I had not felt while we sat out-of-doors. Neither one of us was in the mood for conversation, so we spoke very seldom, and I was quite contented simply to sit there and watch Diana—the lights and shadows of her changing face, the movements of her slender fingers as she sewed. Again I found myself filled with a burning anger against the man who had known all her loveliness—all the wealth of her nature—and had treated her so outrageously. And then I found myself returning to the dreams that I had dreamed so many years ago, before Diana Avery had become the wife of another man—when I had dared to hope. But I had put my dreams away so long ago, I had given them up so completely, that even when I had heard of Diana's divorce no memory of them had stirred. Even during these days together I had thought of her as belonging to another man, but surely that man must have forfeited her love. Surely I might dream again. . .

Diana looked up and met my eyes. Then she bent over her work once more, but I saw the color rising slowly to her cheeks, and I grew a little dizzy with my dreams—Diana—Diana—

"I SUPPOSE," Diana said slowly, her eyes on her sewing, "that you have heard what they say about Babbie—that she isn't my husband's child?"

"I've heard it, but I—"

"It is true," Diana interrupted quietly. "My husband was not her father."

I must have stared at her foolishly, for this was something of which I had never thought. Even now I could not imagine Diana as holding herself or her honor so lightly. It was incredible—and yet, she herself had told me!

"Mother is in the library," Diana said. "I think she would like to see you for a while." And before I could answer she had left the room.

When I reached Mrs. Borden's an hour later, I was told that a caller was awaiting me. It was Mr. Ransom, the principal of the school, a middle-aged man, with keen gray eyes and a kindly voice. I had liked him from the first, but now I saw at once that his errand was not an agreeable one.

"Mr. Ingram," he began, "I hope you will not think me impertinent, but—er—as a matter of fact I have been requested by the school board—"

Then I guessed what was coming. "—to speak to you about—er—about—" he hesitated, cleared his throat, and



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made a new beginning with more energy.

"As a matter of fact, they feel that you should be informed concerning the reputation—of—er—" he broke off sharply. "Damn it, Ingram, you know what I'm trying to say!"

I was in no mood to discuss Diana or her reputation.

"I know," I told him, "and I know that you hate saying it. If I didn't I'd knock you down. I came near knocking down old Payson the other day, as he may have told you."

"He said that you had been rather—'contumacious,' I think was the word he used."

The shadow of a smile appeared in the principal's eyes.

"So he passed on the dirty work to you. Well, you can tell him that you've done your best," I said as I turned toward the door, but Mr. Ransom laid his hand on my arm.

"Ingram," he said slowly, "I can't help thinking that it might be better if your attentions were not quite so marked. I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Farrish, but I know her by sight, and it doesn't strike me that she is the sort of woman who enjoys being talked about. The old scandal had practically died out, so far as active gossip went, but if she should hear what they are saying now—"

I stared. It had never occurred to me that they could be saying anything except that I was an incredibly foolish moth, and Diana an unusually dangerous flame.

"What are they saying?" I demanded hotly.

Ransom hesitated.

"It's not an easy thing to tell you, Ingram. But I think you ought to know. You see there was no co-respondent named in the divorce suit, and no one knew who the—the other man was. Now people have learned that you knew Mrs. Farrish before you came here and—er—" again he hesitated, "to speak plainly, Ingram, they are saying that you are the father of her child."

"I wish to God I were!"

The words had come to my lips before I knew it, but as soon as I had spoken them I knew that they were true, and for a moment I was dazed by the realization that I had meant them with all my heart. I loved Diana, and no dishonor could be too deep to endure for her sake. I loved Diana, and I could think of no greater happiness than the privilege of sharing her shame.

"I wish to God I were," I repeated, slowly this time, and with deep conviction. And without another word to Mr. Ransom, I left the house.

Diana was in her little sitting-room. At the sight of me she rose and came quickly forward.

"Bruce! What is it? Has anything happened?"

"I want you to marry me, Diana—"

She drew back.

"No! Oh—no!"

I took her hands.

"Diana—sweetheart—can't you love me?"

Her eyes met mine bravely.

"I do love you, Bruce. That's why I won't marry you."

"Sweetheart!" I whispered, and I tried to take her in my arms, but again she drew away from me.

"I'm sorry, Bruce," she said in a low voice. "I hoped—I hoped that you wouldn't ask me. That's why I told you about Babbie today—I was trying to keep you from loving me. I'm not going to give you a wife that you'll be ashamed of."

Her smile was just a little bitter—just a little sad.

"But darling, as if I could be ashamed of you—"

"Not now, perhaps—but later on, when you had seen what other people thought of your wife. I couldn't bear that, dear—I couldn't bear even to take the risk of your being ashamed of me. I won't marry you, Bruce. That's all."

Before I could answer there was a scream from the top of the stairs.

"Mrs. Farrish! Mrs. Farrish! Come quick! Mrs. Avery has fainted!"

In a flash Diana was gone, and although I waited for some time, and learned that her mother had regained consciousness, she did not return. At last I went back to Mrs. Borden's and spent a sleepless night wondering whether I should ever be able to defeat that splendid, pitiful determination of hers.

ON THE following morning, I received a letter from a construction company in San Francisco.

"It is our intention to begin at once the building of the Tezaco dam. We understand that you have already done some work in connection with this dam, and if you are willing to undertake the construction, we should be glad if you would call at our office at your earliest convenience."

The Tezaco dam! A month ago, even a week ago, this would have seemed the fulfillment of my fondest dreams, but now I could think of nothing but Diana—Diana whom I loved with all the strength that was in me, and who loved me too well to condemn me to share her shame.

As soon as school was over I went to see her as usual, but it was Rosalie Bennett who met me.

"Mrs. Avery is dying," she told me. "Diana wired for Bob last night, and he got here at noon."

I shall never forget that day, nor the night that followed it. I could not bear to leave the house, even though I knew how little I could do for Diana by remaining there. At least I could show her that I wanted to be near her in her sorrow.

Rosalie and I sat in a room across the hall from Mrs. Avery's bedroom, so that we might be on hand if we were needed. Every detail of that vigil is still vivid in my memory. The deathlike quiet, broken only by the hushed footsteps of doctors and nurses, and the uneven breathing of the dying woman, the heavy odor of drugs that hung upon the air, and Rosalie Bennett's white face at the other side of the dim room. I remember wondering why she was so pale.

The hours passed. Twilight came, and darkness. And still there was no change. Somewhere a clock struck midnight. And still we sat in silence, waiting . . . waiting . . .

Then there was a faint stir in the room across the hall, and we heard Diana's voice, low and broken:

"Mother—mother—tell me you forgive me! Won't you kiss me, mother?"

During the silence which followed, we could almost feel the dying woman gathering her feeble strength to reply. Then her words came clearly.

"Some sins—too deep—to be forgiven. There is no—"

The effort had been too much. Her voice faded into silence.

Rosalie Bennett had risen and crossed swiftly to the hall. There she stopped sharply, and I thought she was going to faint. I hurried to her side.

Through the open door of Mrs. Avery's room, we saw Bob kneeling by the bed.

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his face hidden in the pillow on which his mother lay. It needed only one glance to tell us that the end had come.

At last I returned to the house, which was no longer silent, but filled with the dreadful bustle and stir that always follows a death. Bob was in the library. I joined him, and as there was nothing that either of us could do just then, we sat for some time talking in low voices about anything or nothing, just to prevent our thoughts dwelling on things of which we could not bear to think.

"How's school teaching?" Bob asked.

"Not so good," I replied. "In fact I shall probably be kicked out before long."

"Kicked out?" Bob repeated. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing in particular," I lied. "Just a row with the school board." But I could not meet his eyes, and I felt him looking at me sharply.

"Not—about Diana?"

"No," I snapped, "of course not."

"That's a lie, Bruce," Bob said quietly.

Then we saw that Rosalie was standing in the doorway. She came slowly forward.

"I heard what you were saying," she told us, "but I'd made up my mind already. We've asked too much, Bob. We've taken too much."

"It's up to you, Rosalie," Bob said.

Rosalie sank into the nearest chair.

"Sit down, please," she said to me. "I want to tell you something. It's about—Babbie," she went on, looking down at her hands, which were clasped in her lap. "Babbie isn't Diana's child. She's mine—mine and Bob's."

Her voice sank into silence, and she sat staring at her twisted fingers, while Bob watched her grimly.

"It was during the war," Rosalie continued. "We had just come to Alton to live—and Bob had come home on leave—and when we met each other we—lost our heads. It was infatuation, I suppose, or war hysteria, for we never really loved each other, although we thought at the time that we did. We were just crazy—both of us. Bob knew that he might be sent across almost any day," she paused a second before going on.

"After he had gone I found that the baby was coming, and I was terrified. I wrote to Bob, and he told me to tell Diana. It was she who planned everything. I didn't realize then what would come of it. I didn't know what a rotter Mark Farrish was. And afterwards, when we wanted to tell the truth, Diana wouldn't let us. She was stronger than we were; she has always been stronger. It would only make trouble for every one, she said, and since her life had been wrecked by her marriage a little more wrecking wouldn't hurt. Besides, her mother adored Bob; he was always her favorite—and Diana couldn't bear to have her know. Then there was all my family, too. But it was wrong to let her do it, dreadfully wrong and we've been punished. I've suffered more terribly than Diana, I think, for she has had the comfort of knowing how splendid she had been, and I've had nothing—nothing! Not even Babbie, and I've wanted her so, all these years—" her voice broke. "She belongs to Diana now—and I have no right to her any more. And I've never

had another baby, perhaps that's part of my punishment. And I want her, oh, how I want her!"

The tears were shining on her cheeks, and as I looked from her to Bob, with his drawn, haggard face and grim lips, I knew that Rosalie was right. They had both been punished.

The dawn had come, now, and all the world was blue and golden; the air quivered with the songs of the awakening birds. But all the house was dim and still. Then through the silence that followed Rosalie's confession, we heard the opening of a distant door, and the murmur of voices, Diana's and Babbie's. Bob went out to meet them.

"Diana!" we heard him exclaim, and there were surprise and dismay in his tone.

"Oh!" Diana's voice sounded startled and tremulous. "I thought you had gone to bed."

"Come in here," Bob said. And as they entered the library we saw that Diana was dressed for traveling.

"I wanted to go away," she murmured piteously. "Why won't you let me go away?"

BOB put his arm around her and guided her to a chair.

"You're not going to make any more sacrifices, dear," he said gently. "It's our turn now. We've told Bruce already."

"Bruce?" Diana looked up quickly. I had been standing in the shadow and she had not known that I was there. She was on her feet in an instant, but I caught her as she started toward the door.

"Don't, Diana," I begged. "Don't run away from me!"

But she slipped out of my arms.

"No—no," she whispered brokenly. "Please—please let me go. I can't let you marry a woman who's dishonored and disgraced. I can't, dear—"

The words ended in a sob that seemed to tear her soul.

"That's all over, now, Diana," Rosalie said. "We're going to tell every one."

"It won't do any good," Diana answered wearily. "No one will believe you. They will only think—"

"I don't care what they think!" I interrupted. "And it won't be necessary to tell them anything. I've got that job in South America and I'm going to take you away from all these little people with their little dirty minds. We're going to go out where everything is big and clean—where you can have the love and honor that you deserve. Will you come with me, sweetheart?"

For a moment longer Diana hesitated. Then she came over to me, and by the light in her eyes I knew that her darkest hour had passed and she had reached the dawn.

After a while we went together to her mother's room. The curtains had not been drawn, and it was filled with golden light. For a long time we stood at the bedside and looked down at the quiet face upon the pillow. All its hardness had vanished now, and it seemed that her lips smiled faintly—as if, having passed beyond shame and sorrow, she had learned to understand and to forgive, and had found at last the peace that passeth human understanding.

Have You Any Imagination?

The right use of that faculty will bring success, health, happiness. You will learn what to do and what not to do when you read in *SMART SET for September* an article by William MacHarg and Wilfred Lay, Ph.D., on the *Strange Power of mind*.



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Change Your Name for Luck

[Continued from page 35]

of the two supreme vibrations. With the charm of personality, equability of temper, kindness, this number indicates a superb spiritual strength which is always present. Now take Miss Talley's name:

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34 plus 21 equals 55. 5 plus 5 equals 10. Digit 1.

What is indicated by the name number 1? Creative ability, originality and energy. It indicates further: "a strong personality and the spirit of enterprise..."

Rudolph Valentino changed his name from Rudolph Guglielmi and achieved extraordinary success. As Rudolph Guglielmi, he was a 9, which if not backed by a strong birth number indicates a predisposition to finding the proper channel of expression.

Rudy says he floundered around in those days without knowing what to do. Rudolph Valentino is 8 which is the strongest number for financial success.

Douglas Fairbanks, one of our happiest spirits in motion pictures, and who has assuredly contributed to the cheer of the world is favored with 3 as his birth number. Mark how accurately Fairbank's birth number alone applies to him. "Three indicates an endowment of a happy temperament and the power to give entertainment to others... Persons with this number should be successful as artists, comedians, cartoonists and whatever tends to optimism." Douglas Fairbanks reduced to the name number is 7. Referring to the chart we find 7 indicates: "Persons with this number will be reserved, but inclined to geniality and joviality in social intercourse. Where reserve is overcome or lacking there will be an excess of high spirits." Both Fairbank's birth and name numbers combine powerfully for the very things which have made him such a monarch of mirth and buster of the blues.

Norma Talmadge's birth number is 2. This is a number which gives excellent ability in acting. Her name number reduces to 7 which, among other things, "favorably disposes toward success in theatricals."

Let us take Henry Ford, who has never changed his name. Mr. Ford's birth number is 1. One, you will find, is a positive number. It indicates native gifts of energy, mental powers, logic, ability to command and achieve, with tendencies to

aggression. His name gives the name number 5. Referring to the chart: "This indicates force, mental and physical," which backs up powerfully all that is forecast in his birth number. It also indicates versatility of mind, foresight, beneficence and kindness. Mr. Ford has no need to change his name, surely.

In New York one of the most picturesque characters is Texas Guinan, queen of hostesses of the night clubs. "Tex" Guinan has become an institution. She was, as she admits, probably born with a shout. According to her own published stories, her earnings as hostess exceed \$3,000 a week. Nightly, Texas Guinan draws to her crowded club the cream of Fifth Avenue society, the stars of the theatrical and sporting world, the greatest financiers, and leaders in every walk of life.

FOR many years Texas Guinan could not have been called a success. In those days she was Mary Louise Guinan, from Texas. As "Mary Louise" she only vibrated to 3, but when she became "Texas," she became the fascinating, irresistible 9, with twice the power of 3.

Gilda Gray won fame doing the shimmy and made the shimmy famous. Gilda Gray's name works out to as the ultimate vibration number 3. The shimmy was 6 and therefore in harmony with Gilda's number.

Consult the science of numerology if your life is not harmonious. Be careful about changing your name at random, it might do more harm than good. It would be wiser to consult an expert on the matter before it is considered seriously.

If you are not happy or successful, it is because you are not vibrating to the right number. Numerology is yet to be proved. Remember, as everything in life has its negative side, so has numerology. You may have a high number vibration, but you may not have the success this number indicates you are entitled to. This is because you have allowed yourself to become discouraged, and therefore your number vibrates to your disadvantage. As soon as you become optimistic, your vibration instantly changes from negative to positive and you are on the road to success. But if numerology can put Irving Berlin on the pinnacle of fame and raise Douglas Fairbanks to a high place in the income tax returns—it can help you!

ARE you too thin? Are your legs skinny and do you hate short skirts because you are ashamed of your legs? You will learn how you can get rid of your worries when you read Short Skirts Made Me a Woman in September SMART SET.

For the Sake of Julie

[Continued from page 72]

and time again. I had left him dying in the trench. The first-aid man could hardly have gotten to him in time.

"If—he didn't die by any chance, he is alive believing what I told him to be true—that Julie loves him. What will happen to all of us if Armand is alive?" I constantly asked myself. But, the question was unanswerable.

More nights and days passed to the barbaric music of barrages, and the groans of wounded men. But, still we pressed on and on. The gaps in our platoons and com-

panies widened every day. However, they would be filled by night again. The olive drab stream of men seemed endless. It poured forward like so many rivers, rushing frenziedly into the crimson tangle of woods, a roaring, irresistible cataract of flesh and steel.

The end of it all came for us somewhere in the hell holes of Haumont Bois. It came with the shocking quiet of November 11, 1918... We could not believe it all until they pulled us out, the whole regiment shattered to the bone, and put

us in a town to regain our strength and morale. It was there that I got a three day pass and jumped a truck for Fleury.

When I turned the bend in the Sacred Road and caught sight of the Perrone farmhouse my heart turned over inside of me, and a sinking sensation assailed the pit of my stomach . . . I started to run forward. Then I stopped in my tracks.

"Suppose Armand's there? Suppose? What will we do?"

But only Julie and grandmother Perrone were at home. Julie working in the big room. Poor old Madame sick in bed with fever that brought on delirium at times.

That reunion with Julie was more than seven years ago. But, I have never forgotten the way we cried . . . then laughed . . . then cried . . . then laughed again. I will never forget! And, as we laughed and cried, I held Julie close to my heart.

"Julie!"

"What about Armand, Julie? Did—he die?" I asked, half dreading whatever answer she would give, and yet aflame to know the truth.

"No, Dinee. He—he is in the fields this minute," she answered. All the laughter died on her red mouth and she seemed like a person who had suddenly remembered something that had been mysteriously forgotten.

"Did he tell you about our meeting—about what I said?"

Julie's lips struggled. They made only an incoherent sort of moan at first. Then, even that poor inarticulate sound seemed to stumble back into her throat as footsteps approached the house. They were almost at the door before Julie commanded herself. Somehow she found her voice, and a smile:

"Yes—and I understood, Dinee."

I gripped the table hard, determined to play my part. Almost at that same moment Armand crossed the threshold. We both made a start for each other. But, some invisible chains appeared to suddenly shackle each of us in our tracks. A muffled cry came from me. And our eyes devoured each other. I saw how white and drawn was his face. I saw the brand new Croix de Guerre on his chest. And then, God forgive me for having been blind so long, I saw that Armand's right arm was gone!

In a flash all the tragic desolation of his empty sleeve deserted it and lodged in my heart and soul. Oh! such desolation as came to me in that moment! Such cruel emptiness as life and the years ahead suddenly held for me. For I knew then, why Julie had let him believe what I told him about her love.

"Armand—Armand—" I cried, finding the power to speak and move at last.

"Mon ami, Dinee," was all he could say as he, too, found these powers. The next instant we were embracing as comrades embrace each other after coming back from hell. God! I shall never forget how the arm he had given for France seemed to almost repossess his empty sleeve with desire to hold me!

"I—just came back to say good-by to you, and Julie, and *grand-mère*. I'm—I'm sailing for America immediately."

"You are going home, Dinee?" he cut in.

"Yes—Armand. A truck awaits me in Fleury now," I said, feeling as if I would die if I did not go at once.

"I have been back a month, Dinee."

He looked around the room. We were alone then for *grand-mère* had called Julie.

"You were right, that day in the goldenrod field. Our dream of Paris and art is dead. Still, there is Julie—and the wheat. But, oh! Dinee, what is there for you, my comrade?" Armand whispered.

"For me, there is what we drank cham-

pagne and pinard to—Julie's happiness, and yours. And now . . . now I must go," I told him quietly.

"You go, Monsieur Dinee?" asked Julie who had slipped back into the room.

"Yes—I must go, Julie," I managed to say, although it cost me an effort.

She turned to Armand. "Armand, *grand-mère* is believing again that you have not come home from the war. Will you go to her, and I will walk a little way with our friend?"

"Good-by, *mon frère soldat* . . . adieu," said Armand, his one hand between both of mine.

"Good-by, Armand," I choked.

For a second time we walked down the Sacred Road of France in a silence that throbbed with our own heart beats. For a second time we stopped and faced each other where the route turns toward Fleury. I saw the church steeple and looked away. Summer's golden dusk no longer gilded the fields and trees like amber mist.

"Julie," I began, wondering if God would lend me the strength and courage to do what must be done; "Julie, I understood when I saw his empty sleeve. I knew then that you had to let him believe you cared—"

"Dinee, my sweetheart, please, I cannot bear to remember what came over me when I first saw him that way. But, I knew it was the end of your dream and mine. I do not ever want to remember—except one thing. Oh! Dinee, say that one thing once more before you go," she begged, her hands that were just a bit too apple-red, and just a trifle too large from toil, stealing over my shoulder as I drew her close to me.

"BUT—Julie—you understand why I told him? You knew he was dying?" I asked hoarsely.

"Of course . . . of course . . ." she sobbed, "we—we— Oh, we just couldn't have taken our happiness with him like this! We might have once. But, not now!"

I held her soft chin up so that once more I might gaze into Julie Perrone's eyes. Out of their depths the soul of France looked back at me. The France that had waited and prayed for her men.

"Say one thing only before you go, my Dinee," she begged.

Again I crushed her to me 'till it seemed that our hearts must have touched and bled together.

"I will always—always—always love you, Julie! Oh, my beautiful girl! My wonderful wife," I murmured into her wet eyes, into her blue-black hair, into the graceful column of her tortured throat, and into the glimpse of her white bosom.

"Ah! *Mon Dieu*, it is killing me here, Dinee," she said, one of her hands beating her breast as if she were wounded. "But I must give you up . . . Good-by. Always, I shall remember that my poor heart loves only you. God—God keep you for me until eternity, my husband!"

With stumbling steps, and a heart which only half seemed inside of me, the other half back there in Julie's hands, I reached the next twist in the road. I stopped, and turned for one last, long look at the spot where I had left Julie. At least, it would be something to carry away the memory of that spot.

A hoarse, agonized sound broke from my lips. Julie had not left the spot, but was kneeling there in the dust of the Sacred Road, her arms stretched toward me in a gesture of utter entreaty. I took a step toward Julie, then wheeling swiftly, I ran toward Fleury before the courage and strength God had lent me failed.

THE END

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The Girl and the Night Club

[Continued from page 42]

to play. I had little difficulty in changing my personality with my clothes.

"You'll have to hurry, girl," Don said shortly. "Here, let me drape the fizz on you, and for the Lord's sake don't trip. I don't know how much of a protection these leather cases are."

For the first time, I saw the liquor consignment I was to take to the party. Four long, slender, morocco containers of a shape which suggested champagne bottles were lying on the floor. One was secured at each end of two silken scarfs. As my eyes lighted on them, Don picked them up.

"What you've got to do is to get this Penny Morrow interested in you. He belongs to the Social Register set, but he's one of the poor ones—long on family, but short on cash," he explained rapidly, as he hung the bottles from my shoulders and with huge safety pins attached the scarfs to my dress. "Just what sort of a story you'll tell him will depend on your own judgment. He's giving a party tonight for a classmate of his who is going to be married. No," he said, answering a look of distaste on my face, "this isn't a stag affair. You will meet many of the maidens of our best set there. He doesn't go in for wild women at all—and for some reason Moe wants to get next to him. The best trick of all would be, it seems, for this Penny to offer you a job in his office. . . . But we'll decide better after we see what tonight brings forth. Jerry is downstairs with my car. He'll take you over and bring you back home. How long you stay at the party will be up to you. It should be pretty gay by this time. Bob left there a bit after midnight and they were all pretty well spifficated then. It's after two now, so you'd better rush. Here's the address."

There was something distraught about the chief that night—it puzzled and depressed me. He had his black moods very often, a characteristic of all men and women who live outside the law. I wondered if there was any truth in what Betty Doane had told me in confidence—that Don was a marked man. And that didn't refer to the Central Office men, either. A crook is always a marked man with them. If anything happened to Don—the thought sent a shiver through me.

I TOOK a slip of paper he handed me and left by the corridor exit.

Instead of finding Jerry there, however, I saw a private ambulance into which two men were placing a fluffily dressed little figure, very still and deathlike. The manager was standing to one side, a look of annoyance on his face. I didn't stop to ask any questions. This is a common occurrence in the small hours of the morning. Many a girl, temporarily poisoned with bootleg liquor, staggers into the dressing-rooms of these pleasure haunts and drops at the feet of a blasé matron. If the usual first aid treatments fail, an ambulance is summoned and the victim carted off to the nearest sanitarium. Rarely, a hysterical parent accompanies her; most frequently, she goes alone with the ambulance surgeon.

After I was seated in the car, I gathered my wrap around me, and settled down to give some thought to Don's possible peril. Should I tell him what Betty had told me? He probably knew that some one was "after" him, and as likely as not he would fly into one of his terrible outbursts of temper should I mention it. He had been very good to me. He was lavish with gifts . . .

Suddenly, I remembered the diamond and emerald bracelet! I had forgotten to leave it in the safe. If it were lost—and traced—after being identified as part of a certain big jewel robbery! The setting had been changed, but the stones could easily be identified.

And, if they were identified, would the lady from whom they were stolen have the courage to make a clean breast of it and confess that for months she had been having an affair with "Flashy" Dolan whom she had met at a certain popular "black and tan" cabaret in Harlem? I smiled. Flash could tell tales that would make Boccaccio's *Decameron* sound like a family reader.

I jerked myself up sharply. I remembered Don's instructions in the early days.

"Never let your mind wander from what you are going to do," he used to say. "Have the main object always in view—that's the only way to escape a slip-up. Remember, kid, those guys would trim you in their own fashion if you didn't trim them first. We're all cheaters at heart. And the dames are just as bad."

Oh, Don has charm all right! And brains. His frank tales of crimes he had committed were enveloped in a cloud of daring and keen-witted tilts against the law that fascinated me. Occasionally, it is true, this gentleman-bandit guise would slip and I had seen the coarse, cursing, callous, common criminal underneath. At first I was disgusted and horror-stricken; but after a time, environment prevailed and I grew to recognize the failings, the bad spots in people, and to sneer at the good they did as an assumed cloak of hypocrisy.

In a vague way, these thoughts filtered through my tired brain while the car rolled quietly through Central Park, cutting across from west to east. It required an unusual effort to concentrate on my coming visit. A nagging pain throbbed in my temples.

"Rotten, all rotten," I repeated silently, as I summoned up my best ingénue expression and stepped from the limousine when it stopped in front of the Morrow mansion.

The flunkey who opened the door asked my name, consulted a typewritten list at the bottom of which I saw "Beryl Stanley" scrawled in pencil.

They take such precautions nowadays, when mysterious jewel robberies in the great homes are becoming so common! No guest, who is not a regular visitor or is personally known to the private detective, disguised as doorman, is allowed to penetrate beyond the outer public rooms until a member of the family has given him the "once-over." But of course "lounge lizards," bootleggers' assistants, entertainers, all those jolly people whom one meets at the night clubs, are *personae gratae* in many of the smartest houses; the poor dears must be amused!

My name was telephoned to some other region in the house and a second footman brought forward a huge armchair and requested me to be seated. It was very warm, yet I didn't dare remove my wrap which concealed the liquor. Prohibition agents had often been planted in homes of the wealthy to gain evidence—and well, the bootleggers had to be protected. So, it became an unwritten law that the "goods" should be delivered only to a member of the family.

Just as I was beginning to feel frightfully faint, I saw the gilded grating of the

elevator slide open and a young man in dinner clothes stepped out. He glanced around the spacious foyer a bit uncertainly. I am only five feet two and concluded that he couldn't see the girl for the furniture.

"Mr. Morrow?" I asked, coming forward.

"Yes, are you Miss Stanley?" he inquired rather unnecessarily. I nodded. "Then, will you please come upstairs with me? We're having a pajama party—I stopped to change; that's what took me so long."

We entered the elevator where the lights were softly shaded by thick ground glass set around the ceiling of the car. I noticed that the man's eyes were slightly bloodshot, and that the upper lids were drooping heavily. Clean-cut lips formed a large mouth, and strong white teeth, were constantly displayed in a would-be welcoming smile. Tall, athletic, rather loosely built, an outdoor tan which suggested a recent stay at some winter resort. "He doesn't go in for wild women," I recalled Don's words. Well, maybe Don was right—but Penny Morrow at that moment looked to me like a typical example of his set.

"Won't you leave your wrap off in the room at the end of the corridor and join us for a few minutes?" he invited, after we had waited until the elevator had sunk out of sight.

He paused uncertainly. I grinned inwardly. Now he had me alone, and it was all right to accept the much needed champagne, he didn't know just what to do or say. In a flash, I contrasted him with my suave friend Don Merrick. Don was never at a loss; never confused in a crisis. Strange to say, for the first time, Don suffered in the comparison. In spite of his evident embarrassment and rather tipsy state, Penny's sweet friendliness predominated; he wasn't "smooth" or "glib," but he was—well, just genuine.

"Look," I smiled up at him, and with a swift movement discarded my cape. "You will have to take these first."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he ejaculated, regarding me with wide open eyes. I noticed that he was looking at me and not at the bottles hanging from my shoulders. "Why you are only a kid! I thought Don—"

"Here's your champagne," I said rather sharply, and held out the cases. "If you'll just take out these safety pins—I can't get at them."

He evidently noticed the hint of displeasure in my voice. "Oh, I say, isn't that the ticket!" he exclaimed with a ringing, half-embarrassed laugh. Suddenly, he stopped. "Aren't they awfully heavy?" Seeing the look of annoyance return to my face, he hastened to make a suggestion.

"By Jove, I have an idea!" he chortled. "Come in and be introduced to the crowd just like that. Let me take your wrap."

This last, however, I refused. I intended to hold on to that wrap and the emeralds. "Thanks, I prefer to keep it myself," I said shortly. "I'm only going to stop a few minutes."

Eagerly, like a kid, he seized hold of my hand and dragged me along with him towards a large drawing-room at the other end of the hall.

"Look ye! Look ye! Look ye!" he intoned, as he hauled me into the room. "The up-to-date milkmaid!"

A jazz band which had been playing, suddenly stopped, and Penny's voice carried to the four corners.

Almost instantly, we were surrounded. The bottles were snatched from my shoulders, and it was only through sheer force

that Penny kept the guests at bay until he had unfastened the safety pins.

I was amazed. Don had advised me to assume a "startled fawn expression," but if I had tried my darndest I couldn't have manufactured the one which must have appeared right then on my face. I had been to "wild" parties before but the scene that greeted my eyes, surpassed anything that I had ever imagined. Suffice it to say, as the writers put it, no movie censors would have passed that party! The police would have promptly raided any such masquerade had it taken place in the lowest dives in the city.

THE bootlegger's philosophy had been perfect. In that gathering of intoxicated, licentious, scandalously garbed members of New York's "best" people, I was as outstandingly pure and fresh-looking as a lily in a muck heap.

"Where is Cecily?" I heard Penny ask a pert young girl, whose lovely flushed face and glassy eyes evidenced the nearing of collapse. She couldn't have been a day over eighteen—real eighteen—I judged. The pajama suit she wore was an exquisitely dainty thing of embroidered silk, spotted and stained with wine.

"Oh, she passed out while you were downstairs, Penny," she answered glibly. "Ash Knolly has taken her away. He's going to put her under the shower in the bathroom. Did you only get four bottles of fizz, really, Penny? Why, that's not enough for eyewitness! The gang's just about ready to break into your aunt's wine cellar."

"Just let them try!" Penny laughed. "Run along Doris and get your share at least. The later you are the less you'll get."

The girl, addressed as Doris, turned away sulkily.

"Cecily is my sister-in-law," Penny explained to me. "My aunt is down at Palm Beach just now and we borrowed her house for the party. The crowd is beyond me. I thought Cissy would be able to handle 'em. Come on, let's you and me, sit down over here."

Then, while the party progressed, Penny and I started to get acquainted.

"Tell me, how did you ever come to do this sort of thing?" he inquired. "How on earth did you get mixed up in the bootlegging business?"

"Well, you know, it isn't often like this!" I exclaimed. I couldn't resist launching this barb.

I saw a surprised flush mount to his face. Then his lips tightened. I could almost read his thoughts: "The impudence of a bootlegger's assistant! To criticize my guests!" Class consciousness! Humph! I would take that down a peg later on! In the meantime, I couldn't afford to indulge in any sarcasm. It might be repeated to Don—and then!

Besides, I wanted to get even for that mightier-than-thou attitude. So I continued softly, allowing a tired little note to drift into my voice.

"I mean by that, I usually deliver goods in the daytime. I just returned from Florida last week—family reasons. And I didn't choose the bootlegging business, as you call it. It was just one of those things that are waiting around to happen to you. It was necessary for me to make money—big money for a certain reason—and some one I knew—knew some one who knew—the man I am working for. I was very glad to have the chance to make such big money. When some one who is dear to you—but—" I broke off abruptly, with a much practiced half-sob half-sigh. "After all, other people's troubles are only bubbles, you know—"

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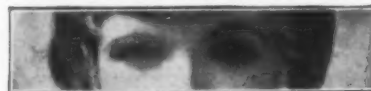
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and speaking of bubbles you haven't had any of the champagne."

Penny listened with all the solemn attention of the semi-sober. "I don't care for any," he said hastily. "Would you—er—care for a glass of it?"

"Oh, no, thank you," I declined with a little shudder. "I must go now. I have been here for the customary half-hour. My assignments usually take me to lawn and yachting parties and luncheons and teas, you know, and a thirty minutes' visit is supposed to allay suspicion."

It was over an hour later, however, before we finished our tête-à-tête, which was every now and then interrupted by one of the grotesquely costumed guests.

By the time I finally rose to take my leave, I had succeeded in making the desired impression and had accepted an invitation to lunch with Penny at noon.

I had just given him my address and telephone number somewhat coily, when a tall, willowy girl in a spangled turquois suit came over. She gave me a rather haughty, supercilious look, her penciled eyebrows arching disdainfully. The effect was comical rather than crushing because she staggered slightly.

"Penny, you are the devil of a host, y'know old slob," she drawled. "Everybody's just about passin' out, or insultin' each other. Torchestra's fled in dismay. An' here y'are, discussin' wet goods with the modern milkmaid."

"Well, Nancy, 'tisn't my fault you know," Penny answered apologetically. "Lack of experience. And then Cissy promised to be my Rock of Gibraltar if I would throw a really wet party for Tom. 'Steard of that she went and melted like the pillar of salt. Guess I'm rather squiffy myself. Eh—good night, Miss Stanley, and thanks."

He gave me a friendly, though cool little nod, and left me to find my way back to the elevator alone. "Rotters! Putrid rotters!" I castigated them all in my own mind. Well, the plucking of Penny would be all the easier! Whatever Moe had in store for him, I hoped it would be something good and chastening for his high-hat attitude. Yet, he had been awfully decent in a way—though you never can tell.

Wrapping my cape around me, I sauntered out of the drawing-room and made my way along the corridor. The last impression I took away, was of a shocking sight in one of the upholstered antique hall-chairs.

I PRESSED the elevator button furiously. My head was splitting, and it seemed ages before the car slowly ascended. There was an impudent glint in the eyes of the wooden faced operator when he recognized me. What a foolish farce the whole thing was! A wave of nausea came over me as we sank rapidly down. This rebellion was a new phase. What did I care for those boobs upstairs? Rotters! Putrid rotters!

I heaved a sigh of relief as I entered Don's car and was whisked back to the club. I would have given anything in the world to have gone straight home. The Morrow mansion had been overheated and I felt uncomfortably cold; the feeling of nausea persisted.

It was after four o'clock when we arrived. At the door, I met Don's head lieutenant Gus Daley, who informed me that the chief had left.

"He wants you to meet him at the Cliquot at 11 o'clock sharp, Beryl, and you'd better be on time, too," he said. "Something's upset Don, and he was ugly as sin when he passed me the word."

"I don't know how I can do it," I ob-

jected peevishly. "The man he sent me to rope in is coming up to the flat for me at noon to take me to lunch. Can't you get in touch with me and call me up?"

Daley was the only one in our "mob" who knew where the chief lived. Though I had been, supposedly, his best-beloved for nearly three years, I had never been taken into his confidence.

"All right, I'll give you a ring first thing in the morning. You'd better go right home, kid, you look all in."

I felt all in. When I reached the street and found that Jerry had driven off, I was sick enough to sink down on the pavement right then and there. Not a cab was in sight.

As I made my way over to Broadway, a freezing cold wind swooped up the street. My voluminous fur wrap felt like an icy shroud. By the time I finally managed to secure a taxi, I was thoroughly exhausted and almost hysterical. I sank on to the hard leather covered cushions with a sob of sheer misery in my throat.

"What on earth was the matter with me?" I asked myself angrily. Everything had gone all right; Penny Morrow had—I had every reason to believe—"fallen" as completely as any one could wish for.

When the cab stopped, I paid off the driver and entered the elevator in a daze. My head was throbbing and my whole body ached while cold chills ran up and down my spine. I devoutly hoped that Maisie Carter with whom I shared an apartment, would not return until I got into bed. I could feign sleep, and I was horribly tired.

Maisie danced in one of the clubs and the hour of her return varied with her activities after the show. Sometimes she returned at four; sometimes long after dawn.

This proved to be one of her early nights. When I opened our door, I found all the lights on. They dazzled my eyes.

"Hello, Beryl, that you?" she called out as soon as I entered. I had never noticed before what a shrill, piercing voice Maisie had. "What do you think," she continued, getting up from the living-room lounge and following me into my bedroom. "I saw Don dancing attendance on Flo Carson tonight. Maybe that's her revenge on you. What's the matter?"

"Nothing; I'm tired, and I think I've caught cold, Maisie," I answered, speaking patiently with a great effort. "Anyway, I feel all shot to pieces and I'm too tired to talk."

But nothing could shut Maisie up. She planted herself at the foot of my bed, and while she gossiped, smoked a cigarette in deep puffs. "It's wonderful how that Flo has developed, I'll say! Gosh, just think one year ago she was running around with that messy little broker's messenger that you roped in. She was talking about it the other day—said you must be a dangerous vamp—the way the men who fall for you get into trouble. I wonder who told her?" she laughed mockingly. "She just couldn't be so infernally dumb as she seems to be! And I wonder how she met Don?"

I turned and looked at her in disgust. "Well, as I was saying, when you asked me," she went on, "I don't know who told her, but she knew about that shipping clerk that you 'prepared' for Moe who got you the job as telephone operator with the Greater North Fur Company three years ago when you were startin' out and netted him near a hundred thousand in furs and the shipping clerk a five year stretch. And also that jewelry salesman, 'Cissy' introduced you to, at the Midnight Club, who let you wear all the diamonds in his sample case,

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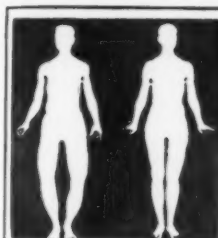
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the night that that hold-up was staged. Besides that bank teller who got mixed up in the Belleclair Bank hold-up, and—

"Maisie, listen to me," I went over to her, and, as she told me afterwards, though I spoke very quietly, my face was convulsed with fury, and my eyes shone like a cat's. "If you say one more word I'll kill you. Now, will you shut up?"

Maisie says she shut up "right pronto" and considered the advisability of quitting the apartment and taking refuge with André Rido who had an apartment across the hall. However, she decided that I was harmless, simply mad clean through because she had told me that Don had taken up with Flo Carson.

Of the hours which followed I have only a dim recollection. A vague procession of young men in prison clothes seemed to march round and round the room—and the last in the line was Penny Morrow. Sometimes the gray garments changed to brilliantly colored pajamas; but the faces always remained gray, and the eyes haunted with horror. They were, I knew, the men Don had ordered me to "rope in" at one time or another, for one purpose or another—for Moe the fence; for Clint the shady stock-broker; for Ike Finkelstein the jewel-broker. Hovering in the background, I saw the pendulous cheeks, little pig-eyes sunken in flabby pouches of flesh, and slack bloodless lips of Jay Thorndyke who had escorted me home the night two of Finkelstein's men met us at the door of my apartment and "robbed" me of a hundred dollars worth of paste jewelry—which cost Jay exactly \$50,000 to keep me from reporting the case to the police.

"Rotters! Rotters! Putrid rotters!" I dimly remembered jeering at them.

I HAVE only a vague recollection of the weeks which followed. When I came to, I found a uniformed nurse sitting reading in a chair near my bed. The place was filled with flowers and the sun was streaming into the room through lowered shades.

"Hello, Annie," I whispered. "What's been the trouble?"

"Well, so you've decided to recognize me at last," Annie Hyslop, a professional nurse who worked for our own doctor, grinned at me cheerfully. We have our own doctors and nurses for such emergencies. A babbling invalid is watched with the greatest care. "For the past three weeks you've been listening to the tooting of Gabriel's horn, old dear, but I guess he didn't strike the right note. Double pneumonia. I must call Daley up right away and let him have the good news. You're not to talk too much, but I'll give you all the latest gossip."

I listened to her account given in a low soothing monotone, while I lay among the cool, white, frilly pillows in a state of delicious languor.

Daley had called up the morning after my visit to the Morrow party and Maisie had answered the phone and informed him that I was completely out of my head and she was afraid to stay with me.

The doctor had been summoned and two of his nurses installed; also old gentle-faced Molly Angus—one of the cleverest confidence women in the country—had been installed as my prop-mother. Maisie was banished to the apartment across the hall.

"When your new friend, Penny Morrow, arrived at twelve, looking rather pale about the gills," Annie reported gleefully, "the stage was all set. Your 'mommer' broke the bad news to him, but he wasn't allowed more than a peep inside the door.



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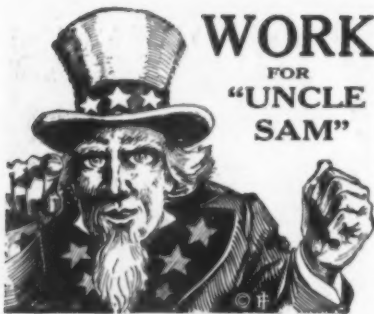
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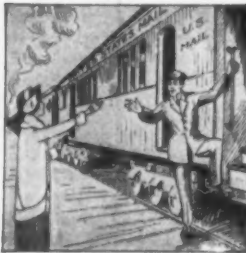
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He saw you lying there looking like an angel—and we shut him out quick enough to prevent his hearing you spill the beans. How horrified that sweet little boy would have been if he had heard what you said. Instead, your 'mommer' laid it on heavy—about the sacrifices you had made for your poor tubercular little brother and so on."

I drifted off to sleep while she was talking. I was so glad Penny had come . . . I hadn't lost him . . . I didn't want him for Moe . . . only . . . I wanted him for myself . . . I wanted to get even. "Rotters. Rotters, every one of them. His high-and-mightiness."

I HAD wanted to ask about Don, but I was too tired. It was strange, I puzzled, that Annie hadn't mentioned him . . .

It was night when I awoke. Before full consciousness returned, I was aware of lowered voices in the room. My eyelids felt like lead, and my head seemed to be glued to the pillows. "Annie," I managed to whisper at last. "Annie!" What a funny croaking little voice I had. I smiled.

"Well, my little child is herself again!" Don's mocking tones sent a thrill through me. "How do you feel? We're all here in your honor."

He raised me very gently and Annie piled the pillows behind my back. Gus Daley, Bob, Annie Hyslop, Molly Angus and Doc Guthrie stood in a circle around the bed.

"Only for fifteen minutes, though," I heard Doc say. I have never learned just how Dr. Guthrie came to be mixed up with our mob. He doesn't look like a man who had ever done anything crooked—yet, I knew of course that they must have something "on" him, for, though he is never used except in case of sickness, he is as much a part of the gang as I was, and Annie and Molly and all the rest of us.

"Here is a little present for a good little child," Don held out a string of beautiful pearls.

"I am sorry, Don, that I was silly enough to fall sick just when you had put me on Penny Morrow," I whispered.

"Did I gum the works?"

"Anything but," he grinned back. "You've been working while you've been ill. Penny Morrow has fallen for you like a cartload of bricks. He's all ready for the sacrifice."

"I'm so glad," I declared with a heartfelt sigh of relief.

Don looked at me sharply for a minute. "That is one bird I want to bring down," I confided. "You see Don, he tried to high-hat me."

"Well, why should you care?" he demanded, his eyes half closing. "Anyway, you have him eating out of your hand now. Your 'mommer' is calling him up on the phone, telling him you can see him for half an hour tomorrow afternoon. You have still six weeks to bring him to order. You want to play for a job in his office. When you get that I'll give you further orders."

"So, Mr. Penny Morrow," I mused to myself, "the impudent little assistant boot-legger is going to put you in your place! And Don will be pleased. What do I care for Penny Morrow?"

One is supposed to return from the "valley of the shadow" in a chastened spirit—but I didn't. I looked forward with glee to my tilt with the self-sufficient Penny.

The days of my convalescence were delightful. How I enjoyed stringing the poor nut along. How seriously he took himself and me!

One afternoon when he arrived to pay his daily call, he found my "mommer" dictating to me, and I was making stenographic hieroglyphics in a notebook.

"Hello, there, Mr. Morrow," I called out gaily. "Meet the new stenographer. Monday morning she is going downtown to get a job with the Morris & Eckstein Clothing Company. Hours eight to six; salary \$25 a week. Rather different from \$750 a week for a few hours a day—but anyway, I'm going to give it a trial."

"But you needn't break in with such a ghastly sort of job, Beryl," he said seriously.

He shook hands punctiliously with "mommer" who rose murmuring something about getting tea ready, and came over to the window seat and pulled a chair alongside. Gosh, how that up-lift manner of his got on my nerves. He was so darned friendly—yet we weren't friends, if you know what I mean. In some intangible way, Penny never crossed the chasm between his social position and ours. Oh, he was very polite—not a bit snobbish, really—and yet it always cropped out. And it amused me to see it crop out; it made the baiting so much easier!

"Well, one must take what one can get," I shrugged. "If I can't stand it I can always get my old job."

He frowned and stared out of the window. A gorgeous sun was setting. Great shafts of flame shot across the sky and burnished the windows of the scattered homes which dotted the Palisades. I love to watch the sun sink behind the Hudson's magnificent shore, but Penny obviously saw nothing.

"Beryl, I'm going to take you into my office," he said at length, and by the curt way he announced this decision I knew that it was one he had pondered over much—and had found it inadvisable. "My secretary is leaving to be married this week and I was going to take a girl out of our stenographic department. The work is very confidential. I am manager of our transportation department, and we have never taken an outsider into that department since—ah— The salary is \$45 a week, and the hours are 9.30 to 5. You may find it hard at first, but I'll help you all-I can. You are a clever girl and I'm sure you'll make good."

That up-lift stuff again. If the success of our whole plot had depended on it, I couldn't have resisted another little irritating dig at his aloofness.

"Thanks, lots, Mr. Morrow," I said indifferently. "That'll be better, and I'll do the best I can to win out. By the way, I read in this afternoon's newspaper that there is a rumor of your engagement to Nancy Lee. Wasn't she the girl I met at the party that night?"

"The newspapers publish many announcements on very frail foundations," he evaded, and curtly turned the subject away from "his people" as he invariably did.

How tickled to death Don would be to hear my news, and what a thrill I would have when I "delivered the goods." This time it would be Penny—not champagne I would deliver!

Don was as delighted as I could possibly have wished.

"Now, Beryl, what Moe wants is a complete set of letter-heads and blanks from Morrow's department," he ordered, and a satisfied smile lurked around his thin, hard mouth. "Then, we want you to get Penny down to the Club some night by hook or crook—and the liquor will do the rest."

Penny was amazed at the way I took hold of my office duties. I worked hard

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and my stenography was excellent—as indeed it should have been. Before I had passed beyond the legal limits, I had been an expert private secretary.

However, though I was carefully planted in the office, it wasn't so easy to purloin the desired papers for Moe. I had a file clerk as my assistant and it was her inconvenient habit to lock up all papers before leaving for the day.

Also, just how I was to inveigle Penny to the Club, I couldn't imagine. Since I had become his secretary, even his friendliness had vanished. He treated me with perfectly cold politeness. There were no more visits to our apartment on the Drive. He had duly snatched the brand from the burning and was undoubtedly patting himself on the back.

One day the file clerk failed to show up and I had the papers at my mercy. I made a gesture of great activity as Penny was leaving for the day and said "Good-night" to him to the accompaniment of rattling typewriter keys. There were a great many forms, and in order to carry out the whole collection, it would be necessary to wait until the office force had gone.

I was as nervous as a kitten by the time the package was made; I jumped every time I heard a door open; and my heart thumped violently each time central buzzed the switchboard in the outer room.

Finally, I had everything ready, and was powdering my nose in front of the mirror of my vanity case—when Penny walked into the room.

"What are you doing here, Beryl?" he asked. "Why haven't you gone home?"

Perhaps it was because I had not entirely recovered my strength; perhaps it was because, I had been under so much nervous tension during the past hour. Anyway, without answering him, I burst into tears, and buried my face in my arms.

"Beryl!" His voice seemed to come from a distance. Then, suddenly I felt his arms around me. "What on earth is the matter, little girl?"

I looked up. His face was so close to mine, my eyes met his. There was, even in that amazing moment, I noticed it, a look of consternation. Penny had "fallen." He had bridged the chasm between my set and his. I laughed in my heart.

"Why, Beryl, darling, aren't you happy?"

His voice was husky with emotion; his gray eyes were troubled. The faintly supercilious expression was dead. This was love-light which softened and brightened them. I looked at him curiously. I have had many men make love to me, but there has never been the fervor and reverence which I saw reflected in Penny's eyes.

I BURIED my face on his shoulder. It was necessary to think and to decide how to act. One thing, I knew, and that was that I couldn't play Penny along as I had done the other "boobs." If I were to obey Don's bidding, it would have to be tonight.

"Come along and let's have dinner together," Penny suggested at length. "You know it's funny, Beryl, but I must have loved you all this time—ever since I met you with the champagne bottles slung over your shoulders—and I never realized it. You are a very wonderful little person, do you know it? How you have kept so good and sweet when you have had such a damned hard time, I don't know. You are so lovely, Beryl."

What had come before that I can't tell, for I had been so busy planning how to get hold of Don and tell him the news.

"You must have been disgusted with us all, little girl, weren't you?" he asked

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with a crooked little smile. "You know, I can't drink; three highballs simply send me off since I was gassed. I am as sound as a fiddle in every other way; didn't get a scratch, but the effects of the gas always crops out as soon the fumes of alcohol seep in."

I wiped away all traces of tears with my powder puff, straightened my hat, and prepared to leave.

"I'm sorry, Penny, I can't come to dinner with you, I have another engagement," I said slowly, "but, if you will call about ten o'clock, we might run over to the Madcap Club and have a dance."

I waited anxiously for his answer. "To celebrate," I added.

Just the faintest trace of hesitation swept over his face. Then he smiled brightly. "Great," he said, "and I'll call a bit early and tell your mother."

I insisted on going home alone. "Now, I have Penny where I want him," I thought and I tried to gloat over it, but I was surprised to find myself depressed and frightened.

We were just leaving the office when Penny stopped. "Oh, Beryl, is this your parcel?" he asked, picking up the papers which I had wrapped in a piece of brown paper and tied with a string.

"Oh, yes—yes," I laughed nervously. "It's something for mommer. I almost forgot it."

A rather hectic evening followed. I called Gus Daley on the phone and asked him to get in touch with Don right away and tell him I had the papers.

"Penny Morrow and I will be at the Club tonight between ten and eleven," I added.

At seven o'clock Don himself called at the apartment.

"Great stuff, little girl," he said and seizing me in his arms crushed me in a passionate embrace. "I knew you would manage to put it over. It means thousands of dollars—"

Suddenly, he noticed my lack of response. Placing his hand under my chin, he raised my face. "Beryl, look into my eyes," he commanded harshly. I did so, reluctantly. His piercing black eyes seemed to burrow right into my soul. "What's the matter? Good Lord, kid, you don't mean to say that you have fallen in love with that fool, Penny Morrow? He's just as rotten as all the others. He—"

"NO, HE isn't Don," I managed to gasp. "He's white—and decent—I don't know whether or not I'm in love with him. But you needn't be afraid. I could never marry him."

"Marry him!" Don snarled with an ugly oath. "You don't think the idiot intends to marry you? By the way, do you remember the Carson girl? I found that she was snooping around for a private detective agency. So last week, I escorted her to the Golden Slipper—and, well, I guess we'll have no further trouble from her. Big Buck Jones, the negro fence, is initiating her into the mysteries of the 'underworld' in Hell's Kitchen."

I shivered. Don professed to love me, but I knew he was as implacable as fate itself if any of the gang attempted to double-cross him.

"It's all right, Don," I whispered. "I love only you. I'll go through with this." "All right, see that you do, Beryl," he snapped. "I'll send Molly Angus right over."

Though I was as nervous as a cat all evening, there was no slip-up. Molly accompanied us to the Club. It was she who ordered the champagne.

After two glasses of the wine, which I

am sure was doctored, Penny's voice was thick, his eyes glassy.

"Why, Beryl, darling, I'm afraid if I take any more I'll be drunk," he muttered. "Y' know I told you I couldn't stand liquor. Waiter, the bill."

The waiter was some time in returning with the check.

Penny glanced at it carelessly; then put his hand in his pocket. He brought it out empty.

"Somebody's picked my pocket," he announced dully. His speech was becoming heavier and heavier. "Or maybe, I forgot when I changed my clothes—"

"It will be all right, sir, if you will sign the check," the waiter said slowly and distinctly, at the same time, handing Penny a fountain pen. I glanced up. At a nearby table, I saw Don and Moe watching our table intently.

I was rather puzzled. Just what was coming off? I looked at the check. Then I saw that the waiter had slipped another sheet underneath. His finger was pointing to a dotted line. And that dotted line was on one of the blank forms I had given to Don that evening. The pen was racing across the paper in Morrow's dashing signature. My hand reached for the wine bottle in the silver pail.

"Let's have one more glass of champagne, before we leave," I said gaily, and bent across the table to fill Molly's glass. As I did so, I dropped the bottle. The fizzling, bubbling amber liquid poured over the check and the signature was blurred into an indecipherable mess before the waiter could rescue it.

Involuntarily, I looked over towards Don's table. Our eyes clashed. His were like burning coals; his face had turned ashen white with fury.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, turning my eyes back to the waiter. "Tell Mr. Merrick I'll be responsible for the check. Come on home, Penny."

I insisted on Penny allowing "mommer" and me to drive him home to his bachelor apartment on Madison Avenue. There, Molly and I separated. "Good Lord, Beryl, what have you let yourself in for?" she asked as soon as we were alone. "Don saw you do that. It'll be a session at the Golden Slipper for yours, I'm afraid."

"So am I, Molly," I answered. "But I'm not afraid. By-bye and good luck."

But I am afraid. The orders were telephoned to me shortly after I reached "home."

It was Daley's voice. "The chief wants you to go to Morrow's office as usual tomorrow and meet me at the Golden Slipper at midnight. I'm sorry, kid."

Oh, Don's not afraid I shall "snitch." He knows I daren't. He has too much on me!

It is dawn. The robins are chirping and twittering on my window sill. Silvery sunlight is breaking in the sky. It will soon be day.

Penny and his white love belong to the day. I have written this as a tribute to him; it is the first decent thing I have done for four years.

I love Penny Morrow. He is the sort of Prince Charming who should have come riding along four years ago.

As I write this, it seems to me as if no test would be too severe—but when I face Don's wrath and hear the alternatives which are offered me, God alone knows how I shall decide.

For you see the big game isn't spoiled yet and its capture lies in my hands.

If I refuse, will Don's love and tenderness which he has so often passionately professed for me, save me?

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My Reckless Impulse

[Continued from page 45]

enough," I ventured. "Let's go back now."

"Go back?" he questioned. "Hardly. We're going to have a nice little ride through this next canyon and then I know a fine, dark gulch where we can turn off and park without any one bothering us. We will stop there and visit as long as I wish to." He leered insinuatingly.

All the stories and rumors I had heard of his vile reputation returned to me. He was no longer a romantic figure, but a sordid beast who had me in his power. I thought of jumping and must have looked toward the side of the car, as he seemed to guess my intention.

"Don't do it," he warned; "it is a long way to the bottom of the canyon. You're not the first one who has thought of it, but none of them ever had the nerve," and he laughed.

I edged toward the side of the car.

"HERE, don't be so formal," he jeered. "Give me a big kiss."

Before I could ward off the grasp of his powerful arm, he had swept me to him and his lips were on mine. My only instinct was to get away from that loathsome embrace. Crazed with fear and rage, I struggled until a hand was free to attack those gloating eyes which were now so close to mine. A glaring pencil of light struck us from a spotlight on a car farther up the canyon and I was torn between relief that some one might come to my rescue and the shame of having voluntarily exposed myself to this situation. The struggle seemed like hours, although it could not have been but a few seconds. I felt Ralton's arm release me, heard him cursing the light which was now mirrored with dazzling brilliance in our windshield, then a sudden sickening lurch as the car seemed to drop away on my side and I hurtled through the air. I felt the scratch and tear of grasping branches and then a darkness blacker than the canyon night settled on me. My last remembrance was of a crash farther below, the tinkle of shattered glass and a scream of pain or fear.

The search parties were again on the road, the noise of the engines as the cars started to leave, muffling their words so I could get no inkling of what was said.

When the sound of the last machine had died away, I started to climb slowly toward the road. Suddenly a blinding glare of light struck me in the face, passed on and then hesitated full upon me again before it disappeared. I shrank behind a boulder, but heard some one descending the rocky slope, picking his steps by aid of the flashlight. I thought of running, but it was so pitch dark I didn't dare—it might mean a worse fall than I had before.

Finally I could stand the suspense no longer.

"Is that you, John?" I called.

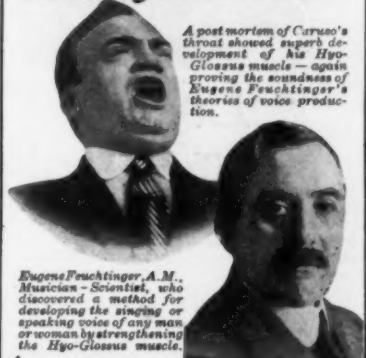
"Yes," a voice answered—"John Flint."

"Oh, Mr. Flint, I'm so glad it's you," I answered.

Old Skin-Flint, as he was called by many who did business with him, was one of our most prominent merchants, and while I had never particularly cared for him on account of his oily manner and habit of pawing you at every opportunity when showing you goods, yet he seemed now like an angel in disguise.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, as he came

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down to where I stood among the bushes. "No, only a little bruised," I said.

"I was in the car just back of Ralton and recognized you just before he drove over the cliff," he explained. "He was killed, you know—broke his neck and back."

I shuddered and looked down into the depths of the canyon where I might have been crushed also.

"I didn't think you had fallen very far," he continued. "I saw you were headed for this patch of trees, and waited until the rest were gone until I came down to see. I thought the less known of your ride with Ralton, the better, eh?" he queried.

I didn't like the insinuation in his tone, but believed his intentions were good in shielding me from the notoriety.

"Please get me out of this so people won't know I was in that machine," I begged.

"Do as I say, and we will make it," he promised.

By this time we had climbed back up the road and as we got into his car he suggested I sit on the floor so I wouldn't be seen. He dropped his raincoat over me for further concealment. We had been driving a few minutes when I felt suffocated under the coat and lifted it for a breath of fresh air. I watched the familiar landmarks flashing by, and suddenly realized we were going upstream instead of down as I supposed.

"Where are you taking me?" I demanded.

"Keep still," he said curtly; "leave this to me."

We had gone very little farther when I felt the car lurch in a quick turn to the left, heard the rumble of planking as we crossed a bridge, followed by a grinding as the car went into low gear and seemed to be climbing a short, steep grade, before it came to an abrupt stop.

"Get out," Old Skin-Flint commanded, and in the blackness I could see the outline of a cabin a few feet away.

"Why are we going in here?" I asked, with a feeling of uneasiness.

"We've got to keep off the road for a while until the traffic thins out after the dances are over up and down the canyon, and this cabin of mine is as good a place to stay as any. You don't want to be seen as you look now and have to explain to anyone, do you?" he questioned sarcastically.

I FOLLOWED him into the cabin and I stood waiting while he pulled down all the curtains before lighting an oil lamp. "I'll get some water and you can wash up. We'll fix that nasty gash on your head," he said, and went to the river below the cabin for a bucket of water.

I sat and wondered how this was all going to come out. What would I tell John, and what would he think of me? He seemed so dear to me now, when I had probably lost him. As I heard Old Skin-Flint returning, panic seized me and I thought of slipping out the back door and take my chances of getting away in the darkness. I decided, however, I was upset from the accident and my suspicions were without cause.

He got a bowl of water and, despite my objections, washed the dirt and blood from my head and face. It seemed to me the very air was tense; I noticed his hand shake slightly as he lifted it with the moistened cloth. Then, as he bent over me, I heard his breath in a short, rasping gasp. Suddenly he had gathered me in his arms and before I could fend him off, had kissed me again and again.

"You old fool," I shrieked at him as I

struggled free from his clawing hands and gave him a shove on to a bench alongside the fireplace.

Suddenly I felt sick and trembly. The shock was too much—and now even my rescuer was taking advantage of me.

"Not so old, I guess," he said, as he started toward me again. "I wouldn't think you would mind me. No girl was very particular who welcomed Ralton Hill's company."

I thought of trying to explain, but what was the use! "Come now," he said in a wheedling tone; "haven't I saved you from a lot of publicity tonight by my quick thinking and not telling all I saw just before the wreck?"

I knew now it was a question of getting out of the place, in spite of my faintness and nausea. I remembered seeing a lock on the door leading into the bedroom adjoining this room. Possibly if I could get in there and bolt that door it would give me time to open the outside window and escape into the night. I started to edge toward this door.

"When John hears of this, he will kill you," I warned.

He laughed cynically.

"I don't think so; you drove up to the Inn with John, and my suspicion is you ditched him to go with Ralton. He won't be interested in you after that."

I had a sickening sensation this might be so and felt weak enough to fall. Only the knowledge that I must show no weakness kept me up.

Now I was opposite the bedroom door.

"Oh, please," I implored. He just laughed and picked me up in his arms as he would a child. I thought I was completely exhausted, but now a strength like one's second wind returned and I fought in a frenzy of terror, kicking, scratching and biting. He held me easily and tried to talk to me in spite of my attempts to get loose. I knew I couldn't keep up the struggle much longer, as my false strength was leaving me and everything appeared distorted in a haze before my eyes. I screamed in terror. Then he clamped his hand over my mouth and whispered in my ear.

"Shut up, you little fool."

He was tense and seemed to be listening. I heard a noise alongside the cabin and steps on the porch. Then what a relief! John's voice!

"Betty, are you there?"

Flint tried to hold me, but I twisted away from his smothering hand. "Help, help, John," I screamed. Flint tossed me to one side and, going to a cupboard, took out a vicious-looking automatic.

"Look out, John," I shrieked, "he has a gun!"

"Open that door," John called, and I felt the whole cabin quiver as he struck a blow with his shoulder. Flint deliberately took aim and before I could seize his arm, had fired. There was a dull thud like a falling body and then a faint moan. Old Skin-Flint turned to me with a mock theatrical bow.

I collapsed on a bench in the depths of despair, and there flashed across my mind what disaster my reckless impulse had brought.

A blast of fear from Old Skin-Flint, throaty curses in John's deep voice and they landed in the room, a tangled, fighting mass, struggling for possession of the revolver. John's arm shot out in a lightninglike grip, and with a squeal of pain, Flint dropped the automatic from the hand which was now in a bone-breaking twist.

"Get up," John commanded. "I want you on your feet so you can appreciate the worst licking you will ever get."

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Flint put up a pitiful attempt at self-defense. At his third knock-down he slid across the floor and fell almost against the rock fireplace. As he arose unsteadily to his feet, I saw he had grasped the heavy iron poker lying on the hearth. I shouted a warning, but as the weapon was brought down with skull-crushing force, John side-stepped and delivered a smashing blow that toppled his opponent to the floor where he lay in a quiet, bloody bulk.

"You haven't killed him, have you John?" I asked fearfully.

"No, although I should," he said, looking down, his face twitching with rage. Then I saw his glance go to the revolver lying a few feet away. As quick as I could I got it and hurled it through the window, then rushed to him and clung to his arms.

"OH, JOHN, can you ever forgive me?" I begged piteously.

He stared at me like one just awakened from a deep sleep. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and gave his head a toss as if to clear away the mental cobwebs. Taking his gaze from the automatic, he looked down at me and asked what I had said.

"Please forgive me, John," I pleaded again. "I'll never bother you this way again."

What a sense of protection and comfort it gave as he gathered me in his arms!

"I think you have been punished enough," he said in his old, quiet, manner. His voice drifted on, softer and more distant. Then all went black. The reaction had come. Two hours later we were driving toward home.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

Then he told me how he suspected I had gone with Ralton when I disappeared from the Inn, and while going among the parked cars to make sure that Ralton's wasn't still there, word came that a car had gone over the cliff down the canyon. Crazed with fear, he had driven recklessly over the few miles to the scene of the accident and then was overjoyed when he was told Ralton was alone. Deciding I must still be at the Inn, he drove back there, but, after getting no information as to my whereabouts, was at a loss to know where to look for me. Then a sudden idea threw him into another panic. Perhaps I was in the car but had been thrown into the swirling mountain torrent below and swept away. Somebody mentioned that Old Skin-Flint saw the whole thing, as he was immediately behind Ralton's car. Another added Flint must have lost his nerve and was afraid to drive the rest of the road that night as they had seen him going back up the canyon toward his cabin a short time after the wreck. Playing a hunch that he might give him some further information, John found me.

"But, John, I was so afraid you were killed when he shot through the door." He chuckled. "Old Skin-Flint was the worst scared man you ever saw when I struck at him as he stepped out."



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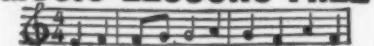
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I Wanted My Husband

[Continued from page 31]

of fire. Our hands met. A woman thinks what it pleases her most to think.

"I can't take a chance with you in this fog, Natalie. I'll manage somehow to see that things work out O.K. for you," he said, the fog muffling his voice.

I followed him. Not because I wanted to go to sleep. But because I realized that Colby had to be about the ship, and that he probably figured it was best for me to be below. At the door of Suite B he hesitated before entering.

Colby located a black case under one of the twin beds. It was locked and there was no key. He managed to force it open. Margaret's things went flying all over the bed from the violent manner in which he opened the case. He made a gesture to gather them all up.

"Never mind, Colby, I'll take care of them—"

HE STRAIGHTENED up suddenly at my words, turning upon me with a face whose tan showed a slight flush.

"All right, Natalie. I—well, here's something you'll want anyhow—and—it's your favorite color—"

My glance darted down to what Colby was holding out toward me. Flames leaped to my cheeks. I drew my breath in sharply. He was holding a beautiful Nile green nightgown in his hands.

"Thanks—yes—" I murmured, taking the silk and lace affair from him with shaking hands. My favorite color!

Colby strode past me as if he suddenly realized something. From the threshold he called "good night" without looking back. When the door closed softly, and I heard him going down the corridor to the deck, I covered my face with the green nightgown, and fell across the bed sobbing.

"Colby—Colby—oh—my darling, hold me—help me!"

I awakened almost at the same moment the door opened, and Colby burst in, a dim figure in a dressing robe. He rushed over to me.

"What's wrong, Natalie?" he asked anxiously.

I suppose it was his voice and the touch of his hands against my uncovered arms that made me conscious of everything. I realized I had been dreaming that something dreadful was happening to me. A great intangible force had appeared to be dragging me over the brink of a cliff. I had seen Colby suddenly appear like a phantom in the fog—yes, it was a fog that had descended cold and clammy upon me—and I had screamed for him to help me; to hold me back from that horrible, intangible force.

"Oh! Colby, it was so real!" I cried, shuddering against him as I ended an almost incoherent account of the dream.

"Never mind, Natalie, you're all right now. It was the influence of that wild ride through the fog in the cutter. Don't be worried now. I'm here, and we're under way at last. It's three o'clock and the worst fog in all my experience is on. The wireless reports that the Sound steamer *Commonwealth* has been rammed, and the water is full of her life-boats with passengers and crew. We're barely creeping for fear of striking some of them. We're in Sound water now—and Natalie—"

"Yes—de—yes, Colby," I said, recovering in time.

"We're proceeding to Newport. I—I—thought it best—there's less chance of anything being known there. You can get

the *Merchants' Express* in the morning and be back in Newport before you're missed, unless—"

"There's no one at my place except the servants—"

"Fine! Then New York's the best bet. Somebody'd see something in Newport no matter how carefully we landed—"

"Oh! Colby," I cried out suddenly.

"Yes," he said, bending over me.

"It seems so—so unbelievable—you and I—afraid of what people will say; having to sneak in from the eyes of society and the eyes of the world. I don't care about myself so much. But, you Colby! You! Oh! What would she think—say—"

"What she thinks, or cares doesn't matter any more." He blurted this out as if he were ridding his soul of something long suppressed.

I sat bolt upright in bed, my heart pounding like a hammer in my bosom, and my head going around and around.

"What—what did you say, Colby?" I begged, afraid to believe what my ears had just heard.

"I said—it—it—doesn't matter," he answered brokenly. "Oh, Natalie, I was a fool—a blind fool! And I've tried to go on bluffing myself and the world that I wasn't. But, you—today—tonight—this! I can't go on bluffing—"

"Oh, Colby, I understand what you mean—I've bluffed. I've been trying to do so ever since I met you—"

"I was afraid you'd laugh at me if—I dared let you see the way I really felt. I—only came to Newport hoping—"

I drew his face down over mine. Even in the rose dimness of the room I could see tears in his blue-gray eyes; could feel them dropping down on my cheeks.

"Kiss me, Colby—kiss me!" I begged, lifting starving lips to his . . .

"Nothing has ever changed you in my heart," I whispered at last. "You've always been my husband to me. The world no longer thinks of you as that. But, what are opinion, courts, decrees? They cannot make you the husband of another woman when you are already mine in God's eyes—"

"Natalie—please—let me tell you something, darling. You would be right under any circumstances. But, Natalie, even the world cannot call me any one's husband but your own. I—I—never married Nina. We only—"

"Colby! You never married her? Colby, tell me that again—please, again—and again—"

"Nina had never intended really marrying me. She doesn't believe in it. I was terribly shocked and upset at first. I should have realized my mistake then. I'm not her kind, Natalie. But, let's not go over it all. We sort of kept away from people abroad. One incompatibility after another arose between us . . . We came back two weeks ago—"

"Oh! I'm so glad—so glad you didn't really marry her. It used to almost kill me to think that the world looked upon you as her husband when you were mine—"

"Sweetheart—your left hand—please. Where are all the rings you used to have? And the one that counts most of all?" he said holding my fingers toward the rose light. "What have you done with it? Thrown it away, Natalie?"

"Thrown it away! Oh! Colby, never. It's there in my little beaded bag. I—I always carry it with me—"

He released me gently and got up. For

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a moment he stood between me and the rose lamp on the dressers, bending over something. When he came back a little circlet of platinum and diamonds sparkled in his hand. My wedding ring!

Colby slipped the sparkling little band down over my wedding finger, following it with the engagement diamond and a large cluster. Then he bent down over me:

"Natalie—my real, real sweetheart—my wife—" he whispered.

"My husband," I whispered back into his trembling kiss.

My mother, who had run down to town for a few days of shopping, was on the verge of leaving our town house to catch a train back to Newport when I reached the house alone, Colby having gone to make a final break with Nina. Mother was accustomed to accepting all kinds of situations, and surprises without giving any outward reflection of their affect upon her. But, my dropping in upon her from out of the fog-hidden skies startled her for once.

"It's not exactly your unexpected arrival that amazes me, my dear," she said. "It's the—the almost starry light in your eyes—and—Natalie, for heaven's sake what's happened? You look positively off earth—"

"It's Colby," I said simply, knowing that was enough to make her understand. Mother was one of the few who knew that he had broken my heart a year before. She had not approved of my loving him after his affair with Nina. But, she was woman enough to understand that I could not command my heart.

"He came back," she said.

"Yesterday—and—"

"My darling, I'm so glad for you—both of you. But, tell me about it. There is time before I dash for the Merchants' Express. How did you get here at such an hour, Natty?"

SITTING there in mother's exquisite little dressing boudoir, I told her all that had happened since tea of the preceding day. I was so enraptured by the repetition of it that I did not notice the anxious look on mother's face until I told her Colby and I planned to re-marry that very day—

"Oh! Natalie, darling," she cried, her anxious expression giving way to one of utter relief. "Thank God, Colby did not marry that woman . . . Thank God! Think of the situation you'd be in if he and Nina were really married—"

"Mother! What are you saying?"

"Natalie," she said, drawing me to her, "you have never stopped caring for Colby, even since his—"

"Never—never, dear. If anything I've loved him more than ever," I answered, my confession bringing me an exalted sort of happiness. "I've always thought of him as my husband in spite of everything—"

"Exactly, my dear," she cut in.

"But, we need not worry about such a thing now, dear," I said kissing her happily. "We'll be in Newport together tomorrow, Colby and I."

The drawing-room clock chimed eleven. I arose and went to a window. New York was still veiled with the gray fog that had drifted in upon it from the sea, and the Sound.

A dismal day for all the rest of the world perhaps. But, not for me. A warm golden sun seemed to be shining through the mists, and through this imaginary amber rift I saw a patch of blue summer sky. Colby was coming for me at eleven-thirty. We were going to be married again. Life was to start where it had

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been broken off only a short year before!

I went back to the big over-stuffed chair and curled up in it, abandoning myself to the half-satisfaction lovers find in reliving their last kisses and embraces. In all my married life before those hours came to Colby and me aboard *Macourneen* I had never even dreamed that love could be so sweet and strong.

The clock struck for the half-hour. My telephone tinkled. What a happy silver sound it made! Colby, of course.

The switchboard announced a caller. I waited at the door, my heart in my mouth for a first sight of handsome, tanned Colby coming toward me. I heard the elevator stop. The door slid open. Closed. Then light footsteps pattering over the tile corridor!

Not Colby's footsteps surely! A woman's! No, two women's. About to withdraw into the apartment I suddenly stood stock-still, the breath thickening in my throat as if heavy hands were choking me.

Nina! And some strange woman in clothes as smart and colorful as Nina's! "You expected Colby Bracebridge," began Nina, her voice unpleasantly hard, "well, he won't be here. I came in his place—"

"What do you want?" I demanded, standing as if to bar entry to my apartment. My voice was meant to be haughty and dignified. But, it failed miserably to be either. For a feeling of terror had gripped me. Terror that I cannot adequately explain, except that it filled me with a foreboding premonition.

"Perhaps, after all, you'd be better off finding out inside here than in a public hall. However, if you must hear it this way, I came to tell you to keep your hands off of Col—"

"Come inside, please," I cut in, panic assailing me. I could not afford to go through with such a situation as this promised to be in a hallway of an apartment house where I was very well-known. "Thanks—" she snapped impudently, and then swept by me, followed by the woman I did not know.

I closed the door and led them into my drawing-room where I had just been reliving those lovely hours of night and dawn with Colby aboard *Macourneen*.

"Well," I asked. "You're trying to steal Colby Bracebridge back—"

"You were the first to practice that kind of stealing," I shot back, furious at her implication.

The woman's carmine lips curled in a sneering smile. She shrugged her agile shoulders.

"You forget. I did not steal him. He came after me. Pursued me. Everybody knows that."

Her words were like sharp shafts of steel being pressed into my heart. They were cruelly true. Colby had pursued her. Tears started in my eyes.

"Now you remember? Don't let it escape your memory again. I know that you're trying to get him back. He told me this morning—"

"He told you—Colby told you—what?" I demanded, beginning to tremble.

"Everything—" was her potent answer.

"He told you about—about last night on *Macourneen*—about our coming here to New York—"

She arched her eyebrows at the other woman for a second. Then turning to me:

"Everything," she insisted. "Then he also told you we were going to be remarried," a note of triumph creeping into my voice. "Then you know he has renounced you for—"

A harsh, ugly laugh was Nina's answer. Turning to her companion she said:

"And she had the nerve to think I would sit by and let her take Colby right from under my nose! Well—well," she sneered, turning upon me again. "My friend Mrs. Lathrop has heard you admit you were aboard *Macourneen* all night with Colby Bracebridge—that you came to New York with him. That alone is enough grounds for me to sue you for alienation of his affections—to ruin you in your own high-hat crowd! What a story for the picture newspapers! And the other scandal sheets—I can see the headlines now—'Former Wife Admits Spending Night Aboard Yacht With Bracebridge In Effort To Win Him Back.'"

"You forget that you are nothing to him—and have no grounds upon which to sue me," I answered hotly. "I am his wife today as much as I was when I foolishly gave him up on your account. You—you are nothing but a woman who has lived—"

"I HAVE no grounds, haven't I?" she cried, rising from her chair, her hands fumbling in a pocket book. Suddenly she flashed a slip of paper at me.

"No grounds, eh? A wife has no grounds to sue—" she muttered wildly.

"A wife has. But you never have been his wife—"

"You lie," she screamed. "Read this paper—read it," she commanded.

"Colby told me he never married you," I countered, afraid to glance at it. But Nina thrust it under my nose. I could not help but see that it was a *bona-fide* wedding license issued between Colby Bracebridge and Nina Maynard. The printed and written words leaped from the legal paper like black fists and struck me brutally across the face and over the heart. Why had Colby lied to me? Why hadn't he come to me? It all seemed so damning!

"You expected him this morning," she went on ruthlessly as if she had read my thoughts. "He didn't come, and he's not coming. He was fool enough to come to me this morning and tell me that he had decided to go back to you . . . Men are such easy marks! Last night with you—and he fell for your efforts to steal him back. But, he changed his mind when I talked to him. He knows he hasn't got a chance of getting back to you. I—I wouldn't give him a divorce now for any amount of money on earth—"

"Stop, don't tell me anything more!" I cried, feeling as if I should die if I heard another word from her. But Nina, went on:

"I'll say one thing more. Either you swear you'll never see Colby Bracebridge again, and that you'll not make any efforts to win him back—or," she indicated the telephone, "I'll call my lawyers to institute suit against you at once, and I'll phone the papers to come and get the best 'society dirt' story of the year—"

Suddenly I remembered the tenderness of Colby's voice—of his gray-blue eyes—of his arms that had held me so close only a few hours ago. All that was of me cried out that Colby could not have lied to me about not being married to Nina. He could not have taken me unless—unless he really cared, and knew that we could go back to each other. No! Nina was only bluffing me with her talk of suit and newspapers. Colby was only being accidentally detained. He would come shortly and deny it all. Colby would stand between me and the threats of a brazen adventuress! I faced her, my eyes blazing with hate of her—with defiance.

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"I dare you to do what you threaten—you—you are only bluffing—trying to scare me away because you know he has discovered the truth in his heart—"

"You fool woman," she screamed, "I'll show you I was not bluffing—" She rushed to my private phone, and snapping it up called a number.

I stood like a frozen statue, wondering if she would dare go through with her bluff... Suddenly her voice now very controlled, poured into the mouthpiece.

"Hello! Is this the Evening Telegram?—I have some news—Yes, please, the city editor—" she swung about and faced me while waiting for the final connection. Still, I did not believe she would carry out her threat, and I remained there in my tracks.

"Is this the city editor?" Nina's question was like a rifle shot in the room.

I leaned forward now, no longer frozen, but shocked into violent life just as if a current of electricity was leaping through my veins. If she dared bring such ruin—

"I am calling the city editor. Oh! thank you. If you want to get the details of a society scandal, and a suit for alienation of affection, send reporters to—"

Nina never got a chance to give the editor my address. Because it came to me like a blinding flash that she was not bluffing, and was bent upon carrying out her threat. I sprang at her, wrenching the phone from out of her slim fingers. Down it clattered to the floor.

She tried to recover it. But, I blocked her, standing over the buzzing instrument like an animal at bay...

"Let me have that phone, or I'll go out and use another," she panted.

The ugliness of all she threatened mocked and taunted me as I stood there realizing my helplessness. The newspapers blaring forth what had been so beautiful and sacred to me as racy gossip; the shadow of a scandal suit; the whole world knowing that Colby had told me he was not really married to Nina; and—oh! it was too terrible to think of, much less live through. I could have faced it with Colby at my side.

BUT he was not with me. As bitter, and unbelievable as it was, Colby had betrayed me into Nina's hands. A voice deep in my soul cried out desperately in his favor. I tried to heed that voice. God knows I wanted to. But, I could not escape the stark fact that he had neither come to me—nor telephoned, Nina had come in his place!

Baffled, and beaten, I turned to the woman who had twice triumphed over me. Numb from unspeakable anguish, I dazedly realized that the cold beauty of Nina's face was only a mask for cruelty of the most merciless kind. She would carry out her threat if I did not give Colby up.

"You—you need not call the newspapers—or your lawyer," I said, choking over the words as if hands were at my throat.

I waited until the next morning, hoping against hope that I would hear from Colby; hoping that something would happen to make me awoken from what seemed a more horrible nightmare than the past year had been... But, there was no word from him.

At ten I boarded the express for Newport. I must see mother, and feel her arms around me. Poor mother! I remembered that anxious look that had spread over her face until I told her Colby was not married to Nina. My news would surely be a blow in her face. However, the train ride was such an ordeal

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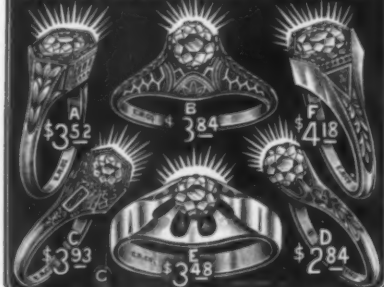
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of suffering for me that I quickly lost sight of what would happen to mother. The pain of a twice broken heart is too sharp for us to realize more than our own anguish.

Mother held me in her arms as I tried to tell her what had happened in the apartment between Nina and me. She was crying softly when I finished. Somehow there didn't seem any more tears left in me. I had sobbed so much the past night.

"My poor little girl—Oh! Natalie—how cruel men and life can be—"

"Life, mother! Yes—how cruel! But, how I hate to admit the cruelty—the cruelty of Colby—I can't believe—"

"You do not want to believe, dear. But, I'm afraid you must this time. The evidence—it is terrible—"

"Yes, I know," I sobbed, "but, it's—it's so killing here," my hand beat my bosom wildly, "to admit that Colby—"

The phone at her elbow rang. I watched mother compose herself as if by superhuman effort. She answered the call.

"Yes, Meriam. Good morning—"

It was Meriam Goodvale, a cousin. One of Newport's women who knew all the news before it was actually news—

"What's that Meriam? How perfectly absurd! Preposterous, I say. You heard Natalie had been seen going aboard Bracebridge's yacht last evening and the Mavourneen had put to sea, and had not returned as yet? Meriam, possibly Bracebridge put to sea, and has not returned. But—Natalie is not with him. She is right here . . . Natalie, speak to Meriam—here," mother ordered handing me the phone.

I managed a few words into the instrument. Mother then took it back, cutting my cousin off quickly . . . We looked at each other an expression of horror on our blanched faces.

"The *Savonia* sails from Boston at three this afternoon for France via Halifax . . . I am going, mother," I said, breaking the awful silence that had come over us. "I cannot stay among people I know any longer. They will all remind me too sharply of everything—I must go away, lose myself, anything to try and forget. Mother, I've got to admit it now. Men are cruel. I must make myself admit it. I must hate Colby. I cannot want him—crave him. It is too unbearable. I must never see him again. I—I hate him now. Oh! I—I hate him—"

It was only my mother's arms that seemed to hold my body together as the mad hysteria of sobbing throttled me; shook me; wracked me . . .

When the *Savonia* docked at Halifax I changed my mind about France. I knew too many people over there. I wanted some forgotten spot of the world where I would never be seen—never see anything to make me remember that I loved Colby Bracebridge instead of hating him.

I found a lonely, forgotten spot in the deep woods of northern Canada, and for two weeks I was buried from the world in the outskirts of a tiny village—far from outside communication. But as the fortnight drew to an end, I was seized with an uncontrollable longing to hear something about Colby.

One more day and I found myself once again in my Newport home and in my mother's arms.

"I couldn't help it, mother. I—I just had to come back. I fought my longing to see him with every ounce of strength in my being, but I had to come back—"

"My darling—poor Natalie—this fortnight has been awful, but—"

"Colby, mother—what about him? Tell me something—anything—" I begged, my arms around her.

She turned her head away from me. The breath seemed to be suddenly sucked out of my body. Mother had turned her head away because she could not tell me about him. And then, looking over her shoulder into the mirror I saw her face.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks. Her lips were moving in soundless prayer. Mother's tears, her silent prayer, were not things of suffering, but of happiness . . . In that moment I felt suddenly exalted.

"Every day he phones to know if I have heard any news from you—every day since you left the *Savonia* at Halifax and lost yourself. Colby told me everything. He has searched madly for you! You will understand. He went to Nina that morning and told her their affair was at an end—that he was going back to you. She smiled as if the information were pleasing. She offered him champagne and toasted his new happiness with all apparent sincerity . . . The vixen had drugged his drink. Colby did not arouse from his drugged condition until the next day, and then he was only semi-conscious. His condition was serious for two days. He did not dare make the matter public for fear of—"

"But, mother, was he married to her?"

"No, darling. That was part of her game to scare you away. She wanted to keep Colby all right. But, not as a husband—"

"But, the marriage license she showed me was genuine—"

"Yes, Natalie. It was. But, in your panicky condition you did not stop to realize that a marriage license may exist when no ceremony has been performed. Colby got the license expecting to marry Nina that night. They never were married. She kept the license and flashed it upon you. You naturally took it as proof, not demanding to see a marriage certificate—"

"Oh!—oh! mother," I cried, burying my face against her breast.

Colby came shortly afterwards. I cannot tell you of those first few hours. There is no way to do so.

But a few weeks after our second marriage, we left for the far-away village—to honeymoon there under the dancing skies.

I looked at Colby just before we entered the quaint little cottage that had been my hiding place from the world for more than a year and a half.

"Colby, I—I never thought we ever needed a second ceremony. You—you've always been my husband in my eyes; in the eyes of God—No matter what might have happened our little Mavourneen would always have been your baby and mine, Colby,—our child as man and wife."

Colby straightened suddenly. He looked at me a moment as though he didn't understand—then light broke through.

"Natalie—Natalie—" he whispered, "I—love you—you who have always been my own wife—"

SHOULD a husband who lies and is unfaithful be forgiven? That's an old question but here is a new line. Do Forgiving Wives Make Husbands Bad? Read this confession by a woman in SMART SET for September and then see if your viewpoint has changed.

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The Hate Widow

[Continued from page 69]

Because it was late and night was fall-
ing, I asked him to share my horse. He
experienced a little difficulty in getting
into the saddle. Then, when he told me
to hold fast by his waist, I stopped to
ask him a question.

"Do you know who I am?"
The young man's eyes met mine steady-
ly. "Yes, I know who you are," he an-
swered.

"Bramton usually turns its head when
I pass."

"Bramton's insufferable. I've never
turned my head—except to look after you.
But then you've never raised your
eyes!"

I knew better, however, than to go all
the way home with Jim. Half-way up the
elm drive to the Colonial mansion where
the Cabells lived, he suddenly asked me
to let him get down. That night at dinner
I was silent on the subject of my pro-
posed trip to New York, and later on,
alone in my room, I studied myself long
and carefully in the mirror. Beyond an
unnatural pallor I had changed not at
all during my stay in Bramton, and such
a connoisseur of beauty as Vernon Dud-
ley had called me good-looking.

It became a regular thing after that
for us to meet in the hills above Bram-
ton. I was in love, in love for the first
time in my life. This big, laughing, red-
haired man had captured my heart and
obliterated all the bitterness of the past
months. He taught me how to smile
again, how to rise in the morning with
thanksgiving and go to sleep at night
grateful for the gift of life.

"I love you, I love you so, Babs," he
said reaching to clasp me in his arms.
"A fig for the world and Mother Grundy,
sweetheart."

I tried to frown and evade him and to
read his eyes.

"So people talk! They would, of
course. What is it that they say about
me, Jimmy?"

"Lies," he answered coolly.

"Of course, lies, but—what?"

Jim tried again to draw me close to
his heart.

"Well, folks here say you married Ver-
non Dudley for his money—"

I nodded soberly.

"THERE'S a bit of truth in that, I'm
afraid, dear."

"Of course there is," Jim maintained
stoutly. "Nobody is such an ass as to
believe you fell in love with him! Why,
Dudley was old enough to know better!
A man his age, and—you!"

"I'm twenty-three," I told him.

"And Dudley must have been nearly
twice that. Of course he was tall and
dignified and handsome, but when I was
a kid Vernon Dudley was a man, grown
up. You don't love any one but me, do
you, Barbara? And you never did—say
it, please, Babs?"

His passion, like a white flame, half
frightened me, and that protected us.
All I wanted now was to go far, far
away with Jimmy and begin life over
again. But I couldn't let him know!

We started home in the Autumn twi-
light, but there remained one more ques-
tion that I wanted answered before we
said good night. Hard to put into words,
hard to hear, perhaps, but, I had to know.

"How do people in Bramton explain
Vernon Dudley's death?" I ventured at
last, white to the lips. "Not that it was
an accident?"

"You mustn't bother your head over



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"Who's George Jackson?" he asked.
Then he looked me up. Told me he
was glad to see I was ambitious. Said
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what Bramton thinks," Jimmy Cabell countered, trying in his persistent way to kiss away my frown.

"But I must know what is said about me," I persisted. "Please! It will help me a whole lot."

"Well, they say Vernon found out you didn't love him," Jimmy explained, very gently. "That's what everybody thinks—Vernon Dudley, believed you married him for his money and so—he—killed himself. Pretty terrible, but not your fault, Barbara. You, who are so young, and fresh and lovely—"

"No, Jimmy!"
"Yes, yes, yes! Young and fresh and lovely, while he was middle-aged, blasé, sophisticated—"

"Was Vernon Dudley considered—well, sophisticated?" I asked Jimmy quickly. "Please think—what was said of him in Bramton?"

Jim Cabell shook his head. After all, it was I, not Vernon, who interested him. Probably in his heart, Jimmy also, believed that my husband was a suicide—I don't know. People will talk, and gossip is like a snowball, increasing in size each time it is turned over. A month ago I was firm in my belief that Vernon's death was an accident, but now—

Seeking to know my heart, I turned my thoughts once more toward New York. To my surprise, this time Mrs. Dudley offered no objection to my leaving Bramton; she even went so far as to buy me a ticket to the metropolis.

But she purchased one for herself at the same time!

"You need a change and so do I," explained my mother-in-law, calmly. "A round of the theatres, a peep at the shops, the art galleries,—why not? Vernon wouldn't have us shut ourselves up like hermits. I've engaged rooms at the Ritz."

I could only look at her, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to feel provoked.

"But I can't afford the Ritz," I said finally. "I've got to look for an engagement. And I can accept no more money from you; please don't offer it to me. I've decided to try my luck in the movies, Mrs. Dudley. Perhaps some day you'll be proud of me. No, you go to the Ritz; I must work hard so I can think."

"Nonsense!" she said. "The best is none too good for you. As for going in the movies or anything,—I am wealthy. There is only you after I'm gone. We must stick together. Vernon would want it so, you know."

I HESITATED, but only for a moment. Then taking my courage in my hands, I put my cards on the table.

"Yes," I said, "but it happens I'm going to be married again, Mrs. Dudley."

As our glances clashed, it occurred to me all at once that with her last breath, Sabina Dudley would oppose a second marriage for me. In a twinkling I understood her watchfulness. Whether it was jealousy or revenge, she would make it her business to see that no other man took Vernon's place in my life. Dead or alive her son owned me, body and soul, bought with the Dudley millions. A year had passed. My glamorous but loveless honeymoon had lasted less than a day. It was like a dream that was gone. My mother-in-law simply brushed me with her little grey eyes and dismissed the subject with a gesture.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. What makes you think I'm not serious?" I asked.

"There's Vernon," said Mrs. Dudley, as if that explained everything.

"There was Vernon," I corrected her, gently but firmly. "If my husband had lived, why, of course—"

"Oh, of course!" she said. I colored and stopped short.

"You're not a bigamist, you mean, Barbara," she continued. "I suppose not, under existing laws. But we needn't quarrel about that. As long as you and I have to live together—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dudley, but we don't have to live together," I interposed, with dangerous calm. "We are through, you and I. I have no further claim on your time or consideration and you have no hold on me. If you will look back, you will recall that I never wanted to come to Bramton in the first place. Now, I am fully determined to return to my work in New York. If I choose to marry again—"

I was really becoming determined to remarry! She laughed unpleasantly.

"Rubbish!" she ejaculated. "You know very well the Cabells will never permit their son to marry you!"

So she knew everything; knew that Jimmy and I had met, and loved, far from the eyes of Bramton. All at once, as if somebody whispered it in my ear, I knew—she hated me! It was hatred that had prompted her to take me home with her, hatred that kept me there, a prisoner, and it was her hatred that would try to spoil my future life, whether I married Jim or sought fame and fortune in the pictures.

After a tense moment I said, "I don't understand your attitude at all, Mrs. Dudley. How have I wronged you? Why do you hate me so? God knows I didn't desire Vernon's death—"

"Was it an accident or did my son take his own life? Answer me that!" she fairly screamed at me.

"Every one says—" I commenced, when her face, dark and distorted with passion, came close to mine.

"Never mind what people say," she hissed. "I want your version. The truth and nothing but the truth, so help you—"

"God knows," I murmured, and turned away from her blazing eyes.

She took me by the shoulders and forced me to look at her. "You married my son for his money, you, a cheap dance-hall girl!"

Her words crushed me and it was with difficulty that I could reply at all.

"That isn't true and you know it. I was a self-supporting, respected cabaret artist when your son met me—"

"I say you married him for his money!" screamed Sabina Dudley.

"Well, why did Vernon marry me?" I put it as mildly as I knew how and even then I was ashamed of myself.

"He married you," she muttered, breathing hard.

"Yes, it was something I rather insisted on," I reminded her. "Since your son fell in love with my youth, my freshness, my beauty—according to you, I was a cheap dance-hall girl, but marriage was the only way."

"I've been investigating you, Barbara," she said stumbling over her words as if they choked her, "and your record is anything but one to be proud of. I find you came from—God knows where, and that Brooke isn't even your name! You grew up in the gutter and picked up your education on the streets. Too lazy to work, not clever enough to swindle, you have made your physical appeal carry you along, singing in cafés, dancing in the chorus, and always with a lot of men trailing at your heels. Why, when Vernon met you at The Blue Danube there

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was a fellow—that 'Pony' Wallace—' My smile checked her flow of words. "I wish you would say that to Wallace; it would be interesting," I told her. "You see, Pony's affections are centered elsewhere, on a girl looking for a job such as mine, and he has always insisted that if I weren't in the show the management would engage Cherry—her name is Cherry Mapleson. I think Pony Wallace has tried everything short of murder to get me out of the show and get Cherry in. He was so overjoyed when I married and quit, that he wanted to give Vernon and me a party. You'll remember that."

"AS FOR the other," I ran on, frowning as my mother-in-law's accusations recurred to me, "why, you—flatter me, that's the most I can say for your 'investigation.' If I'm a heart-breaker, I never knew it. No man has ever offered me the crown jewels, the motors, apartments and charge accounts you read about. My name? I was born Jones and my mother died when I was a baby and my father went away and forgot to come back. Or even to send for me. I suppose the sidewalk is my alma mater. Before I was thirteen I made artificial flowers in an East Side loft, but the air was bad and I wasn't fully matured and the doctor said I'd have to quit. At fifteen I found a job as an usher in a movie house. Two years later I became a chorus girl. Yes, I prefer the stage to an office or a department store, but the men—well, you're mistaken there. Sorry to disillusion you, but such are the facts. The only man I was ever crazy about, who returned my affection, is Jimmy Cabell."

"That's a fine thing to say to Vernon's mother."

"I'm trying to be honest with you, Mrs. Dudley," I said. "I wish to Heaven I had never seen your son, if you think I am responsible for this great sorrow which has entered your life. But we met. And now—I love Jim and intend to marry him."

"The Cabells haven't any money, don't you know that? They're proud of their name and family, but I can buy and sell them a dozen times over."

"That proves that I sincerely love Jim Cabell," I pointed out.

Again the storm broke.

"You admit, then, that you only married Vernon for what he had?"

"Please, Mrs. Dudley," I implored, "you're making me say things I may be sorry for later on. I hardly know what to think of my courtship and marriage, it was all over so soon. I—I scarcely knew your son."

"You murdered him as surely as if you had plunged a knife in his heart!" she exclaimed, hideous in her rage and grief. "My boy loved you; he trusted you. And you, with your loose living—"

After repeated efforts to reach him by telephone, I drove over to the Cabell house the day I was to leave for New York, went boldly up to the door and asked for Jim. I did this because I didn't trust Sabina Dudley, because if there was anything wrong I felt the fault was hers. The big house was dark, with only the servants remaining, and I heard with dismay that Jimmy had taken his mother to California two days before. However, after the first shock, I was satisfied that Mrs. Dudley had a hand in this, and that if I saw Jim he could explain how it came about he had gone without a word.

And as if to substantiate my suspicions, there was Mrs. Dudley on the station platform when I went to get my train at the Bramton depot.

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"It's reported in town that Jim Cabell has taken his mother to Europe for her health," she cried, the moment she saw me.

"Yes, I have their address, in California, thank you," I said.

Because the established favorites are growing older, and the new generation has yet to produce a Pickford, a Gish, or a Swanson, I experienced little difficulty in securing an interview at the Long Island motion picture studios. Tests were made; I was engaged for a "bit" in a picture then in production.

The camera had caught my youth and the director was kind enough to say I had personality, but I lacked polish and finish. I'd require grooming before I was ready for real parts. So I set to work, learning from the ground up, little more than an extra girl and sometimes just atmosphere.

I had been in New York a week when Mrs. Dudley sent me a picture of Vernon, just his likeness, without a word. A fortnight later I received a similar memento. I wished from the bottom of my heart she wouldn't. I looked at Vernon's handsome, vicious face and hesitated to destroy the portraits. Something whispered he was the unhappiest man alive, that August day when he met his death in the Niagara rapids. Then I dismissed Vernon from my mind and hurried away to the studio, tingling with the thought of what the movies promised in the future.

The company was making another one of those million dollar super-features, with a World War sequence, and I was playing a Belgian refugee and hoping I'd be visible to the naked eye after the cutters were through with the film. Little more than an extra, I associated with the extra girls and boys, keeping back from the principals, who were inclined to regard me with hostile eyes. If I went up, somebody else had to come down; the newcomer was often snubbed by the stars.

"It's a big laugh, that's what it is," I heard a husky voice saying behind me. "That director learned about the war from an armchair in Washington. If a pretty boy like Montez had showed up in the front line trenches, the hard-boiled lads would have made mince-meat out of him before he had time to spoil his nice manicure! Oh, sweet! The French heroine has brought him roses, fresh with dew. None of the mademoiselles I've ever seen treated a buck private that way. Poison-ivy, maybe, but posies—never!"

Interested, I turned and looked at the speaker, a frayed-looking, old-young woman in the costume of a *vivandière*.

She caught my smile and answered it. "Ain't this good?" she asked, indicating her make-up. "Our director's been reading war romances, written by the boys who stayed at home. He'd do better sticking to the *Burning of Rome* sequence; at least none of us was there with Nero."

Anxious to have her help me with my portrayal, I fell into conversation with the woman. So it was that I found the solution of my puzzle.

She seemed to take a fancy to me and for my amusement this Peggy Compton trotted out every trick in her bag. She had gone to France in one of the early theatrical units as an entertainer, she explained, and apparently she had entertained well if not wisely. Everything was a joke to her and she laughed the loudest at herself. Her looks had faded, her friends vanished, and now Peg asked nothing more of life than a place to sleep and something to eat.

"And his nibs to amuse me," she added, indicating the director we were working

under. "If the boy friends I had over there, God bless 'em, could only see the precious hero, with his polished nails and brilliant hair, bending over mam'selle's hand—Priceless, kid, priceless!"

I went home to my boarding-house that night to find not one of my mother-in-law's communications, but—Jimmy! He looked tired and travel-stained, I thought, but the love-light in his eyes was unmistakable.

His mother, long an invalid, had suffered an attack one day and her doctor said that only an immediate trip to a milder climate would save her life. Mrs. Cabell had wanted to go to California and it fell upon Jimmy to escort her across the continent. Since I had asked him not to call at Mrs. Dudley's house to see me, Jim had tried to reach me by telephone. Thereupon my mother-in-law told him I had left for . . . Hollywood that very morning!

Knowing that I contemplated entering pictures, Jim had believed Mrs. Dudley and while he thought it was strange that I should go without communicating with him, there was little time for speculation with his own mother so ill. Feeling that he would see me as soon as they arrived in California, Jim and Mrs. Cabell had set out and it wasn't until my letter reached him a week later that he discovered Sabina's treachery.

BUT now he was back again, and I felt as though I were protected, happier than I had been in months.

"You knew wild beasts couldn't pull me away didn't you, Babs?" he whispered at the finish of his recital, and close to his heart for the first time, my resolution to resist him broken at last, I answered, that love like ours could never die even though it must wait.

"We'll be married tomorrow, honey," he said, with a happy laugh. "Just you and I, and the funny old world can go hang, eh?"

"Could your parents stop us?" I ventured. "Could your father telegraph and have me arrested—or you held for anything? Mrs. Dudley has been telling your people all sorts of lies, Jimmy. She hates me, and will stop at nothing to keep me from ever being happy again."

"We'll beat them to it," Jimmy grinned, but he decided to take no risks and in the morning he accompanied me to the studio. There was a call for eight o'clock, but I thought I could get excused at noon, and then we'd be married.

Peg Compton wasted no time when she saw me with Jim, but hurried forward to be introduced.

"What's this, a new Dick Barthelmess?" Peggy demanded, clowning as usual. "Suffering tuna, isn't he gorgeous? Why, my dear, we make the best looking couple—! Wait until Mr. Director sees us."

"We're going to be married," I whispered, blushing. "Want to come along, Peggy?"

"Bridesmaid? Again? Wonder why it is I'm always the bridesmaid, never the bride? Sure thing, Babs. Of course I'll stand up with you. And maybe you haven't got a good bet, buddy," she added, turning to Jim.

I left Jimmy with Peg and went to get my wardrobe. When I returned in costume they were chatting confidentially like old chums.

"Just heard all about your sweet mother-in-law and this lad's romantic flight across country," Peggy said, looking up at me with a grin. "May the bloom never rub off, them's my sentiments."

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handed me a letter. If I had stopped to glance at it first I would have recognized Sabina Dudley's writing, but she had never addressed me at the studio before and then I was just a little excited and happy with Jimmy beside me. When one of Vernon's pictures was exposed it was too late; both Jim and Peggy had seen it.

"Great shakes! Are you exchanging photographs?" Peggy Compton wanted to know. She reached over and helped herself to Vernon's portrait and in a twinkling her smile went out like a candle, leaving her face old and gray. After a curious glance at me, she addressed her words to Jimmy. "Do you know this man?" Peg asked.

"Ye-es." Jim was rather non-committal; afterwards he said he didn't care to discuss my dead husband with a woman who was almost a stranger.

"I wonder!" mused Peggy, and there was something troubled in her face.

Slipping my hand in Jim's, I did a rather daring thing. "Did you know this man in the picture?" I asked Peg Compton.

"Don't ask me, dearie; you don't know the half of it," she cried, in her usual frivolous manner. "Vernon Dudley, he called himself then—right? Sure! In France. One of those sheiks you read about in books, who didn't know what he wanted, so he tried it all. Came over a first lieutenant and went home a— Say, little pitchers have got big ears, Jimmy-me-lad. That's all there is, there ain't no more, Barbara honey."

I was just on the point of admitting my relationship when a boy arrived and said a lady was outside asking for Mrs. Barbara Dudley and somebody thought it might be I. At the studio I was known as Osmond, but I was also Barbara, the only Barbara there. But the boy needn't have troubled himself, for the lady was outside no longer. Before I could explain anything, Sabina Dudley was on the scene.

Afterwards, Peg Compton said that my mother-in-law's smile when she saw Jimmy and me together reminded her of a marauding Hun's in a French chateau.

"Just what I suspected!" Mrs. Dudley cried dramatically. "So you've deserted your mother for this—this hussy, Jim Cabell! No, I'll not be quiet. I don't care who hears me. The time has come for plain speaking and at last you'll hear the truth, young man."

Thoroughly enjoying the scene, Peg glanced from one to another, looking as if she'd like to applaud.

"What's all the shootin' for?" she demanded at last.

UNDER the circumstances Jimmy's voice was quite calm. "This lady is your old friend Vernon Dudley's mother, Miss Compton."

"And this—creature's mother-in-law, don't forget that," added old Sabina, chilling me with her venomous glance. "This young woman married my dead son for his money and then—"

Peggy stiffened all over like a setter scenting a bird. "What's that?" she demanded. "You married Vernon Dudley—?"

"Oh, Peg," I cried, pleading with eyes as well as lips, "she's cruel, bitter! She's told Jimmy's parents the most terrible things about me. I—I'm nearly crazy. You see, Vernon . . . came to his death on our honeymoon, and Mrs. Dudley wants to say it was my fault—"

Sabina's voice came like a pencil scratching on an old slate. "Who is this—person?" she queried, sweeping Peg Compton with her little-black eyes.

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in-law a mocking bow. Her very expression should have warned Sabina not to rub her the wrong way, but Mrs. Dudley was blind to danger signals in her rage and hatred.

"I'm an old, old friend of your son's,—Lieutenant Vernon Dudley, ma'am," Peg explained. "Let's see, I first met Dudley behind Havrincourt Chateau, after I'd quit the Y, and we became—oh, very good pals. War makes strange bedfellows, Mrs. Dudley, and brings out the best and the worst in each of us. Vernon Dudley was the beau ideal of his division. Peasant and countess alike fell, and fell hard, for that lad. In the next three or four years it was a case of off with the old love and on with the new a half-dozen times with Dud."

"Shameless creature," interposed Sabina, deathly white; "you lie!"

Peg turned quickly to me. "What have you to say about it, kid? You were his wife."

But I merely shook my head and after a second Peggy continued:

"The last time I saw Vernon Dudley was just after the Armistice in Paris. He was with a striking-looking woman who called herself a Russian princess, but I heard gossip to the effect that she was a beautiful Creole from Port au Prince. Anyway, she was deported to Devil's Island shortly afterwards by the French government."

"Lies, all lies," stormed Sabina Dudley, this time in a voice barely above a whisper. "Stop her, stop her, Barbara! My God! Vernon—"

Peg Compton glanced at me and her hard eyes softened. "I've got to give this kid a clean bill," she began. "That Dudley should have dared to enter into marriage—"

"At least my son never harmed you, Barbara," old Sabina interrupted, pleading for mercy. "Tell her so; tell this woman how he died before—"

I thought of my last five minutes with Vernon, of how he had kissed me on the brow and then literally forced himself out of the room, and I nodded gently to Peg.

THEN, with a deep, long breath which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, Peggy took my hand and placed it in Jim's.

"I guess Dudley loved you all right, Babs," she told me; "and that kind of closes the account. The others,—we didn't matter. But you—he saw you were different, kid. No matter how he lived, he died like a man."

Across Jimmy's broad shoulder my eyes met Sabina's, but I had nothing to say, nothing to add to Peggy's story. Vernon was dead, and God have mercy on his soul. All the bitterness and heartache had disappeared. And I was alone—with Jimmy.

YOU girls who work, what do you think of your bosses? You give them letters of recommendation but who vouches for their characters? Read in September SMART SET, Can You Recommend Your Boss? You'll find many of your own experiences told in that article.

Hazel of the Mining Camps

[Continued from page 60]

"Look here, kid," I told her. "I love you—love you in a way maybe you understand, and then again, maybe you don't. A man out here in the desert, working all day in a hole in the ground, living all by himself, has to have some sort of a dream to keep him going. You've been my dream. If I had anything to offer you I'd try to get you to marry me; but I'm a rollin' stone, and always will be. That don't keep me from loving you, though."

She blinked her eyes and squeezed my hand.

"Go on, Frank."

I shook my head. "That's as far as I go. I'm a moth-eaten, buzzard-necked old prospector and I'm forever gettin' the call of the desert to roll up my blankets, slam a saddle on a burro an' ramble out in the wilds. I ain't never loved no other woman the way I love you, an' probably I never will; but I ain't plumb foolish enough to think you'd tie up with a rollin' stone."

"You might ask me, Frank."

I grinned and shook my head. "Nope, you might be plum foolish and accept me, and then you'd be sorry afterwards. I'm broke just about nine tenths o' the time, and you've got a girl growin' up that's going to require a mother near her. Nope, here's what I'm getting at. I've got nine hundred bucks, and I want you to take it and go open up a little restaurant somewhere, or get into some sort of business."

She dashed the tears from her eyes and smiled at me.

"I couldn't take your money, Frank. I know just how you're fixed financially. If you've got nine hundred dollars it's

because you went and mortgaged that mine, and if you've done that you should be spanked. You know what happens when you mortgage a good mine to a loan shark."

I kidded her out of it.

"Yeah, you said you wouldn't take my money, an' just a while ago you said you'd do anything for that kid o' yours. Can't you see that I'm doin' this for the kid? You've given me something I need, Hazel, a sort of dream to carry with me out on the desert when I'm prospectin', way out in the sand with nothin' but stars an' silence. I can always think of you,—you and the kid."

I had a hard time makin' her see it, but she finally took the money.

"Your partner wanted me to marry him today," she said, sort of wistful-like; "Oh Frank, why can't you steady down and build a home?"

I shook my head.

"I know myself a lot better than you do—So Walt asked yuh to marry him?" I couldn't keep the surprise out of my tone.

She nodded.

"I've got to tell you, Frank, because I could see he was bitterly jealous. He offered me money, a lot of money, if I'd marry him. He told me he'd give the girl the best of schooling in the world, and that he'd treat me nice . . . Oh, I was tempted for a minute, Frank; but I told him I'd get by somehow. Then was when he got mean and showed that petty streak he has. He told me he knew why I always turned him down and that it was because of you. He said a lot of things, and I'm afraid he's awfully jealous, Frank. I hate to think of you being

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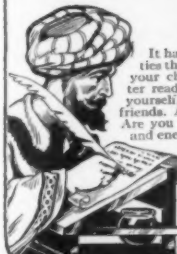
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out there with him all alone in that little shack of yours."

I grinned at that.

"Don't worry none about him. He's too yellow to ever try anything."

She looked thoughtful.

"There's something cold about him, Frank, something cold like a snake. He may be a coward, but he's shrewd, and he has sort of an ability to get what he wants."

She'd sized up Walt Kilford right when she said that mouthful. I began to get afraid, not of what he might do to me, but what he might do to her.

"You take that money and get started," I told her.

I walked out into the night with her kiss warm on my lips, and wondering whether I hadn't better settle down and go get me a job in a city somewhere; but I knew the answer all the time. I'd been too long on the desert. It gets into your bones. I'm an old desert rat and always will be. I'm the sort that always hangs around the outskirts of civilization. Hazel was a dream for me, and that was all.

Hazel went away, and then things commenced to happen. Walt said he wasn't feeling well, and he didn't propose to do any hard work on the mine for a while. That left me to do the heavy work. I had to keep it going to meet the payments on that mortgage. After a while we ran out of supplies, and I couldn't work the mine by myself fast enough to pay expenses and meet the mortgage payments. I spoke to Walt about it, and he sneered.

"That ain't my funeral. I'm owner of a half interest in this mine, and if I want to take a vacation I guess I've got a right to. If you want to mortgage your mine and squander the money on fast women, that's your funeral! It ain't mine. I grub-staked the outfit until we struck this mine, but I didn't sign up no agreement to keep on financin' things."

He was wrong, and I could have gone to court maybe and got my rights, but I went on in to see the man that had taken the loan on my share of the mine. I told him it was up to him to put up enough money to keep the mine open, and he laughed at me.

"I sold your mortgage two days after I got it at a nice profit," he said.

I SHRUGGED my shoulders and walked out. I may not know much about business, but I knew enough to see the handwriting on the wall.

I put it up to Walt, and he sneered at me.

"Sure I bought the mortgage. Business is business. If you're foolish enough to let your interest in this mine get where somebody can grab it that's your own lookout. It's business for me to be holding that mortgage, and after I hold it, it's business for me to pick up your share in the mine if I can. You wouldn't have got the money in the first place if I hadn't fixed it up with the man that loaned it to you. I figured you might be trying to borrow some money on your half interest."

Well, there was no use getting riled up over it. Walt was Walt, and that was all. He was my partner. He had different ideas from me, and I didn't ever want to have no more partners like him but just because he was different was no sign I should sit in judgment on him.

We finally wound up that he gave me five hundred dollars more and took over my interest.

I put the check in the savings bank in an account for the kid. Somehow, I felt

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that I was responsible for Hazel's kid.

Walt had sold out the Desert Wonder. As soon as he got my interest he started a force of fifteen men working on it, doing development work and such like, and he'd blocked out a nice bunch of ore, developed the vein, and it was reported he'd got thirty thousand for it. He sure had had lots of money cached somewhere. I'd never asked him any questions about his past life because it was none of my business, but he must have had lots of cash when he came to Randsburg.

I saw him the second day I was in town, and he came up with his hand outstretched, and his crooked, one-sided smile stretched all over his face.

"Well, well. If it ain't my old partner, Frank. How is everything, Frank. I hear you've been out on a prospect. Did yuh find anything worth while?"

I shook hands with him and kidded him along for a while. After all, I ain't no one to sit in judgment on my fellows. I don't like Walt none to speak of, but that's just personal. There ain't no call for me to judge him for his shortcomings. "You heard that I sold the Desert Wonder?" he asked after a while.

I nodded.

"YEP, got your interest, and then opened her up and sold out for a fat profit," he said.

"Why didn't yuh open her up in the first place, Walt, if yuh had all the money?"

I couldn't help asking that question.

He looked at me and his eyes got wide. "Why, Frank! Why should I have put in more money than I had to when we both owned the mine? I knew it was good and that you probably couldn't hang on. Of course there wasn't anything personal in it, Frank. It was just a matter of business; but I'd have been a fool to have developed your share of that mine, Frank. Business is business, and you can see how it worked out."

He was earnest and sincere, and I could see there wasn't a trace of shame in him. He was proud of his deal, proud of his ability, and I'd gone down in his estimation because I didn't have business sense enough to appreciate just why he hadn't developed the mine in the first place.

After all, Walt was a peculiar bird. I couldn't figure why he came to the desert, and I didn't figure he'd stay here long.

I took another swing down into the south. The stuff I'd brought back on the other trip hadn't turned out as well as I'd hoped, and I was headed into new country. When I got back from that trip Walt was gone and the whole place was talking about the way he'd left. He'd got a wire from some one and had beat it out of town right then. No one knew just how much crsh he had, and he sure had everything he owned right where he could take it with him on a minute's notice.

Right after he'd faded from the picture a deputy sheriff from Kansas had shown up. In some way Walt had got tipped off. It seemed Walt had been a banker back there, and he'd wrecked a bank using the funds for private speculation. When the crash came Walt had slipped out and taken a wad of money with him. The deputy was still there, getting dope on Walt, and trying to pick up his trail. He heard that I was Walt's partner and he came over to me.

I didn't tell him anything; first because I didn't know anything, and second, because Walt had been my partner. I ain't particularly shielding criminals, but I ain't tellin' nothin' on a partner. I ain't nobody to judge anybody else, particularly

a man that's been a partner o' mine.

This here deputy gave me his address and told me if I ever ran across Walt to wire him at once. He said there was a five thousand dollar reward for Walt and he'd split it with me fifty-fifty if I could ever tip him off to where Walt was. I kept grave and told him I'd remember his address. That was all I promised him.

Right after that I took another trip, located a rich prospect, worked it for three or four months, and then had the vein fault out on me and couldn't find it again.

I got back to Randsburg and found a bunch of letters from Hazel. She'd sent me all my money back and told me about how nice she was gettin' along, and how the kid was doing at school and all the news. She'd got a great trade built up, made a hit with her home cooked foods, and things were breaking fine. There was a wistful sort of a note to her letter, and I could see the poor kid was lonesome. I guess it's the way the desert has of gettin' under a person's skin. After they've got the spell of it once they can't break away. She said she wished I'd write oftener, and tell her about the desert. She wrote that once or twice she'd been near getting on a stage and coming on out to Randsburg for a few days, that she'd have done it if there had been any chance of seeing me there, but she supposed I was always away on a prospect.

I sat down and wrote her a long letter, cheering her up, and telling her about my trip, and that I was going out again on a long swing and maybe I'd come out in the Imperial Valley. I stuck the money in the savings bank in the kid's name, got a new outfit and started south.

When I got back from that trip there were a bunch of letters. Hazel had met some young fellow that was taking a great interest in her and in the kid. He wanted to marry her and to give her and the kid a home. I could read between the lines that Hazel was pretty strong for him, and I could also see that she was afraid maybe I was going to get jealous. I laughed at that.

I wrote her a long letter, handed it to her straight. "You're my dream girl," I told her, "When I'm out in the desert I dream about you, think of a home with flowers and plants and lots of green grass, and I picture you as being in that home. I love you, always have and always will. You're my dream girl; but you'd never be happy with a desert rat. If you like this fellow, marry him. Tell him he's got to use you right, though, or he'll have an accounting with an old desert rat who speaks with lead."

After that I went back into the desert. I thought about Hazel a lot but somehow I didn't feel as happy as I did before. I made a special trip in to see if there was a letter from her, and, sure enough there was. She had been married. Her new husband didn't know anything about her, didn't know anything of her past life, that is. She asked me whether she should have told him.

Woman are strange that way but they ain't as funny as men. Hazel had been on the square. She always was, but I knew men enough to know that if he ever heard she had been in a dance-hall out in the desert he'd lose his happiness and hers to. I wrote her so. "If you love him, make him happy," I wrote her. "Men are funny animals. If he knew the truth it would be all right, but he'd never know the truth. That is, he'd never believe the truth. He'd always believe some half-truth and it would ruin his happiness, yours, and that of the girl."

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kept writing and said she was happy. Her man was some sort of a real estate manipulator. He was a nice fellow, but awfully jealous. She wrote she even had to take all sorts of precautions about my mail. That settled the mail question. I told her to quit writing, and I quit. She wrote a couple of times telling me not to quit, to come and see her—that she had something to tell me; but I didn't answer. All the time I loved her as much as ever, and dreamt of her just as much as I always did. I loved her too much to ever tie her to an old desert rat like myself, and I was glad she was happy with some man who could take care of her.

Then, somehow, I got tired of the Moaiave and decided to hit out east of Yuma and down into Mexico. I batted around there a while, and then I finally landed in Mexicali. Mexicali was running wide open, and I browsed around looking things over, and getting a shot of oil once in a while. I was fresh from the desert, just in from the great silences, and I craved companionship. The girls didn't register very much with me. After my dream girl all the others seemed sort of flat. I hung around and got in a poker game, got out of it when I found it was crooked, and hung around the bar for a while. I was fed up with the desert, and yet I wasn't getting any kick out of the white lights. There was just a great dissatisfaction, a great yearning that ate into my soul. I wasn't satisfied with my life, but I couldn't tell just why.

Then I saw Walt. He was all dressed up like a million dollars, and he was getting pretty oiled up to boot. I walked over and said, "Hello." It was a minute or two before he could place me, and then he remembered. He pumped my hand up and down, and was glad to see me.

"You did a little business with me once, Frank, and came out on the short end, but I know you don't hold it against me. Business is business, you know."

I laughed at that. He was the same old Walt.

I never mentioned about that deputy looking for him with a warrant, and I could see that Walt didn't think I knew. He opened up and told me he had established a bank up in California in one of the rich little towns out of Los Angeles. He talked and talked, and the more he talked, the more he drank, and the more he drank, the more he talked.

FINALLY he laughed as some idea struck him, and leaned toward me.

"Shay, Frank, d'yuh remember a jane in the Blue Door that went by th' name o' Hazel? She's up there in town now, just moved in, an', his', she's posin' as bein' respectable. Yep, she an' a daughter movin' around with the best of 'em. I ain't goin' stand for it. Me, I'm pillar of c'munity up there. Can't have no dance-hall girls floatin' aroun' there. She even has the crust to send the girl to my Sunday school. I had the kid there four weeks before I knew whose kid it was. Hic, I ain't goin' stand for it. Ain't right to have nice kids assoshiate with dance-hall girl's kid. I'm goin' have her exposed. Ain't goin' to do it myself, but I'm goin' get the fellow that runs Blue Door come over an' identify her. She ain't no good. None of 'em are."

I thought for a moment, drawing patterns in the sawdust of the barroom floor with the toe of my boot, thinking of, of what it would mean to her if her husband should find out about that dance-hall, particularly after she'd kept it from him so long. Then I tried to reason with Walt, to talk him out of it.

I couldn't make a dent on him. He

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was as hard as a piece of iron. Business was business and he wasn't going to have any one impose on the community, not while he was a pillar of society. I tried to head him off, asked him if there wasn't anything in his life he wouldn't hate to have come out, asked him if he felt any one of us mortals had a right to sit in judgment on any other mortal.

It didn't do any good. He rambled on, getting all worked up over it. He was going to expose her good and plenty. According to him it was an outrage on civic decency and all the rest of it. Finally I handed it to him straight. "Why, Walt, you even wanted to marry her yourself, once."

He shook his head owlishly.

"Nope, she wanted t' marry me, but I wouldn't shtand for it."

I gave it up after that and walked out, out into the lighted street, out of the town, into the desert, and looked at the stars for a while. Then I sat and thought of Hazel. Finally I went back to the telegraph office in Calexico, over across the line, and wired to that deputy. I'd had his address all the time somewhere in the back of my head. I got a wire from him the next morning. He was wiring the chief at Calexico to pick Walt up.

I hated to do it that way, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't let Walt go back there to the place where Hazel was living. It was pretty bad to give up a partner even if he was a partner like Walt, but I couldn't help it. I had to do it.

After I thought things over a while I got on the train and went on north, up to this place where Hazel was living. I located her without any trouble, only I couldn't find out anything about her husband. I began to think she'd had trouble with him and kept it from me for fear I'd do him some injury. She had a little cottage out in the eastern part of town, in a nice, respectable neighborhood.

I walked on out and liked the looks of the place as soon as I saw it. It had green grass in front and flowers growing all around. Hazel was there watering some of the flowers in front and she looked up when she heard me turn in at the gate.

When she saw who it was, her hand went up to her throat and her eyes got bigger and bigger. She tried to speak once or twice, and then gave it up. She just held out her hand and I took it. Out in the desert we get used to silences and I didn't need to rely on words.

AFTER a while I asked her, "Where's your husband?"

She hung her head and shook it from side to side, but didn't say a word.

"Has he left you?" I asked.

She shook her head again.

We waited for a long minute or two.

At last she spoke. "There really wasn't any husband, Frank. I . . . I thought . . . oh, Frank, I can't tell you. I . . . I wanted to make you a little jealous so I pretended I loved another and wrote and told you about him, and then when you wrote and told me to marry him I just had to keep on pretending."

She looked up in my eyes, and then I knew the truth. She'd come any place with me. Into the desert or anywhere. As for me, I'd be happy forever with just that a cottage and some green grass and flowers.

I took her in my arms, and felt her quiver as she nestled against me. I felt sorry about Walt but it just couldn't be helped. Business is business, and when I wired that deputy I thought Hazel had a husband.

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